VOLUME XXX
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OCTOBER, 1916

CONTENTS

ITALY:

The Gifted Mother of Civilization

By ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

With 80 Illustrations

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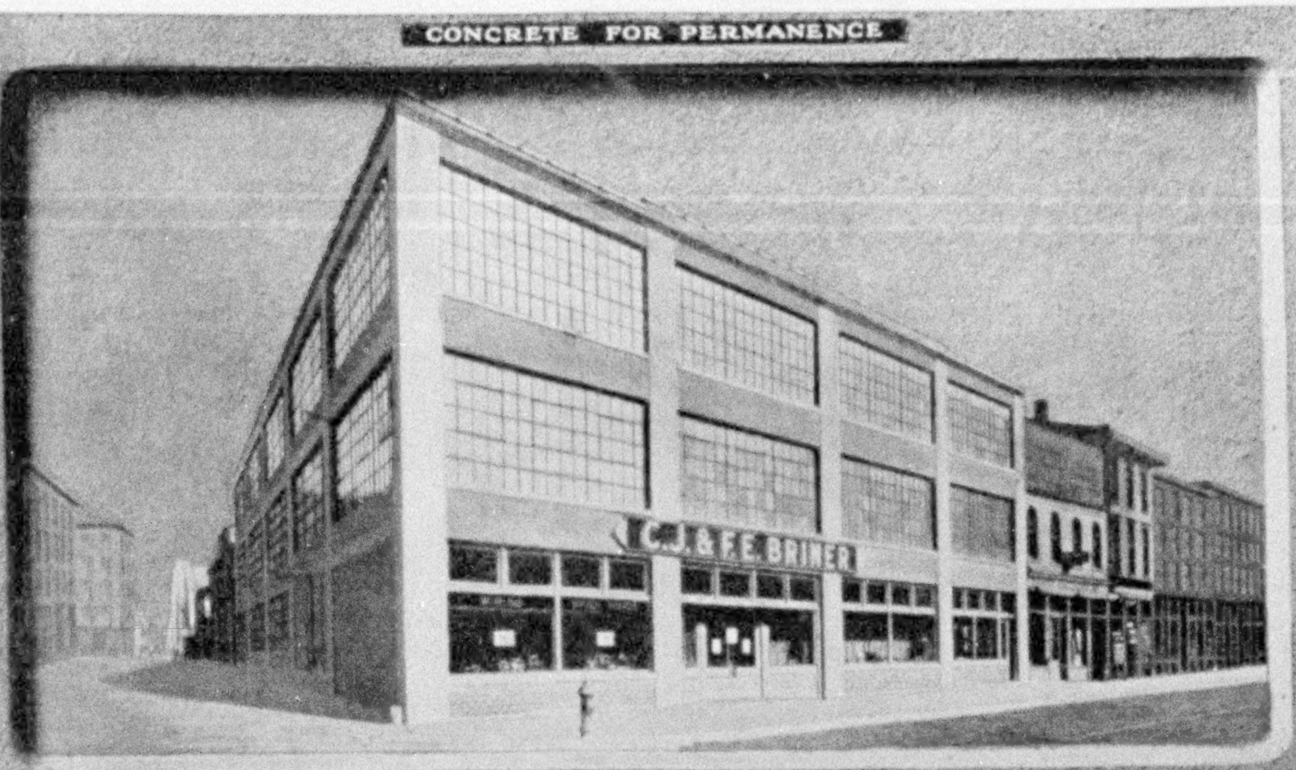

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A Personal Statement

From the President of the Encyclopaedia Britannica

I wish the public to know fully of the approaching exhaustion of the India paper issue of The Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Before I hit upon the idea of using India paper in printing the Britannica, all encyclopaedia volumes were heavy, bulky and very awkward to consult -- volumes for the public library rather than for the home. But The Encyclopaedia Britannica on the thin, light, opaque India paper worked a revolution in publishing, and found a wider public than had ever used an encyclopaedia before.

150,000 sets of the Britannica, or 4,350,000 volumes, have already been sold, of which 97.3 per cent. were printed on India paper.

To keep pace with this unprecedented sale every paper mill in the world that could make India paper worked day and night. WE HAVE USED 4,200 TONS, or 8,400,000 lbs. of it, whereas formerly only a few hundred tons were made in a year.

I was encouraged by the wonderful success of the Britannica to print The Century Dictionary, the only really adequate dictionary of the English language, on the same beautiful paper. I arranged for this -- and then our binder invented a new kind and style of binding which made it possible to issue The Century Dictionary with over 8,000 pages, formerly published in 10 volumes, in a single volume. A revolving rack which can be placed on any desk or table goes with each copy.

The principal raw material of India paper is a certain kind of flax grown in Germany, Belgium and Great Britain. THE WAR HAS RUINED THE FLAX INDUSTRY in those countries, not only for the present but for years to come. It has therefore eliminated India paper from the market and made impossible the reprinting of The Britannica and The Century except on old-fashioned book paper.

This means that anyone who desires to buy either of these works in their present ideal and perfect form must do so soon.

The exact stocks on hand are as follows:

(1) Of the Cambridge Issue, with large pages and large type, more than 75,000 sets have been sold, and there are only 1,700 sets remaining. Of course these will all be gone within a very short time.

(2) Of the Handy Volume Britannica, which is sold at 60% less than the Cambridge Issue, 70,000 sets were sold by Sears, Roebuck and Co. of Chicago, who have exclusive sale of this issue, in the six months from January 1st to July 1st, and there are less than half that number still unsold.

(3) There are less than 9,000 copies remaining of The Century Dictionary in its new one-volume form, but it is very doubtful if any of these will remain unsold by Christmas.

The question now arises, at what price shall these remaining sets of the Britannica and the Century, printed on India paper -- THE LAST THAT CAN EVER BE OFFERED -- be sold.

I would be justified in asking a much higher price, not only because the India paper sets are so nearly exhausted, but because it is impossible to replace them. But I have decided that as The Encyclopaedia Britannica is a great educational institution, every remaining set shall be sold at the same low price that I placed on it when I supposed that I could buy all the India paper I wanted and could print as many sets of The Encyclopaedia Britannica and The Century Dictionary as the public would buy.

I am an enthusiast on the subject of India paper for large books of reference. The Encyclopaedia Britannica is at least five times as handy as the same books printed on heavy paper, and this means that they will be used five times as frequently and therefore do five times as much good.

Having taken so much interest in perfecting this idea, I am of course very much disappointed that I cannot print, as I had expected to do, an unlimited number of copies of the Britannica and the Century on it, and in order that the public may not also be disappointed by applying TOO LATE for the sets that are left, I now give them FAIR WARNING to send in their orders without delay.

September 15, 1916. President.

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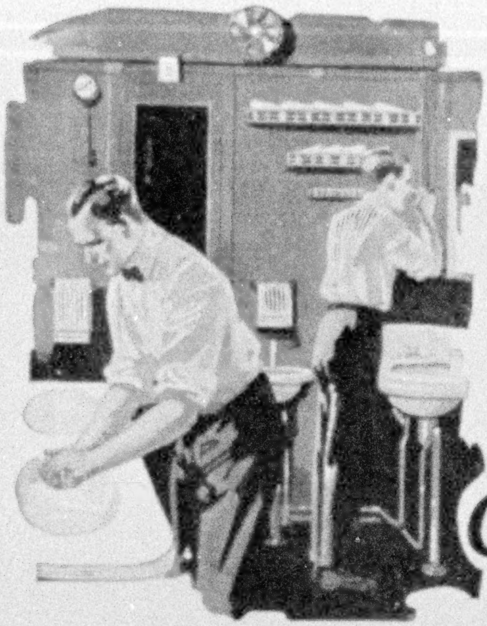

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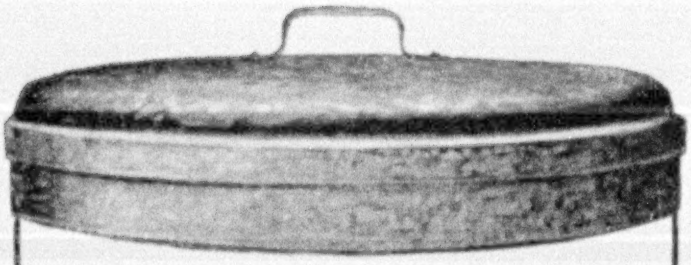

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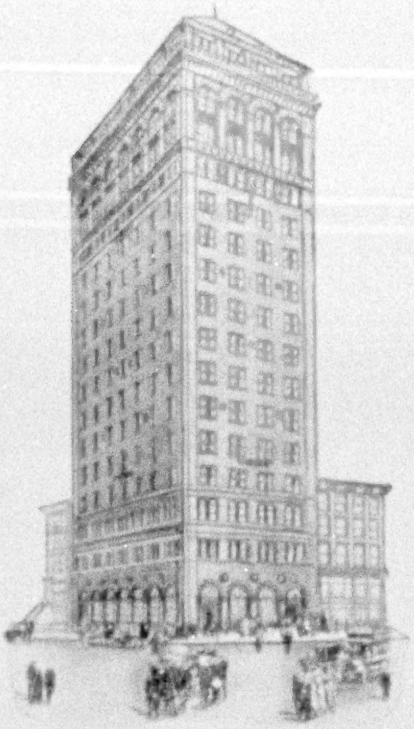

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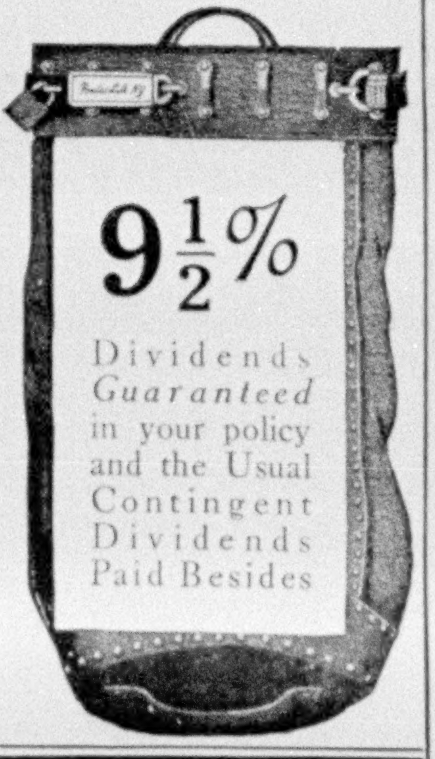
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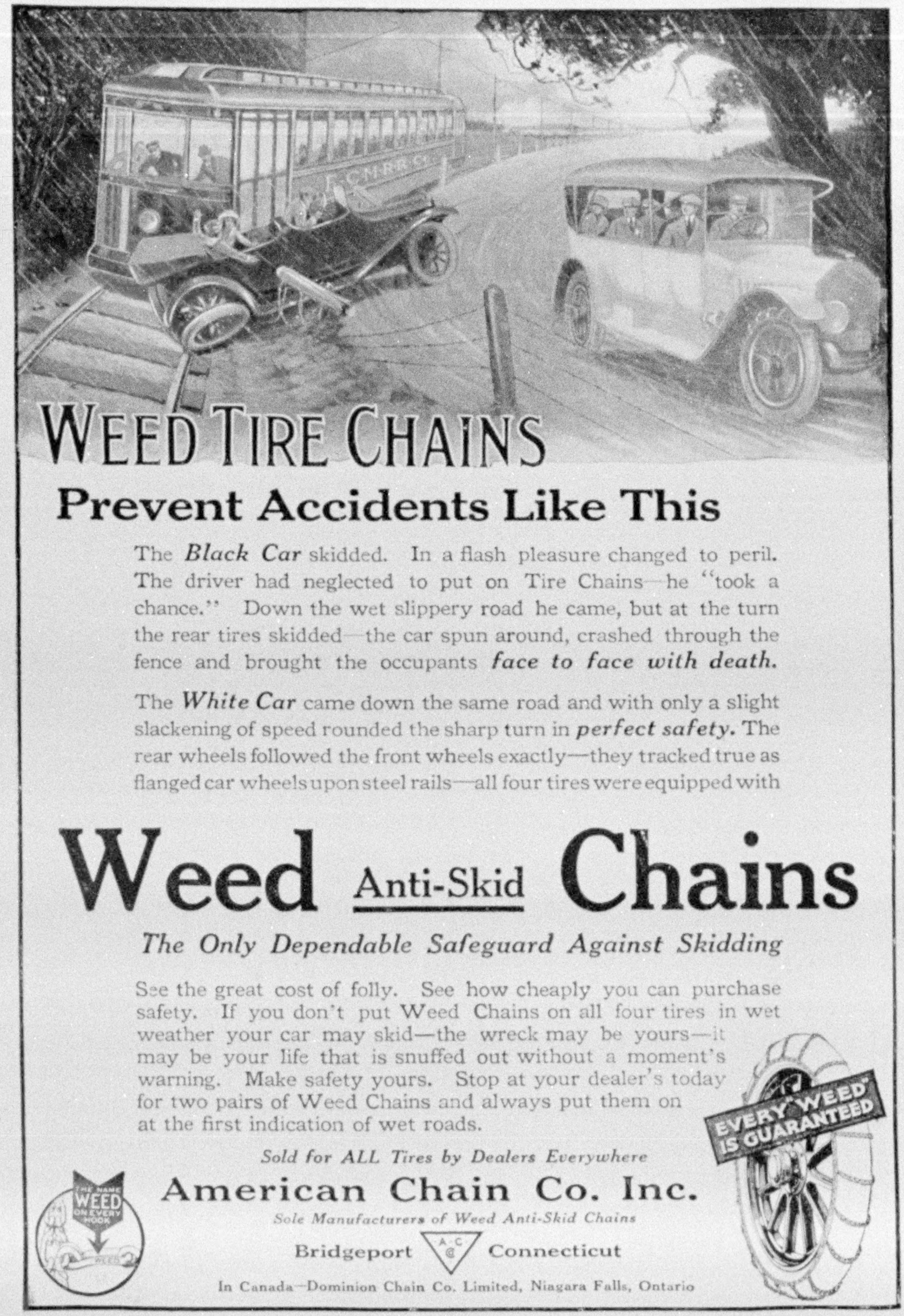

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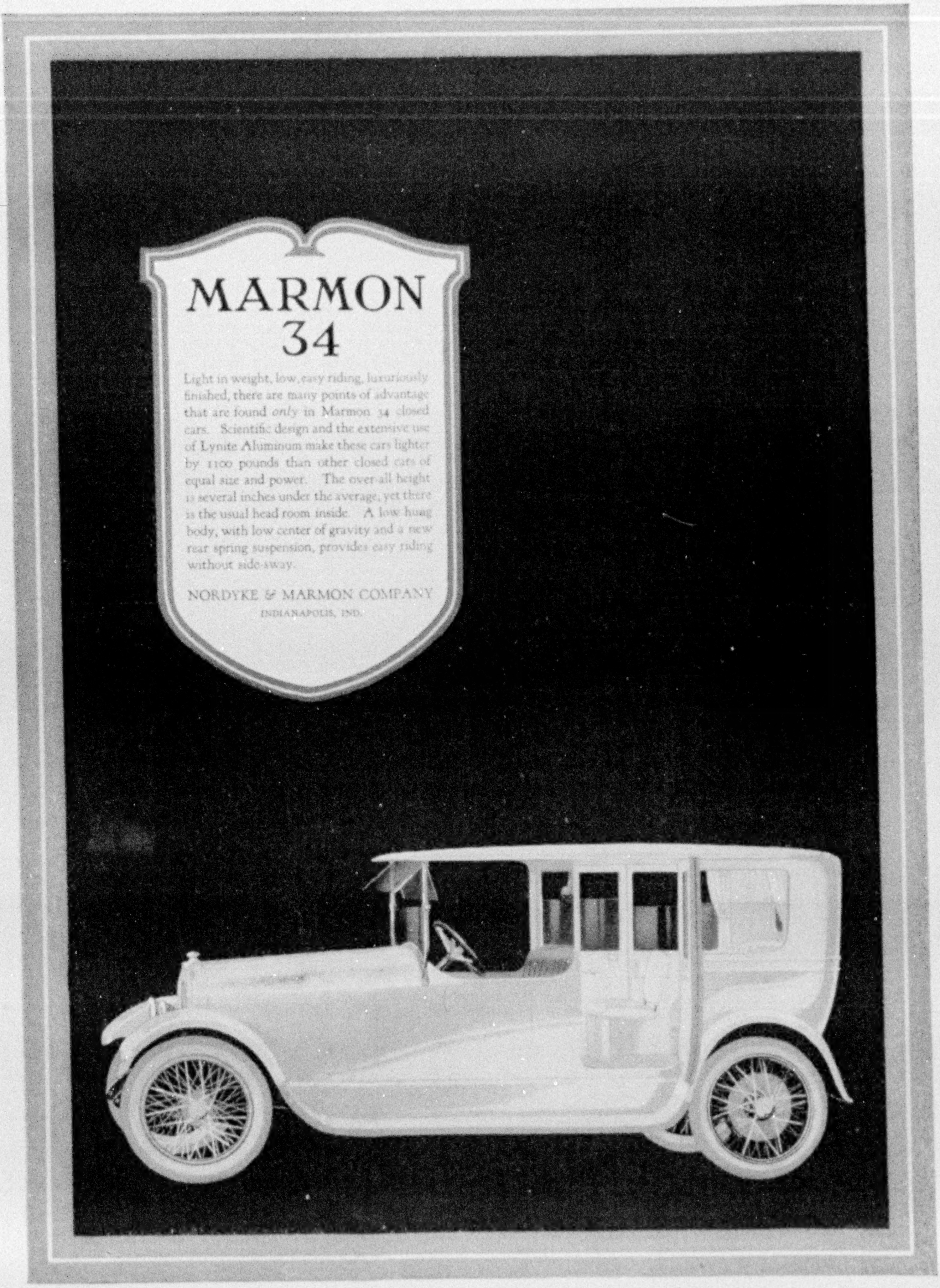

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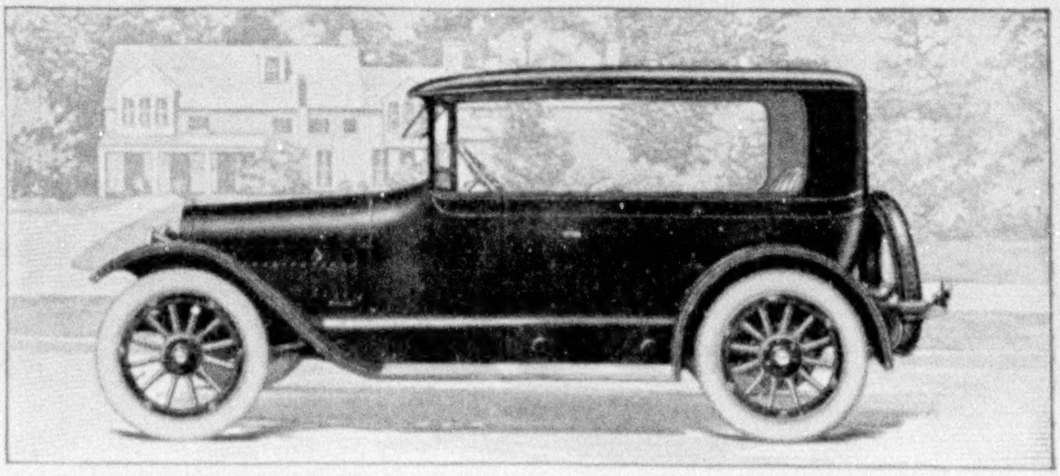

The Mitchell Sedan, Springfield type—Seats for Seven

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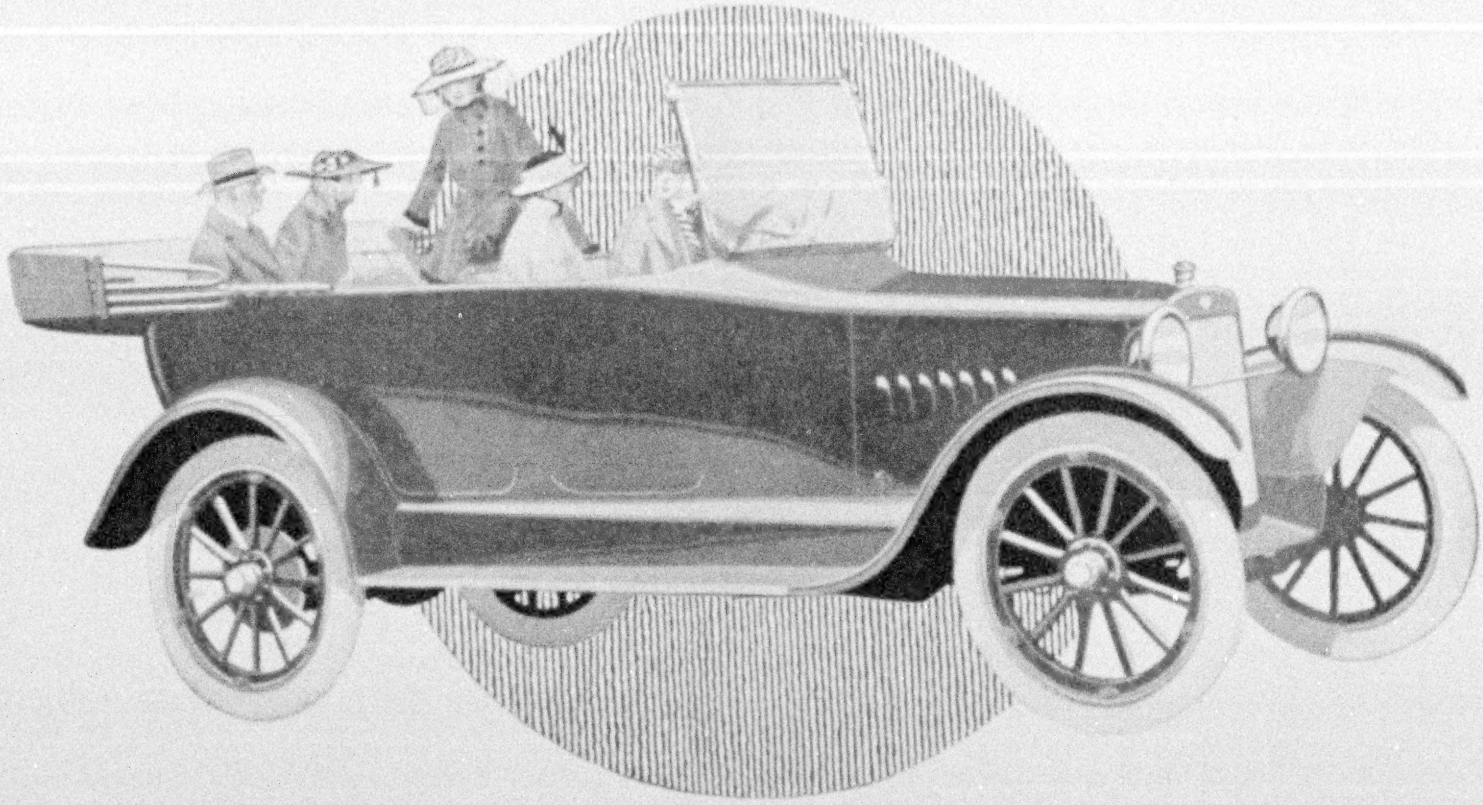

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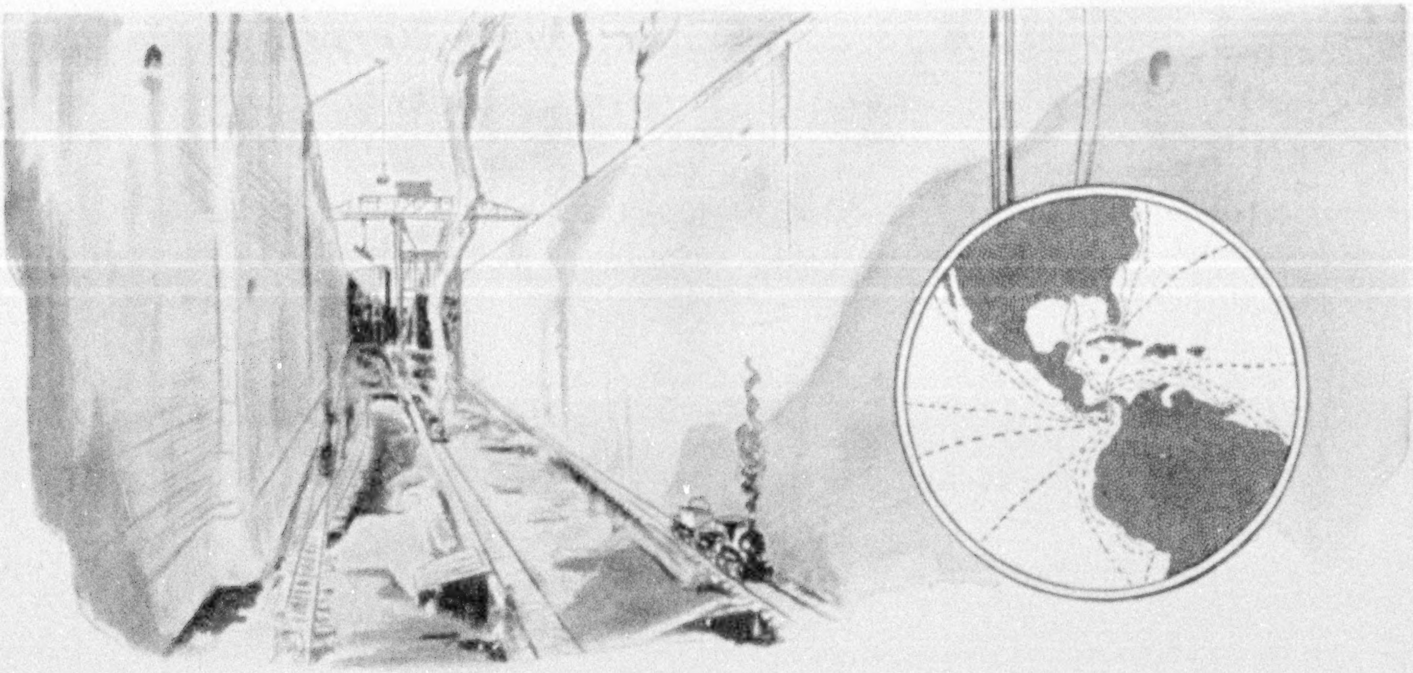

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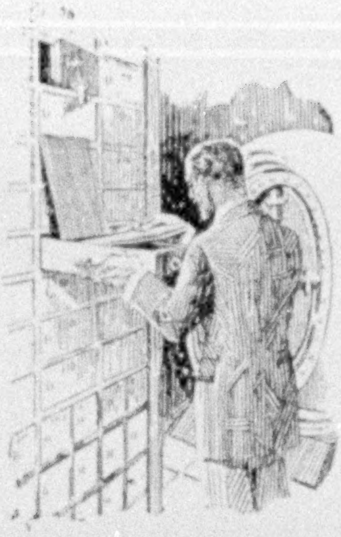

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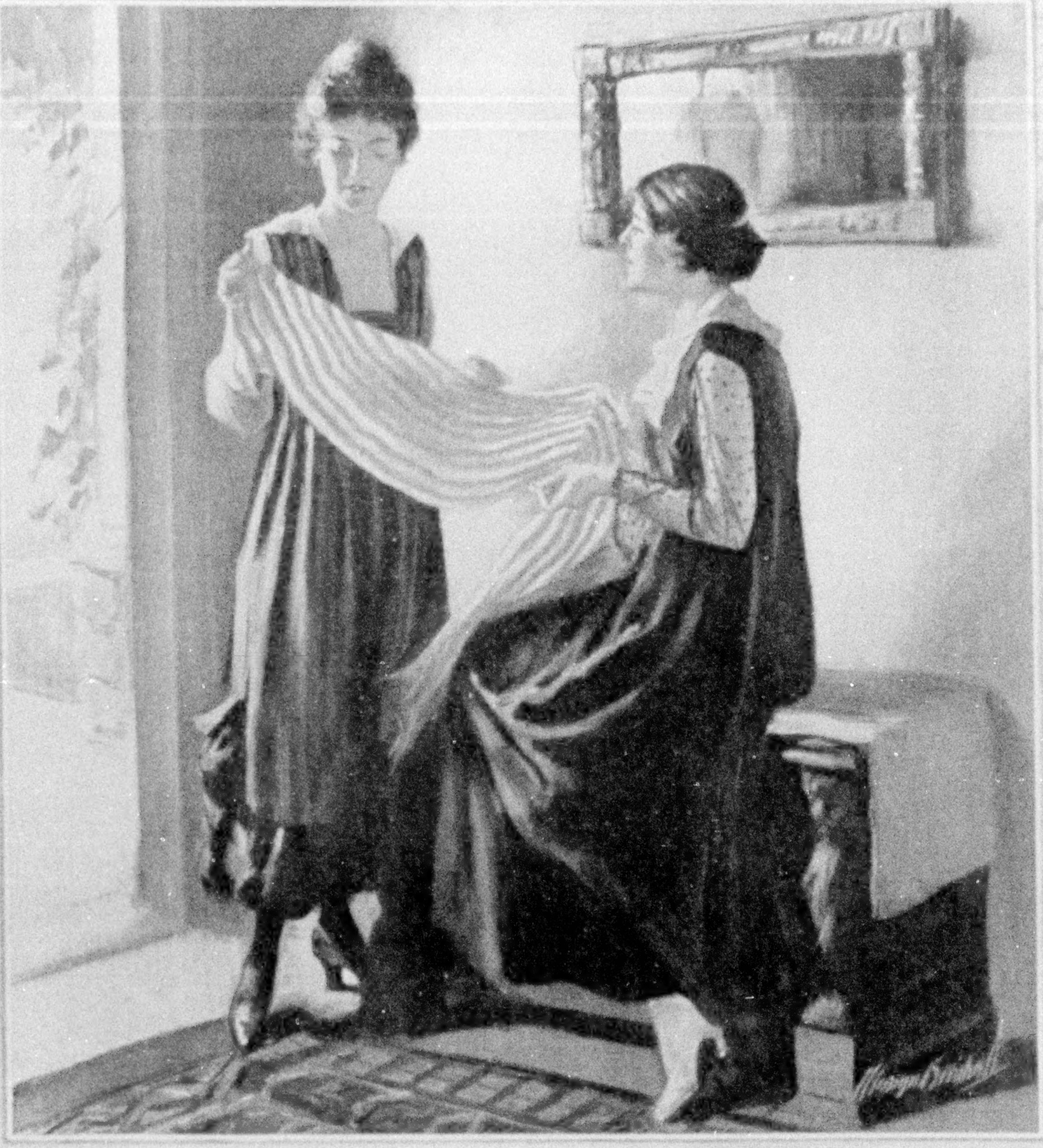

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VOL. XXX, No. 4 WASHINGTON OCTOBER, 1916

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

INEXHAUSTIBLE ITALY

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

AUTHOR OF "THE BEAUTIES OF FRANCE," IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

SOME parts of the world are renowned for their beauty. We visit them to satisfy our inherent love for the picturesque. Some, again, are famous as the scenes of great and stirring events which have made history; them we visit to stand enthralled in the presence of the great spirits of old. Still other parts attract us strongly because of the vivid kaleidoscope of their modern life and customs.

But what shall we say of Italy, at once exquisitely beautiful, glowing with life and contemporaneous interest; and, above all, quick with the memory of her glorious past? One writes of her in despair of giving more than a bald sketch of the character and attributes that endear her to all mankind. Richly—lavishly!—she returns love for love, and they who most tax her find her the most inexhaustible, ever giving, ever repaying, with boundless interest, the affection of her children of the entire world.

WE ARE ALL HER CHILDREN

The compulsion of Italy is based upon the deep, pervasive humanity of soul she shares with no other in degree and with but few in kind. That humanity, with its essential heights and depths of spirituality and grossness, glows in the grandest art the world has ever seen and been inspired by; it pulsates lustily in literature that to this day is the envy and despair of mankind; it dominates us who still live in the closing era of the Renaissance that only the splendid individualism and genius of the lustrous Florentines could make possible.

Italy is not of the Italians; she is of the world. We are all her children, and some of the most sublime lessons life has to teach us have been learned of her wisdom and accumulated experience.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF ITALY

Indeed, in considering the great epochs of civilization, we often overlook the fact that more than half of them developed in Italy. Classifying history, we find five periods: the Culture of the Ancient East; Hellenic Civilization; the vast Roman Organism; the Domination of the Roman Catholic Church; and, last of all, the "emancipation of Europe from medieval influences" in what we usually speak of as the Renaissance. In a word, therefore, we owe to Italy three of the five periods—the three which have exercised the world most potently in both practical things and the things of the spirit.

Geographical position is not sufficiently recognized, except by the special student, in its influence upon the character and achievements of a nation. This is peculiarly true in the case of Italy. A single glance at the map (see page 360) discloses its position as one of the chief sources of the country's individuality.

From the beginning Nature set Italy apart. Every boundary is perfectly clear.

XUM

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

PEASANTS OF SOUTHERN ITALY

The donkey seizes the opportunity to snatch a few moments' slumber

The historic seas enfold it to south, east, and west. On the north the terrific Alps sweep around in a great semicircle from Mediterranean to Adriatic, closing the circuit.

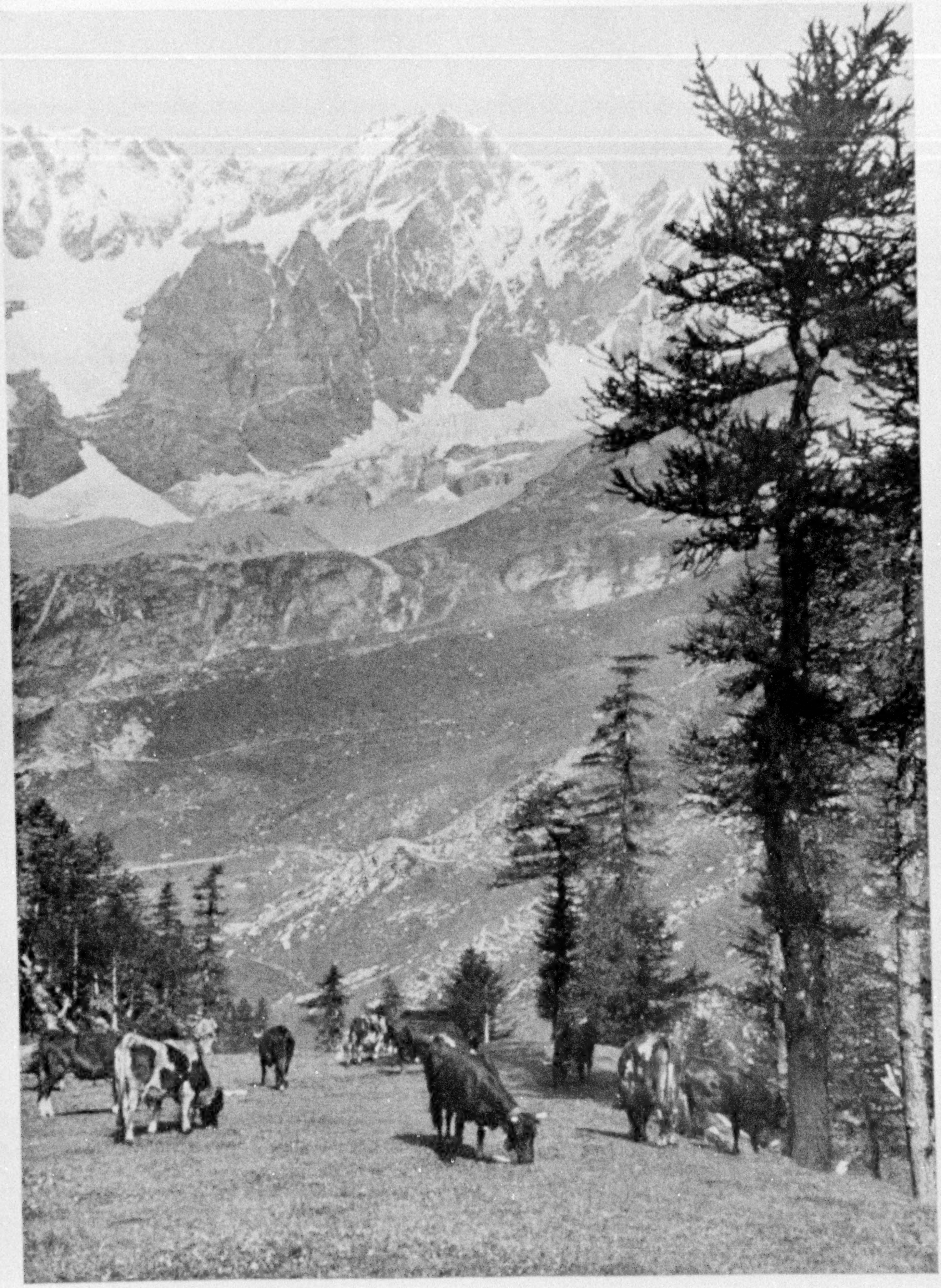
To be sure, from the time of Augustus the boundary of each side of northern Italy has been juggled, now to the east, now to the west, by politics; but the physical boundary is still definitely there. So thoroughly did the ancient chroniclers recognize these natural limits that long before the name Italy had any political significance or entity the writers applied it to the country thus inclosed. The peninsula, with its tremendous Apennine backbone, makes a huge boot which thrusts out practically into the center of the great Midland Sea.

Necessarily, then, Italy was exposed to attack and invasion from three sides. Indeed, it was the invading, or rather colonizing, Greek who combined with the aborigine to form the population that stocked the peninsula. Taken in a smaller way, geographical site or position exercised no less distinct an effect upon some of the foremost Italian cities; and in shaping their affairs and men it also influenced the entire world.

NATURAL DIVISIONS OF THE COUNTRY

Italy is generally regarded as lying in three parts—northern, central, and southern. Nature has set no boundary between central and southern Italy; but from the southernmost point of the Alps, at the French frontier, the Apennines swing across to the eastward, leaving in the arc they cut a huge U-shaped basin, drained by the river Po and its tributaries, open to the Adriatic.

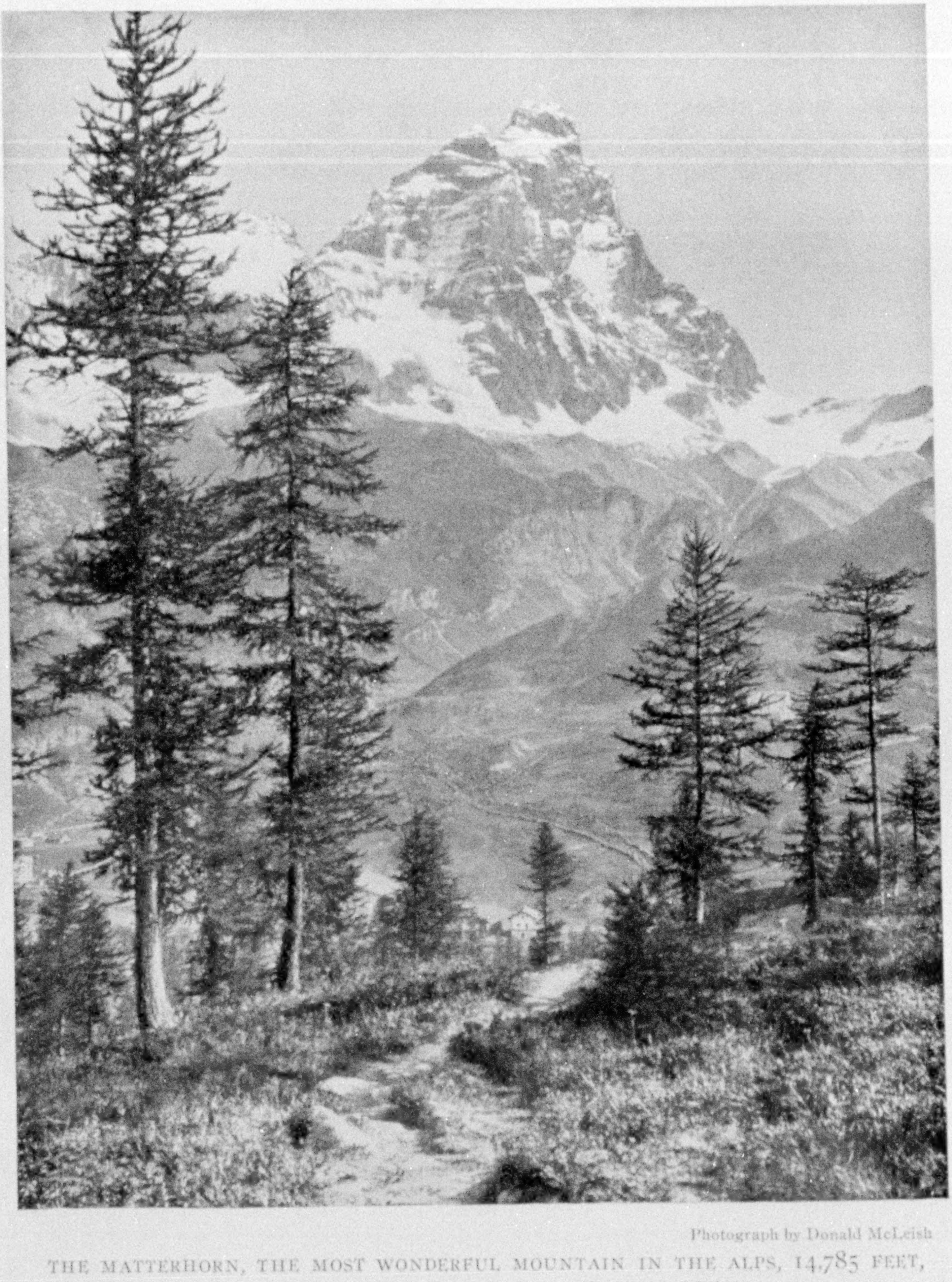
After forming this basin — northern Italy—the Apennines sweep southward in a rugged backbone which determines the whole internal geography of the country as definitely as the Alps do its outline northward. The Apennines are not, however, merely a backbone, but a broad mass with several minor ranges and



Photograph by Donald McLeish

"ON THE NORTH THE TERRIFIC ALPS SWEEP AROUND IN A GREAT SEMICIRCLE FROM MEDITERRANEAN TO ADRIATIC, CLOSING THE CIRCUIT"

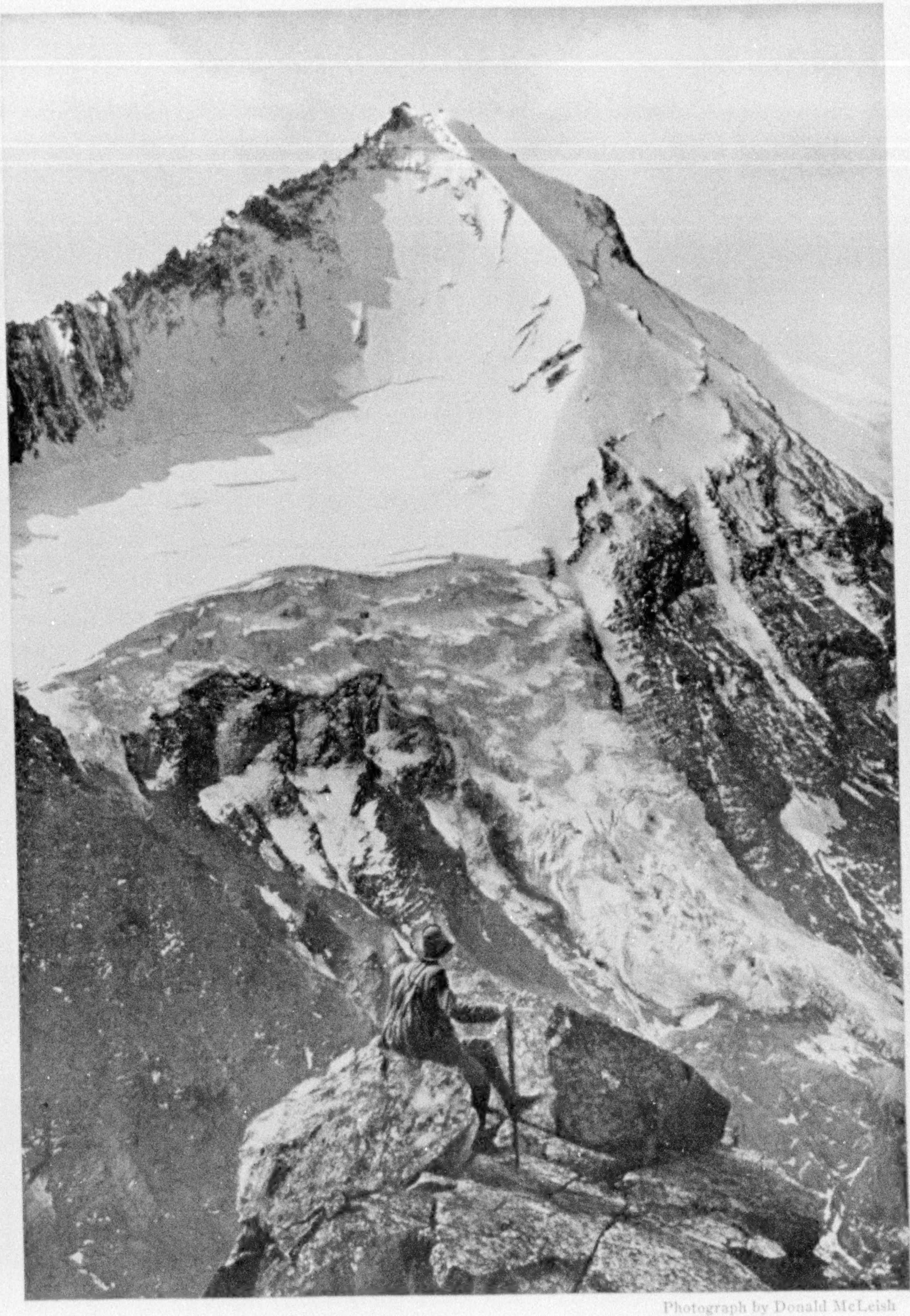
A pasture above Breuil, Italy. In the background, four miles distant, is the Dend d'Herens, 13,715 feet, an elevated outpost of the Swiss-Italian frontier.



Photograph by Donald McLeish

THE MATTERHORN, THE MOST WONDERFUL MOUNTAIN IN THE ALPS, 14,785 FEET, FROM THE FOREST OF BREUIL: ITALIAN SIDE

This formidable peak long remained unconquered. No less than eight attempts were made by Mr. Whymper alone. The ninth was successful, but was marred by a terrible catastrophe. While descending, soon after leaving the summit, Mr. Hadow, one of the party, slipped, dragging four others with him. The remaining three were well placed and able to save themselves by holding firmly to the rocks. The rope between them, however, broke, and they saw their unfortunate comrades disappear over the edge, to fall a depth of one mile to the glacier below. This was two generations ago. Now scarcely a summer day passes in times of peace when a dozen mountaineers, men and women, do not reach its summit.



Photograph by Donald McLeish

THE GRIVOLA, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE ITALIAN ALPS, 13,022 FEET, FROM THE NORTH: TAKEN FROM THE PUNTA ROM, 10,250 FEET

XUM

Photograph by G. R. Ballance

RIVIERA FISHING BOATS

North of the Apennines nothing will grow that cannot withstand sharp frosts, yet in virtually the same latitude the strip of coast called the Riviera di Genova sports luxuriant palms and cactus and olives, while oranges and lemons are the most important of crops groups of peaks, generally separated by high upland valleys, one of whose plateaux, the Piano di Cinque Miglia, at a height of 4,298 feet above the sea, is the wintriest and bleakest spot in all Italy.

This upland region is bordered everywhere by lowlands of luxuriantly fertile character, prolific in fruit and verdure and of a genially warm and sunny climate. In central Italy, west of the mountains, the valleys of the Arno and Tiber—the only streams of importance—give the keynote to any geographical study of the region. Over on the eastern coast no rivers of importance can exist, because the mountains there approach too close to the sea, though the tortuous, mostly dry beds of the *torrenti* scar every height.

In this connection it is interesting to note that nowhere is the peninsula more than 150 miles wide, and generally not more than 100, while down in Calabria the width dwindles in two places to 35 and 20 miles respectively. One of the most inspiring views in the whole length of the country also displays this narrowness strikingly when, on a clear day, from the Gran Sasso, the highest point in the bleak Abruzzi Range, central Italy, at nearly 10,000 feet, one may look not only eastward over the Adriatic to far Dalmatia's rocky shores, but also westward over mountain and moor, city and sandy coast, to the dim and misty blue of the Tyrrhenian Sea. In volcanic southern Italy, likewise barren of any great waterways, the Apennines break up into groups of hills and peaks, not usually so lofty as farther northward.

THE RIVERS AND LAKES

Italy is fairly provided with deep-water seaports—Naples, Genoa, Spezia, the naval base, and Leghorn, on the western coast, and Venice, Ancona, and Brindisi, on the east. The rivers—except the Po—as may have been inferred already, are of little or no importance for navigation—a fact the Romans cleverly disposed of by building those beautiful and enduring military roads which to this day vein the whole length and breadth of the country—though the rapidity of their currents and the flashing, dashing cascades and *torrenti* that come swirling into them make them highly picturesque and delightful as features of the landscape.

What human being with a single spark of soul could fail to expand under the magic of that wonderful chain of lakes along her northern border—Garda, Idro, Iseo, Como, Lugano, Maggiore, Orta? These remarkable and exquisite sheets of water, formed by the tributaries of one single stream—the Po—sprawl about in tremendously deep valleys among towering hills of solid rock, while scattered among them are shallow little lakes, entirely different in both character and aspect.

Adjectives and imagination alike fail before them, and inarticulate emotion robs the beholder of any power of expression. And what of Trasimeno and Chiusi? What of those littler lakes which smile up at us from ashen, volcanic cups throughout central and southern Italy? What of Matese, Fusino, Lucrino, Averno—all those many that dimple the pages of history and brighten or glower through the yet more ancient myth and song of bard?

THE ISLES OF THE WEST

Beside defining the limits of the country so clearly, Nature also bulwarked the long and tortuous Italian peninsula on the west with a host of rocky defenses in the sapphire waters of the storied Tyrrhenian Sea—Gorgona, of the suggestive name; rocky Capraia; Elba, of Napoleonic fame; the stony fleet of the little Ponzas; bold and rugged Ischia, with its castle on a big boulder; Procida likewise; humpbacked Capri, where "that hairy old goat," as Suetonius called the Emperor Tiberius, held his revels; the Æolian or Lipari Isles, black monsters that spout fire and sing weird music to terrify the superstitious argonaut; magnificent Sardinia, with its little sister Corsica clinging to its coat-tails a step behind. Both belong to Italy by every right of Nature—as a bright lad in a Sicilian school told me: "Sardegna, *si!* But Corsica—no! She belongs to Italy geographically, but politically to France." And the greatest of all these outworks is Sicily.

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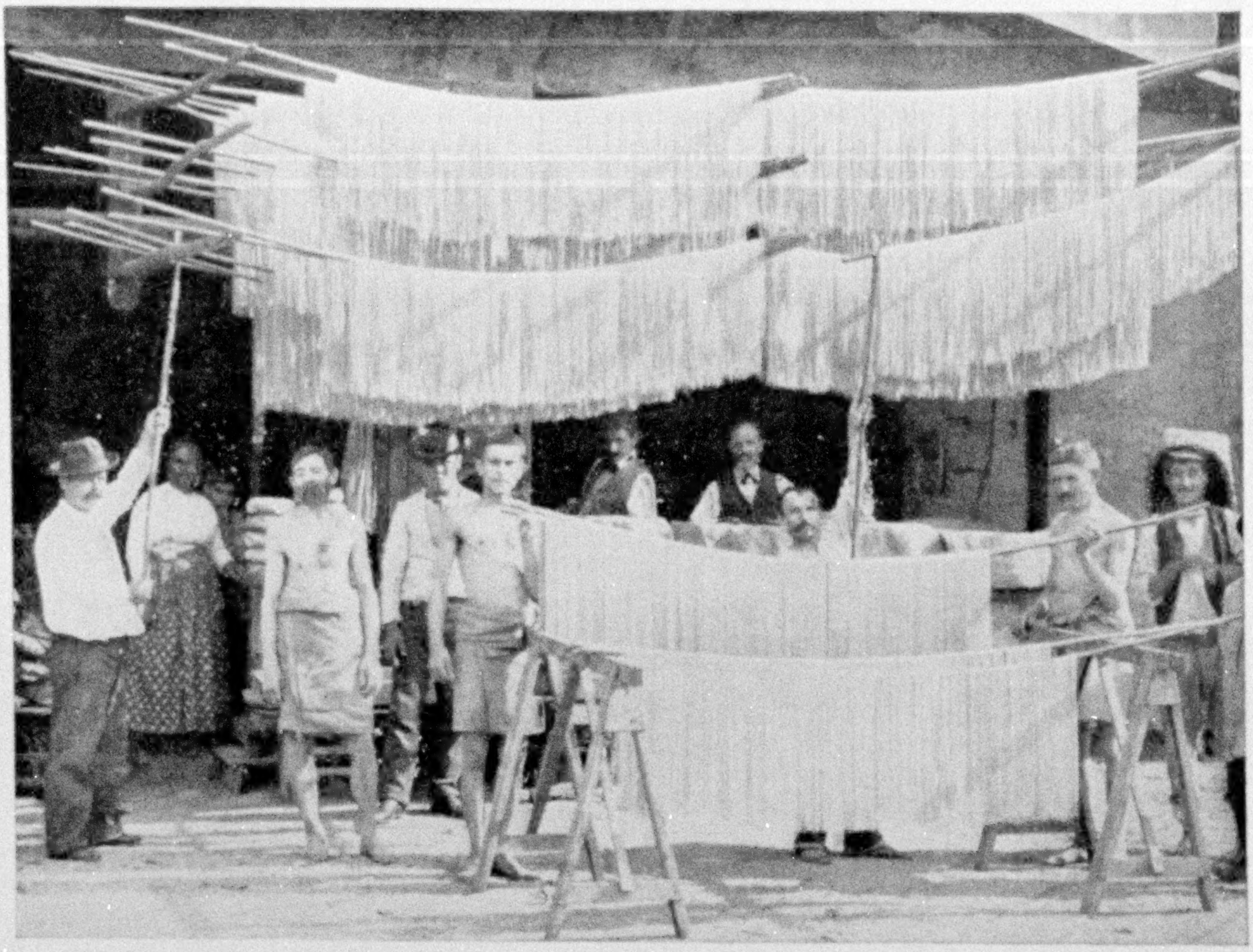


A MACARONI FACTORY

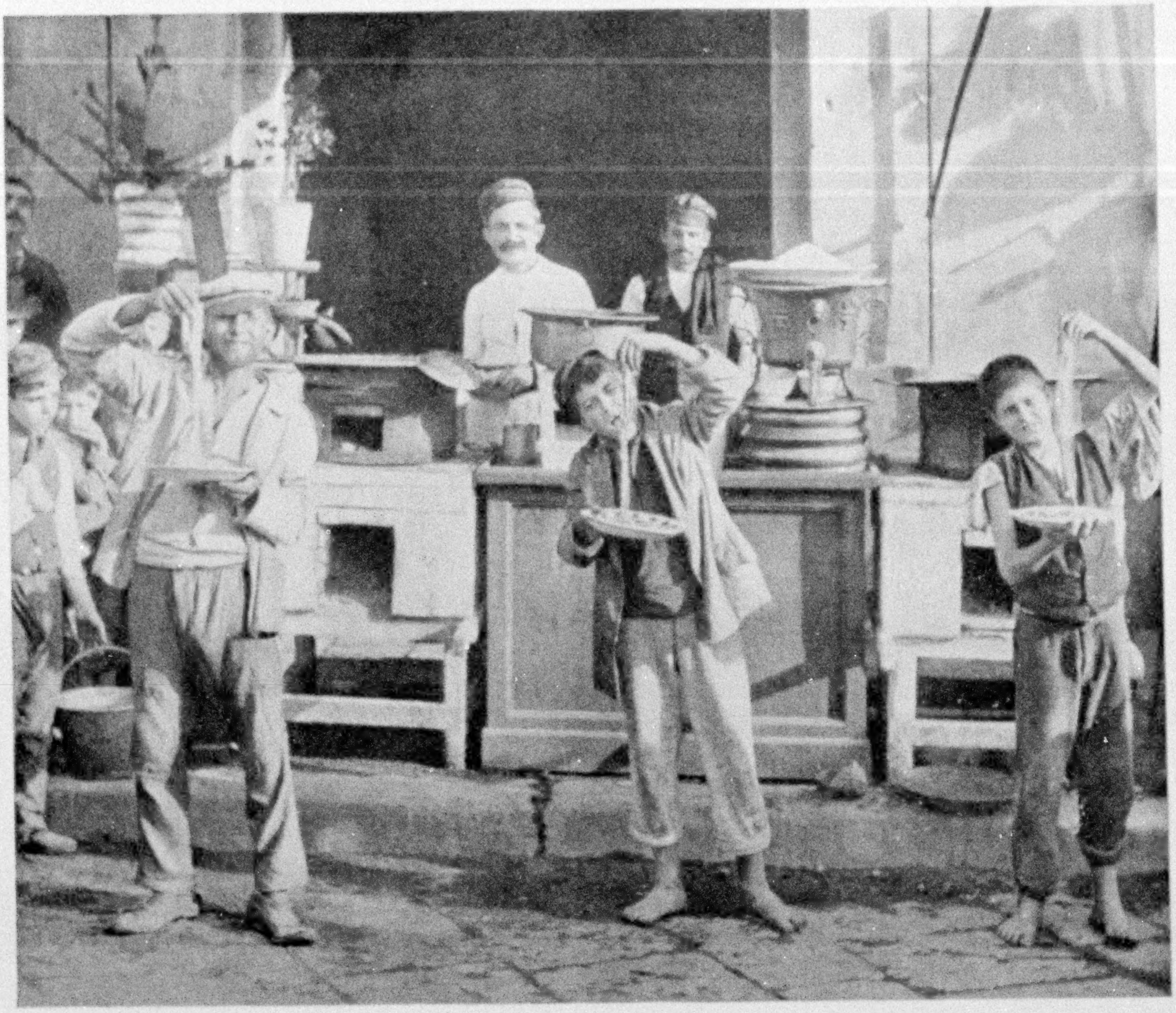
Italy without macaroni would be Hamlet without the ghost. Macaroni is made of a special variety of hard wheat. The paste is forced through a press full of holes, which brings it out in long strings. These are cut into about six-foot lengths and hung on poles in the open air to dry, with a nonchalant disregard for germs and dust. By the time it has collected sufficient of both to make it nicely stiff it is cut into commercial lengths, boxed, and sold.

SICILY, THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Geographical location was the deciding factor of the life of this loveliest of all Mediterranean islands. Here we have neither time nor place for Sicily beyond the merest hint of a long series of vivid pictures, which begin with the misty traditions of the Garden of Eden and carry us through the evolution of civilization right to the present. Every State of ancient Europe falls into a place in the enduring pageant. Greek and Roman, Carthaginian and swart Moor, Spaniard and French and Italian fight and retreat, build and demolish, create and undermine.

Nature itself, now in the guise of the misunderstood gods of old, now in convulsions or in quiet fertility that science has made plain to us, weaves its mysterious shuttle through and through the highly colored fabric. And men—such men!—tower above their fellows in the story like Titans: Pindar, Æschylus, Theocritus, Thucydides, Archimedes, the two great Hierons, Cicero, Verres, Diodorus, Hamilcar and Hannibal, Roger the Count and Roger the King, Belisarius, the great Crusaders—Richard of the Lion Heart and Louis the Saint of France—Charles of Anjou, Frederick II, the "Wonder of the World," and Garibaldi. Even this partial list reads like a compendium of ancient and medieval romance and chivalry.

Sicily's history is as vivid and picturesque, as ferocious and creative and destructive, as mythical and intensely practical, as the stories of all the rest of the world put together. And in beauty of nature, of climate, of man, and of beast, the island is a paradise today, whether or



THE LAND OF THE MACARONI-EATERS: NAPLES

"Maccheroni" eating is a trade with the street beggar, and apparently a satisfying one to men and boys gifted with copper interiors immune to heat. One of the most familiar cries of the beggar is, "*Signore, dame cinque soldi, mangia maccheroni!* Mister, gimme a nickel for macaroni!" And usually the plea ends with a lugubrious whine, "*Oh, muori di fame!* Oh, I'm dying of hunger."

not it was ever the workless, painless, passionless elysium where our first ancestors enjoyed all the good things of life without having to toil. All this, alas, must wait a more opportune moment for description.

CLIMATE AND VEGETATION

As in the case of Japan, the surrounding sea makes a vast difference in the Italian climate. Judged by its position alone, the peninsula should be about the hottest part of Europe—it is only 90 miles from the southern shore of Sicily to Africa. But the twin seas and the ever snow-capped mountains temper the heat, and the regional peculiarities are such that we find Turin, for instance, colder in winter than Copenhagen, and Milan as warm in summer as Naples. These same striking differences characterize the vegetation also. North of the Apennines nothing will grow that cannot withstand sharp frosts, yet in virtually the same latitude the strip of coast called the Riviera di Genova sports luxuriant palms and cactus and olives, while oranges and lemons are the most important of crops.

A large part of the beauty of the verdure and forest that attracts the visitor's attention was unknown in the olden times and is not properly Italian at all, but imported. The favored groves of orange and lemon, with their golden fruit glinting among the rich and sappy foliage, breathe of the Levant and the dark-

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

MISCHIEF BREWING: BOYS OF AN ITALIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

A SMALL PAINTED VEGETABLE CART DRAWN BY A SARDINIAN DONKEY: PALERMO

When the size of the donkey is compared with the height of the man and the boy, some idea may be formed of its diminutiveness

skinned Saracenic invaders from the East. The cactus, with its prickly pear fruit, called the "Indian fig," and the aloe came straight from Mexico on the heels of the Spanish adventurings into the unknown in the sixteenth century. So did the American corn or maize. Even the eucalyptus is an importation—a modern one—and the great groves of chestnuts that clothe the shaggy mountain sides so verdantly, and give occupation to so many vendors of the hot and pasty boiled nut, are believed not to be native.

Evergreens still form a large proportion of the foliage and make a great difference in the appearance of the winter landscape, which conspicuously lacks the nakedness of regions clothed only with deciduous growths. The brown slopes of the mountains, the milky roads that wind and wind through rolling upland and flat campagna, or around the startlingly abrupt shoulders of mountains, and the sparkle of stream or lake or inlet, give the Italian country side a vivacity and charm lacking in both its Latin neighbors—a special quality of brightness and life.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR CONDITION

Province by province the country manifests a varying charm, and the people differ as widely as their surroundings. The hot-blooded southerner observes a different standard of morals and hygiene, fires to anger or interest more quickly, and is generally less dependable and industrious than his northern brother. Both are gifted with the black eyes and hair and the swarthy complexion, as a race, that is a general characteristic of the Latin peoples. But the Italian is, broadly speaking, like his country, endowed with a physical beauty and charm beyond that of most of his fellows.

In the north, however, there are exceptions—fair-haired and reddish men and women, who seem strangely out of place

XUM

among their dark neighbors. Cool, temperate exotics they are among the higher colored growths that somehow seem so tropical, with their sultry smiles and fathomless, mysterious eyes, in which forever broods the shadow of the purple mountains that always and everywhere dominate all Italy, even to the delightful Carabinieri, or Rural Guards, those Napoleonic-looking officials who parade always solemnly in pairs, hangers at their sides, cockades on their black beavers, the majesty of the law in every line and footstep.

A TALE OF REMARKABLE PROGRESS

Suggestive of comic opera though the Carabinieri seem, they are nevertheless most devoted fellows and absolutely essential to the maintenance of order. The condition of the mass of the Italian people is still far from happy and disorders are frequent, though rarely fatal when the paired guards are within range. Italy, it must not be forgotten, is largely an agricultural country, with the farm hands making up a third of the total population. Their lot is hard because of the agricultural conditions and the ignorance of the masses.

Nevertheless, since the Italians became a nation, half a century ago, there has been amazing progress in every direction. Agricultural methods have vastly improved, agricultural production doubled, and manufacturing to a most gratifying extent taken the place of importation. In fact, Italy is now among the exporting nations, and the rapid growth of her industrial enterprises bids fair to make her, as an English writer points out, as highly organized and efficient, in a manufacturing sense, as was Belgium prior to 1914.

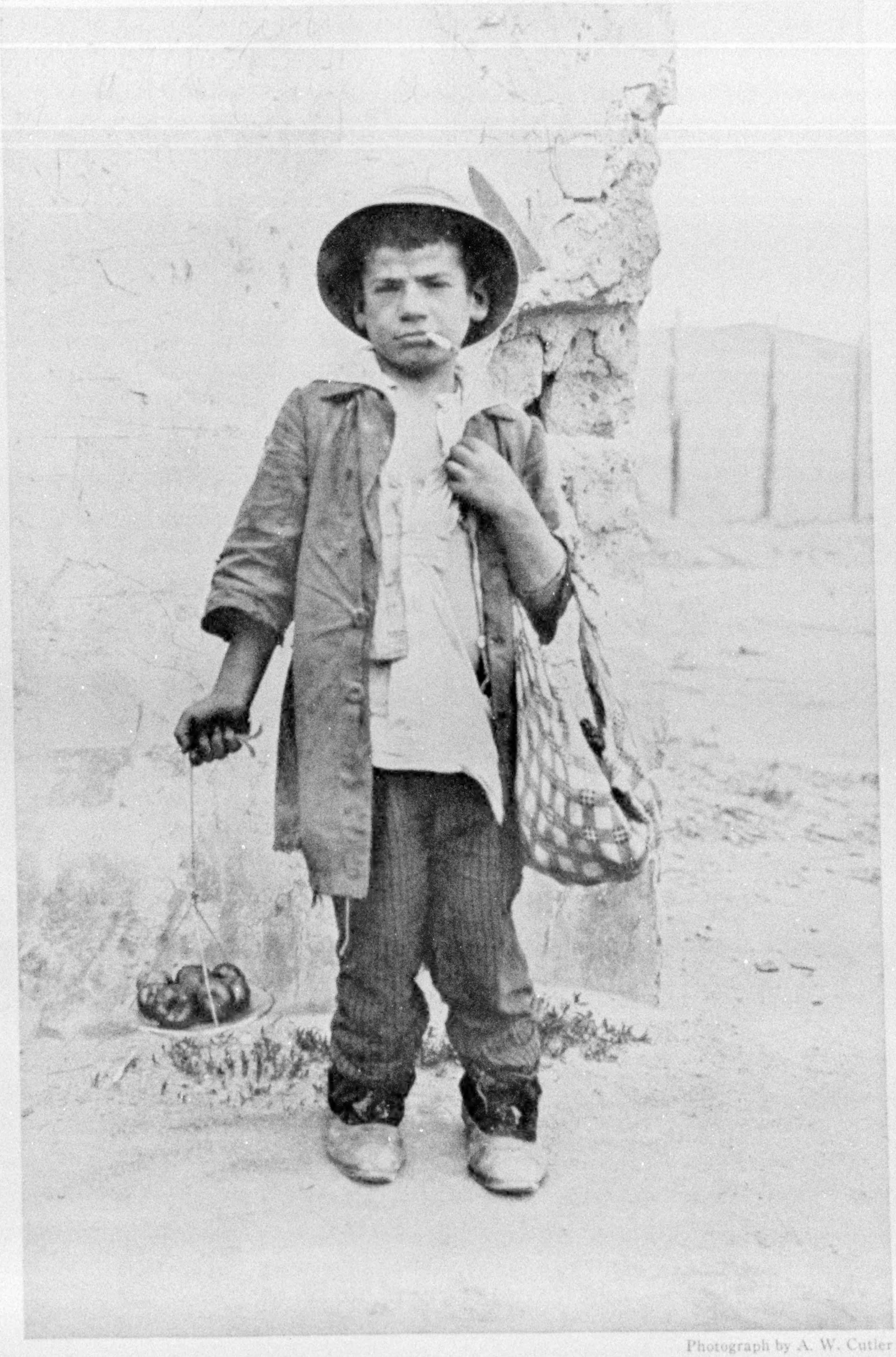
Italian emigration is due largely to overpopulation, and the consequent oversupply of labor at very low rates, rather than to the agricultural conditions, while the progress made in public education has been so wonderful as to give sound basis for the hope that within a reasonable time illiteracy will be as negligible in Italy as it is in the United States. Public schools maintained by the communes, with State help where necessary, have already diminished illiteracy from 73 per cent in 1871 to about 44 per cent in 1911 (the last official census). Despite the brilliant progress achieved in only forty years, this figure is appalling.

Notwithstanding, the poorest Italian has the sun in his eyes and the geniality of the gods in his smile, while his fatalistic stoicism and keen sense of humor are something never to be forgotten. I remember, after the Vesuvian eruption of 1906, seeing a man whose home had been destroyed and the work of a lifetime obliterated calmly cooking a meal of potatoes and chestnuts over a hot spot in the lava stream that had overwhelmed his place. "*Già!* I have a *fine* stove now!" was his dry comment.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ITALY

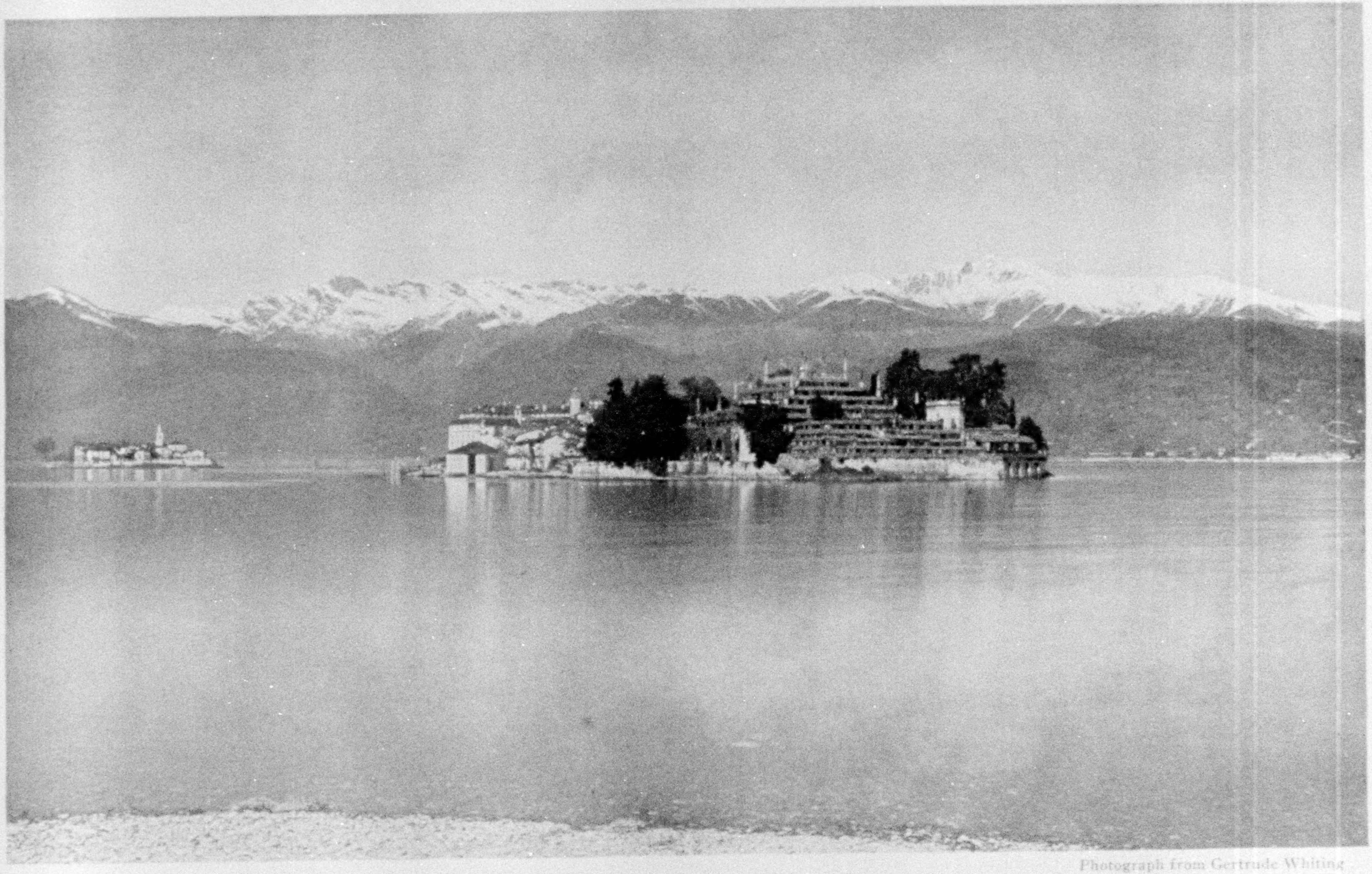
So far as general world interest is concerned, the story of Italy begins its importance with the period made historic by the advent of the Greeks in the vicinage of what is now Naples. This was a neighborhood doomed at the very beginning to be fatal to every race that spread about the shores of its exquisite bay. The beauty of the scenery, with the vast black and green Vesuvius gemming it ominously; the mild and sunny climate of *dolce far niente;* the soft and perfumed airs, all strongly predisposed the sternest men to languor and voluptuousness. Not a single one of the nations who have left us memories of their sojourns about the dimpling bay could withstand these lethal influences, or became sufficiently acclimated in all the long centuries to leave us one great and enduring monument.

To find "the glory that was Greece," one must go southward for 60 miles along the scalloped green and silver strand that borders the azure sea to Pæstum, the Poseidonia of Greek days. The same dazzling sunshine the worshipers of Poseidon, or Neptune, knew pours down its glorious flood upon temple ruins so majestic and sublime, so quick with the austere loftiness of soul that marked their builders, we wonder that anything ever could have happened to obliterate the city which Herodotus tells us flourished five centuries and a half before our era began; a garden city, a city still, in the time of the great Latin poets, wreathed and



Photograph by A. W. Cutler

A RISING FRUIT MERCHANT OF NAPLES



Photograph from Gertrude Whiting

WHAT HUMAN BEING WITH A SINGLE SPARK OF SOUL COULD FAIL TO EXPAND UNDER THE MAGIC OF THAT WONDERFUL CHAIN OF LAKES ALONG HER NORTHERN BORDER—GARDA, IDRO, ISEO, COMO, LUGANO, MAGGIORE, ORTA?

Lago Maggiore, Isola Bella e Isola Superiore. Note the clearness of Lake Maggiore's limpid water and the glorious Swiss Alps in the background.

garlanded with the "twice-blooming roses of Pæstum."

But brooding silence has fallen over these magnificent Doric remains and their flattened city. We may study undisturbed the subtle refirements the architects adopted to give grace and elegance to structures of so heavy a type: the swell and slant of the massive fluted columns, the curving line of foundation and entablature, the perfect coherence and simplicity that has made the Greek form the only one perfect in appearance without regard to size.

Even the hardy Roman who met and imbibed the softer culture of the polished Greek in southern Italy here went to pieces mentally and gave history only Lucullian feasts and sybaritic indulgence of every sort. The most lavish and profligate of all the watering places of imperial days grew up at Baiæ, named for Ulysses' helmsman, to the west of Naples, along the Gulf of Pozzuoli. No beauty, convenience, or luxury the Roman world could produce to give the region added charm was lacking. The foundations of many of the magnificent villas and baths were thrown far out into the warm, inviting bay.

THE CRUMBLED GLORIES OF BAIÆ

But with the decline of Rome, Baiæ and its district crumbled; and all we have today as means for the interpretation of that gay and splendid era are shattered remains of masonry, colonnades, passageways, mosaic pavements, and statuary dotting the hillsides; and in the water huge blocks of concrete vaguely tracing the lines of those baths where the gilded youth and corrupt old age of Rome idled away the sunny hours and occupied their minds with the devising of new sorts of indulgence.

One of the ancient Roman towns near by is still very much alive—Pozzuoli. Founded by the Greeks, it was captured by the Romans, and at one time was the most important commercial city in the Empire. Its harbor was a focus of traffic with Egypt and the East. Spices and perfumes from the Nile, copper and gold from Tarshish (Spain), slaves and weapons and other commodities in popular demand landed here. And St. Paul, in those comfortable, letter-like chapters of the Acts, that describe his adventures on the way up to Rome and martyrdom, says: "And we came the next day to Puteoli, where we found brethren and were desired to tarry with them seven days." The modern town is an attractive manufacturing community, much of its prosperity based on the cement made of the *puzzolana*, or volcanic earth, named after it.

"NAPOLI LA BELLA!"

Naples, aside from its amazing local beauty, is a dirty south Italian seaport, full of fleas and beggars, noisy as pandemonium day and night, without a really distinguished edifice, and peopled by a conglomerate mass as strikingly beautiful physically as they are notoriously untrustworthy. From the storied heights that sweep in a magnificent amphitheater around the brilliant bay the old city straggles downward in a picturesque huddle of densely packed houses and other buildings, tortuous streets full of color and bubbling with the nervous activity of the south, black canyons of stone stairs, slippery with damp and dirt, across which the teeming houses gossip and quarrel in neighborly wise.

Nowhere are fisherfolk more picturesque in habit and costume; nowhere is there so salty a dialect, spiced with such myriad quaint and startling phrases and exclamations. Bare and brown of leg, dressed in ragged, parti-colored motley, a stout canvas band about each sinewy body for hauling in the net without cutting the hands to pieces, they bring ashore their shimmering silver quarry right along the widest, finest promenade in the city—the handsome Via Caracciolo. Across that broad street the charming Villa Nazionale, not a house, but a public park, wholly conventional in design, contains an aquarium which may fairly be considered the most remarkable in the world for both the variety and interest of its finny and monstrous exhibits and the thoroughness of its scientific work. To it many of the great universities of the world contribute annually for the privilege of sending special investigators in zoölogy.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

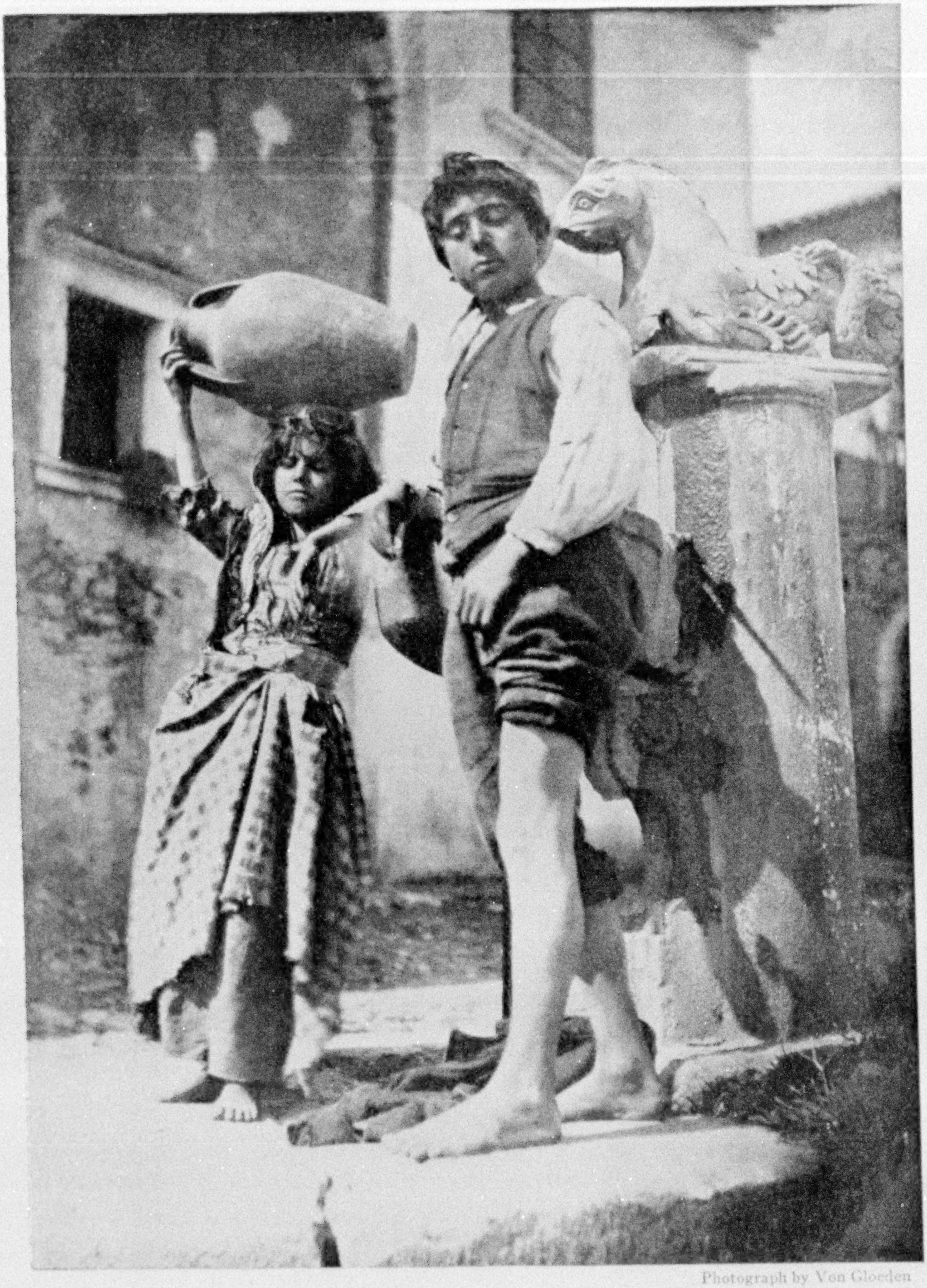
BUT ONE THOUGHT FILLS THE MIND OF HALF THE MOTHERS AND CHILDREN IN THE WORLD—TO MAKE SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP FATHER AND BROTHER WARM IN THE TRENCHES

During the afternoon drive, which is an institution throughout all Italy, an endless procession flashes past the park, to the pistoling of whips, the running obligato of chatter and exclamation, shout of encouragement, and execration for careless driving. Everybody drives. The lofty drag of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Aosta rolls solemnly along behind magnificent bays in stately silence; tourists "rubber" by in hired hacks; a motley array of shabby-genteel carriages contains a nobility too proud to omit the drive if they have to go to bed supperless, and snappy little gigs and carts, brilliant with paint and varnish, dance along behind fiery miniature barbs decked out in all the toggery of feathers and bells and fancy leather that Italian ingenuity can suggest. Nowhere are there such experts at extracting frightful explosions from a whiplash as in this happy-go-lucky Naples; nowhere such a tumult of sound and color; nowhere such light-hearted irresponsibility.

The commercial activity of this largest city and second seaport of Italy clings close about the skirts of the enormous royal palace—800 feet long on the bay side and 95 feet high—and the naval basin and dockyard. Every smell and sound of a thriving seaport may be smelt and heard, multiplied generously; every flag seen on the ships that ride at anchor near the stone wharves.

BABEL LESS CONFUSED

On the streets men of every race mingle tongues and costumes and manners; Babel itself was only mildly confused compared with this jumble of Naples; and throughout all the throng play the beggar, the street musician, the macaroni-eater—that is a trade, and a satisfying one, apparently—the piratic cabman, the guide, and the baggage-smasher—all seeking whom they may plunder with a gracious twinkle of humid black eyes and a smile that makes the being robbed a pleasure.

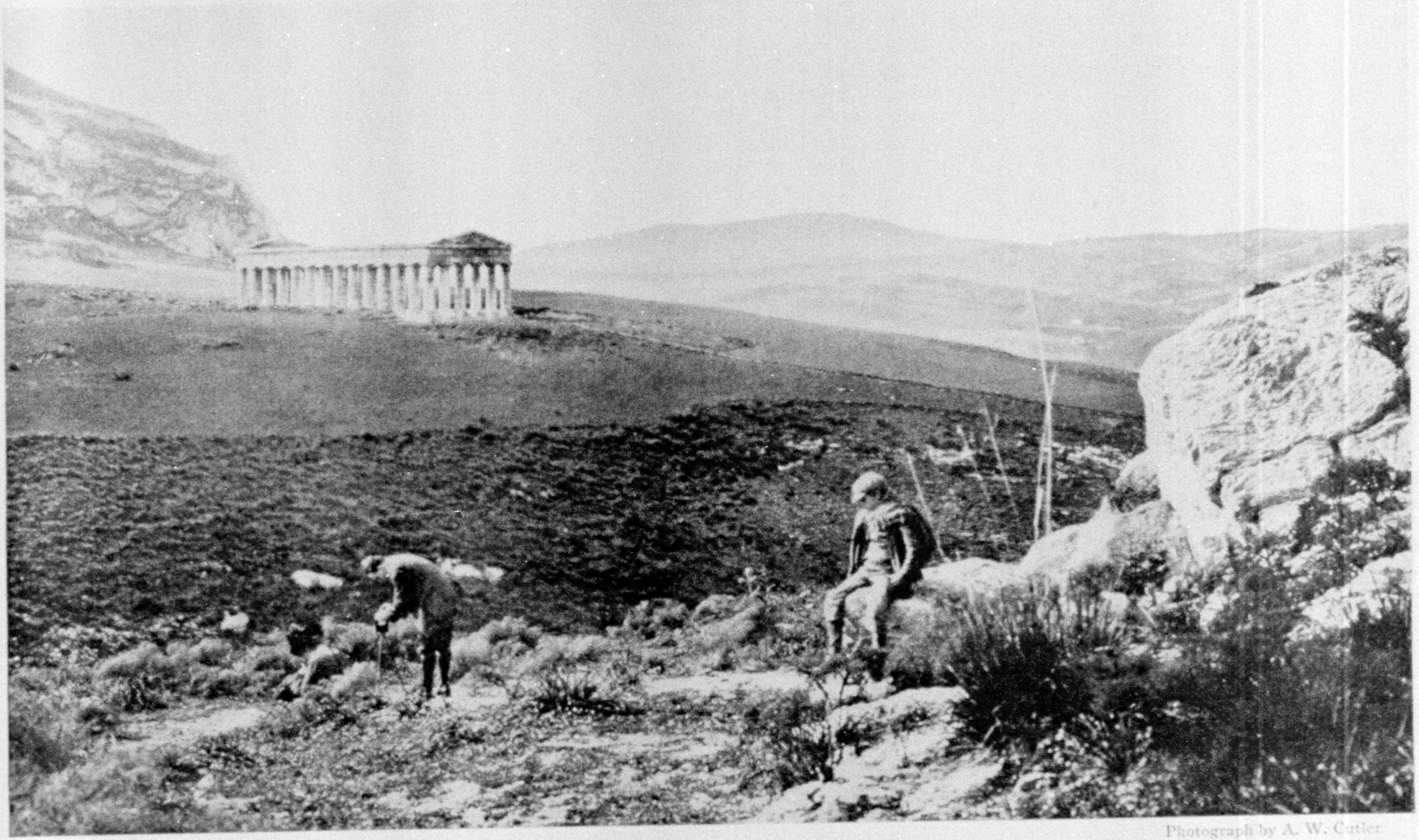


Photograph by Von Gloeden

CLASSIC MODELS IN MODERN SICILY

The present-day descendants of the early Greek colonists of Syracuse retain the grace of pose and the symmetry of form which distinguished their ancestors of two thousand years ago. Here is a youth who might have been the original for one of the matchless marbles of Praxiteles or for a figure in a Phidian frieze.

XUM



Photograph by A. W. Cutler

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE OLD GREEK TEMPLE AT SEGESTA, A VERY WILD SECTION OF SICILY

Situated in a desolate spot, surrounded by mountains, this ancient Greek temple is not less imposing from its remarkable isolation than for its striking proportions. It was never completed, but it is one of the best preserved relics of the Greeks in Sicily. The structure is 200 feet long, 85 feet wide, with columns 6 feet in diameter at the base and 29 feet high, including their capitals. The Greeks believed the Egestans were descendants of the Trojans.

Street singing is an especially Neapolitan institution, and when for the first time one hears beneath his windows the more often than not off-key versions of the snappy, lilting, inexpressibly infectious Neapolitan songs, he is enchanted, and throws pennies freely. After a week or so of it as a steady diet, day and night, he inclines much more toward heavy crockery!

VOLCANOES BIG AND LITTLE

The entire Neapolitan littoral is volcanic, from Vesuvius on the east to the storied tufa heights of Cumæ on the west. Between Cumæ's ruins and Naples lie those famed and mystic Phlegræan fields of our school days, which nobody remembers anything about. They have always been a theater of tremendous volcanic activity, but the disturbances here have no connection, curiously enough, with Vesuvius; also, the two areas are wholly different in geological character and formation.

The spongy nature of the rock of the Phlegræan fields allowed the internal steam and gases to escape with relatively little resistance at numerous points; so, instead of one tremendous peak being formed, as in the case of Vesuvius, many little craters wart the ground. Thirteen still exist, among them Solfatara, bellowing out a vaporous combination of sulphur, hydrogen, and steam, and producing startling little special eruptions when teased with a lighted stick; dried-up Lake Agnano, with its famous, or infamous! "Dog Grotto," where about 18 inches of warm, bluish, fœtid carbonic acid gas snuffs out torches even more quickly than it used to the poor dogs kept there for show purposes; and somber Lake Avernus, in ancient times surrounded by dense forests and dark traditions, one of which declared no bird could fly across it because of its poisonous exhalations.

VESUVIUS: DESTROYER AND RENOVATOR

The Cumæan Sybil was supposed to inhabit a gloomy cavern in the south bank. Her room and others in the rock are probably part of the remarkable harbor works built by the Emperor Augustus. In this same region is the Monte Nuovo, 455 feet high, thrown up in three days in 1538.

On the east Vesuvius dominates the whole splendid region. He is the Cyclops standing, blind and massive and treacherous, in the midst of his rich vineyards, olive groves, and vegetable gardens; for, though he spreads destruction in his blind rages, the fact is that this entire *piana* is the marvelously fertile soil that disintegrated lava and volcanic ashes make. It bears huge crops, far greater and finer than ordinary good soil can produce. Among other things, it yields the grapes whose spicy juices are so precious their wine is termed Lacrima Cristi—Tears of Christ. Is it any wonder that the native returns again and again to repair the damage and risk his life to produce such wine and olives and fruit?

BURIED HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII

After the great eruption of A. D. 79 there were occasional eruptions which varied in intensity, until 1500, when the volcano became quiescent. The crater walls grew up thick with trees and scrub, while cattle and wild boars roamed the grassy plain inside—all but an ominous lower level of ashes and pools of hot, gaseous water. Then, in December of 1631, the whole interior was blown violently out, and 18,000 people are said to have perished. Since then Vesuvius has never been entirely quiet. During the eruption of 1906 the column of smoke and ashes rose to a height of about two miles, and some of the ashes were carried as far as observatories in France and Switzerland.*

It was horrible hot mud that overwhelmed fashionable Herculaneum in 79, belched from the crater as torrents of steam, boiling water, and scoriæ. It raised the level of the entire countryside 65 feet, filled up the harbor, and wiped out practically all the townsfolk. The elder Pliny, who commanded the Roman squadron in the roadstead, went to his death near Stabiæ, like the gallant sailor he was, trying to assist some hapless refugees.

Herculaneum is more a misty memory than anything else, for the mud turned

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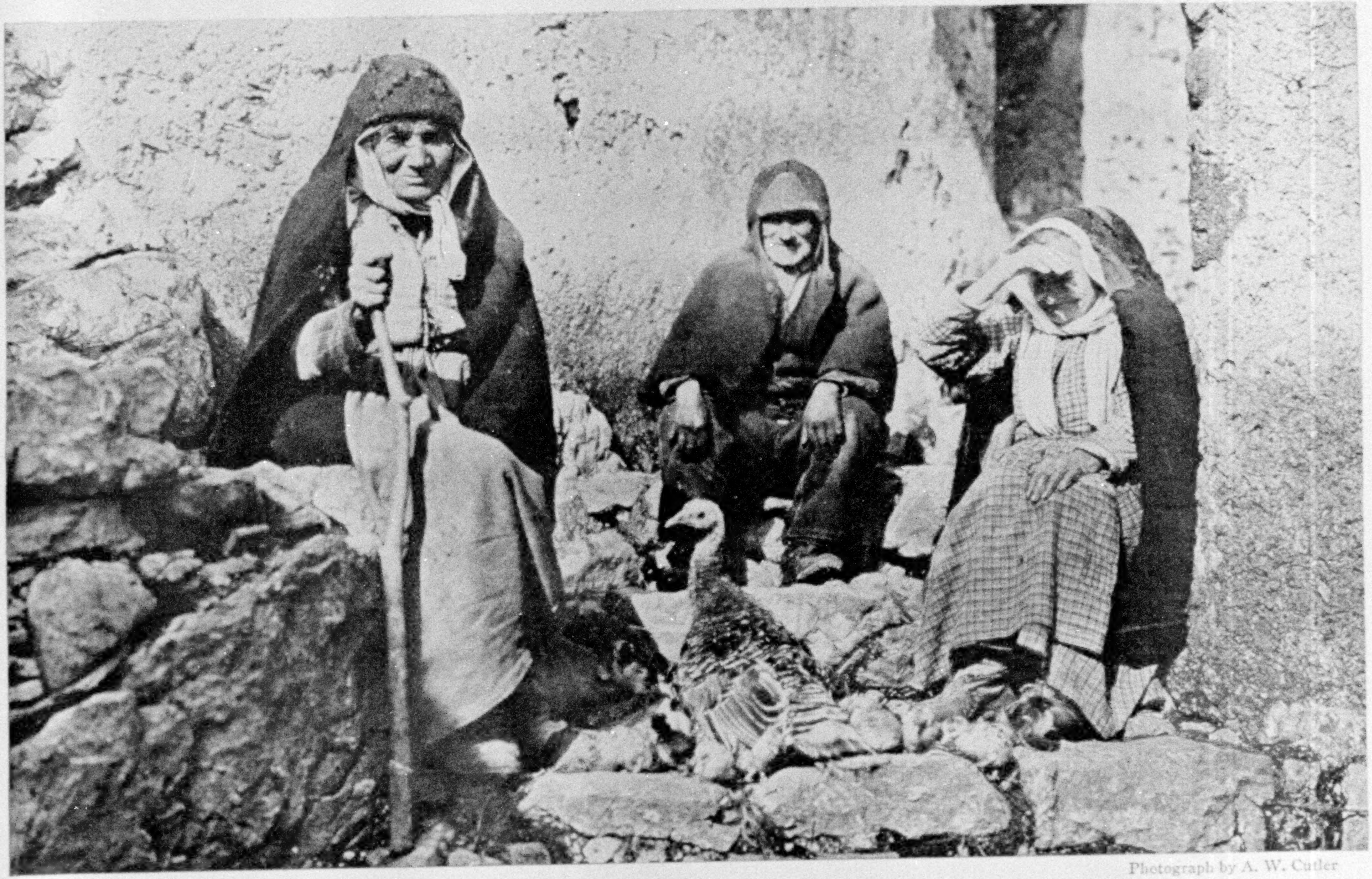
*See article by Thomas A. Jaggar, Jr., in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1906.



Photograph by A. W. Cutler

AN AFTERNOON SUN BATH SHARED BY A MOTHER TURKEY AND HER BROOD

Sicily is a little larger than Vermont, yet it has nearly ten times as many people as the Green Mountain State. Even with the tens of thousands of its sons and daughters who have come to America, and who keep a constant stream of gold flowing homeward, poverty's pitiable pinch is widely felt, and homespuns and hungry mouths are found everywhere.

into solid stone and made excavations almost impossible. The town is a rich and tempting bait to the archæologists, however, for from a single one of the ruins came most of those exquisite bronzes in the Naples Museum, and 3,000 rolls of papyrus, part of the owner's private library.

What a contrast is Pompeii, destroyed at the same time, but by ashes! Though these gradually hardened into something like cement, they are much more easily removed than the stone at Herculaneum, and most of what we know of the details of ancient Latin life we have learned from the stark, scarred, roofless lower stories spread out before us in deathly panorama within the old city walls. Sixteen years before the eruption Pompeii was badly damaged by an earthquake and practically rebuilt in the new Roman style, the town laid out four-square, with streets crossing at right angles.

Architecturally, therefore, Pompeii represents one definite epoch of antiquity. It had the usual Roman forum, with its temples, baths, colonnades, etc.; but far greater interest attaches to the private houses and shops because of the intimate knowledge they give us of the domestic life of an ancient people.

UNCHANGING COMMERCE

We see their bakeries, in whose ovens quantities of bread were discovered; their wine shops, with casks labeled as holding different qualities—all connected by one pipe; a bank, with its waxen records of loans, receipts, and the like; shops of dyers, jewelers, sporting-goods dealers, potters, and so on indefinitely. Spirited frescoes decorate stuccoed walls, intricate mosaics make handsome pavements, and houses and courts yield up statuettes, images, jewelry, and all the impedimenta of a rich and varied culture. And in the little museum, inside the old Sea Gate, we see even casts of the bodies of the luckless inhabitants as they were found, after eighteen centuries of ashen interment.

Where the pretty little modern watering place of Castellammare di Stabia, with its cooling sea baths and strong mineral waters, lies snugly in a little bight on the neck of the Sorrentine peninsula, Stabiæ once stood. It is one of the very loveliest parts of Italy, a region of tumbled hills clothed with luxuriant groves of orange and lemon, whose golden fruit adds luster to the gleaming foliage. Enticing roads of milky white wind and wind, now between high-walled grove and vineyard; now along open, skyey heights, with the blue sea as a background hundreds of feet below, and the beetling cliff rising straight behind; now beside villa gardens, where every brilliant color on Nature's palette seems to have been poured out with prodigal fullness.

The air is perfumed, the skies are soft and balmy, the roads superb.

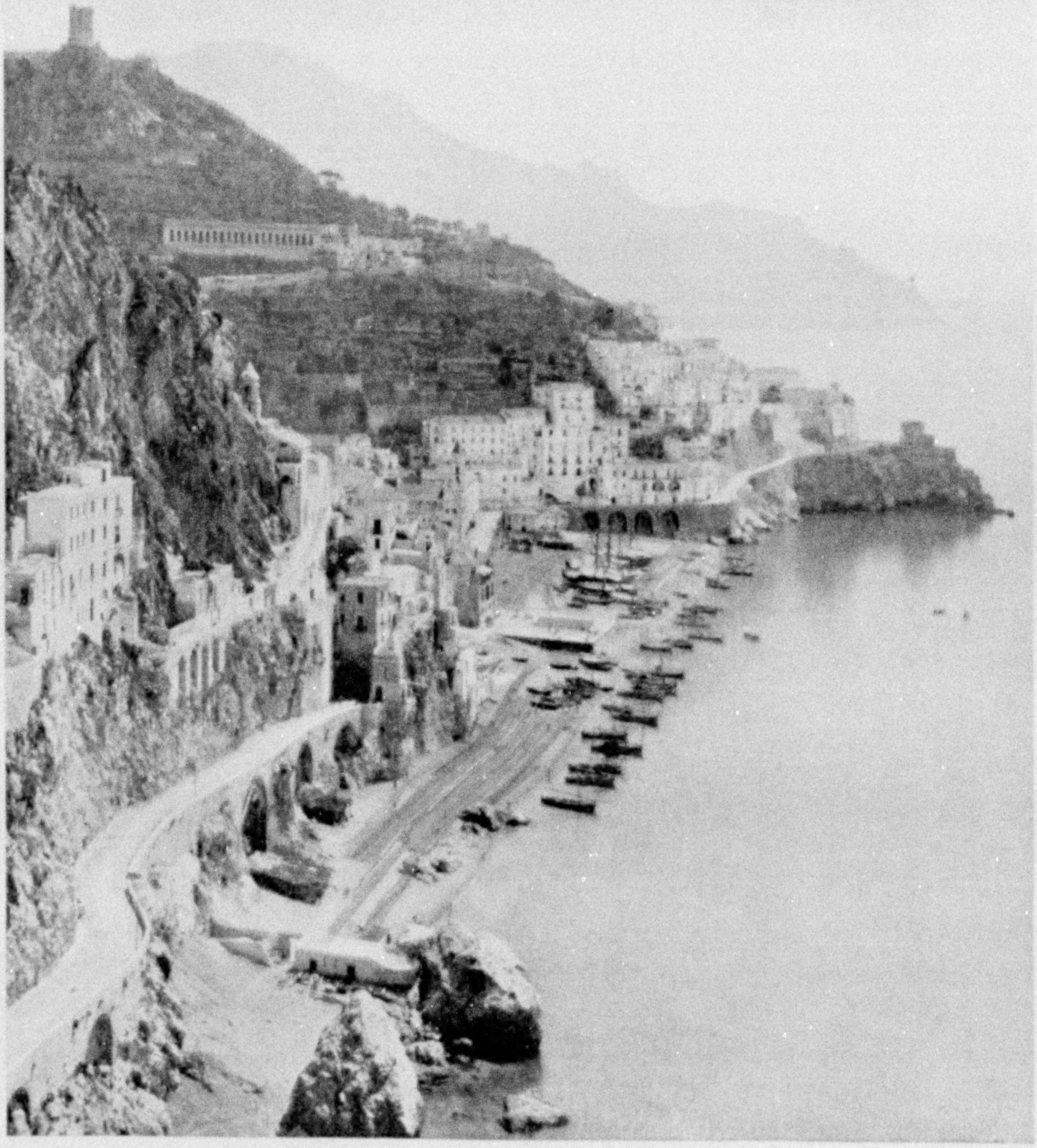
BEAUTIFUL CAPRI

Capri, a great, twin-humped camel of an island, kneels in the blue just off the tip of the peninsula. From the sway-backed huddle of white, pink, blue, cream, and drab houses along the large harbor, up the breakneck road to the fascinating town nestling among the hills, white-roofed and Moorish, and on, still higher, by the winding road or up the nearly perpendicular flights of rock stairs, which furrow the frowning crag with their sharp, zigzag outlines, to Anacapri, 500 feet or so above, every step of the way breathes the pride and splendor and degradation of the island's greater days.

Here a cyclopean mass of shattered masonry in the warm emerald water tells of a Roman emperor's bath; yonder on a chimney-like cliff the sinister ruins of a stout castle keep whispers of ancient garrisons and pirates, not armed with automatic rifles or high-powered artillery; and here, overlooking the sea, the vast ruins of a villa recall "that hairy old goat" Tiberius and his wastrel voluptuousness that turned fair Capri into satyrdom.

Capri today is richly dowered for sightseer, artist, historian, antiquary, and geologist. On every hand are shaded walks and sequestered bowers in the thick groves of orange and lemon, laurel and myrtle; wild backgrounds of tumbled rock; titanic rifts in the coast, into which the sea has thrust long, insidious blue fingers.

XUM



AMALFI, FROM THE CONVENT OF THE CAPUCHINS

Few cities of Italy have more frequently taxed the descriptive vocabularies of artists and travelers than Amalfi. Yet this gem among seaside resorts remains undescribed, for its beauty is indescribable (see page 296).

Photograph by Von Gloeden

SICILIAN FISHERFOLK

The deep-sea fisheries of Sicily afford a livelihood for more than 20,000 natives of that historic island. These hardy seamen in their sturdy smacks oftentimes cross the Mediterranean to let down their nets in the waters off the North African shore. The tunny fish alone yields an annual revenue of more than half a million dollars.

From high in air to below the waterline the island is scarred and pitted with myriad vast pock-marks, some pillared with stalactites and stalagmites, some through which the never-quiet sea moans and sobs with the agonized wail of an hurt monster; one white, with little pools of pure, sweet water on its floor, only a few inches above the sea; one greener than emerald; one blue as heaven, with row upon row of delicate pink corals and tiny scarlet jelly-fish studding the waterline like jewels, while the refraction of the sunlight tints everything with the most marvelously diaphanous color, through which the silvery ripples of the bottom sand, about 40 feet below, seem within arm's length.

Driving up over the crest of the Sorrentine peninsula, the Siren Islands loom in the distance, too far away for even the echo of the charmers' song to be heard. At Positano the road divides into two white ribbons, binding the town to the green hillside. Farther along great hollyhocks burn in somber flame beside the road, and the tallest olives imaginable crane their necks upward from the seaside of the drive to watch what is passing on the King's Highway.

On by the caves of troglodytes, who have all the comforts of home—little patches of garden, amiable goats, olive groves, and grape-arbors—the road winds in and out, up and down the stern face of the cliffs, rising and sinking in great billowy sweeps, plunging hastily through short, black tunnels, racing around big and little bends. Now it skirts the shoulder of a cliff, with only an 18-inch wall between the wheels and the boulders hundreds of feet below.

Furore flashes up at one like a rainbow as he dashes, blinking, out of an inky little tunnel upon a soaring viaduct in the blinding sunshine. A little group of fishermen's houses, clinging to the bare rock—huge gray cliffs beetling up behind—a tiny strip of gleaming beach, and gaily painted fishing boats beside the dazzling emerald sea—that is Furore! Almost before the details can be grasped one is swallowed up by another inky little tunnel.

Picturesque watch-towers stud the shore, ancient defenses against the Barbary corsairs. And then presently Amalfi, once the brave little maritime republic that maintained its independence so long in defiance of princes and emperors. In a low cleft of the hills the houses fairly pile upon one another, as though there were not room for them all on the hillside. Back on the mist-veiled crags loom other towns, and all day long, down the road that winds dizzily among the peaks, come old women and young girls, staggering under heavy loads of fagots gathered in the woods above the clouds. And when they are not carrying fagots they are always knitting—even when there is no war!—on the streets, in shops, gardens, fishing boats on the beach, gossiping by the fountain before the long stair that leads to the stately black and white and mosaic Cathedral of St. Andrew.

DESERTED HARBOR OF MIGHTIER DAYS

On the road goes, through Atrani of the gloomy arches over the sea beach, past Minore (the Little), where barelegged fishwives in bright, tucked-up skirts help their men to haul home the nets; around the brilliant lemon gardens of Maiore (the Big); to and through the towns of Raito and Vietri, before reaching Salerno, where, clinging stubbornly to the hillsides like limpets, the houses rise from the rock between sea and sky, some of them standing half upon the hill and half upon tall buttresses that reach down to the harbor sands.

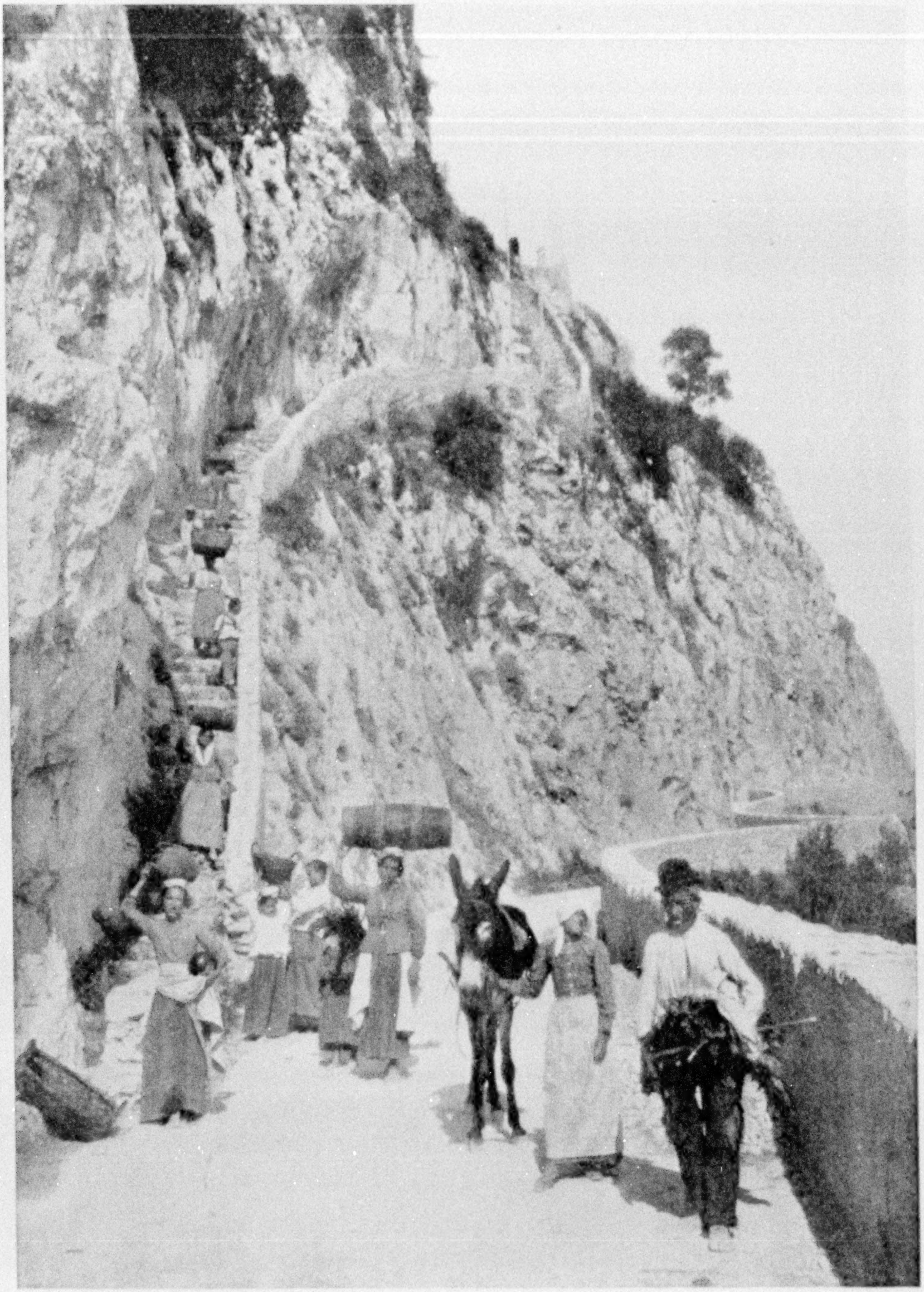
It was Salerno, the deserted harbor of mightier days, that forty Norman gentles, returning from the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, "simply for the love of God" delivered from its Saracen besiegers. Later these gentlemen adventurers came back, simply for the love of the beautiful country, and with naught but their keen two-handed swords and their manhood hewed out a brilliant kingdom for themselves. One of them, Robert the Shrewd, built the gaunt eleventh century cathedral, whose two magnificent ambones, or reading desks, of snowy marble, richly embellished with Cosmato mosaics, stand forth like jewels in the barrenness of the badly restored, whitewashed, railroad-station-like interior.

OTHER GEMS OF SOUTHERN ITALY

Reggio the lovely, overlooking the Straits of Messina, thrown into a heap of ruins by the earthquake of 1908; Palmi of the superb old olive groves and orangeries, with its feet on the slopes of Monte Elia and its sunny face looking away over the sparkling Tyrrhenian Sea toward peevish Stromboli; Catanzaro, fat and rich and important, given to displaying its beautiful Calabrian costumes of a pleasant Sunday for all the world to admire; Taranto, a carnelian gem set between the two blue seas—the gulf on the west and its own magnificent naval harbor, the Little Sea, on the east—a quaint, out-of-time town, whose narrow, swarming streets of insignificant little houses clamber up the splendid rocky islet, once the citadel of ancient Tarentum; Brindisi, Tarentum's colony, famous from antiquity to the days when the Crusaders' fleets lay in its harbor, and today a quiet, orderly, busy railway and steamship terminal, and Bari, with a picturesque castle and park and its rugged little peninsula, all neatly carpentered into prosaic regularity down one side—these and scores of others are but some of the facets of the exquisite jewel of southern Italy, which glows and flashes with a different luster for every one.

CENTRAL ITALY AND ROME

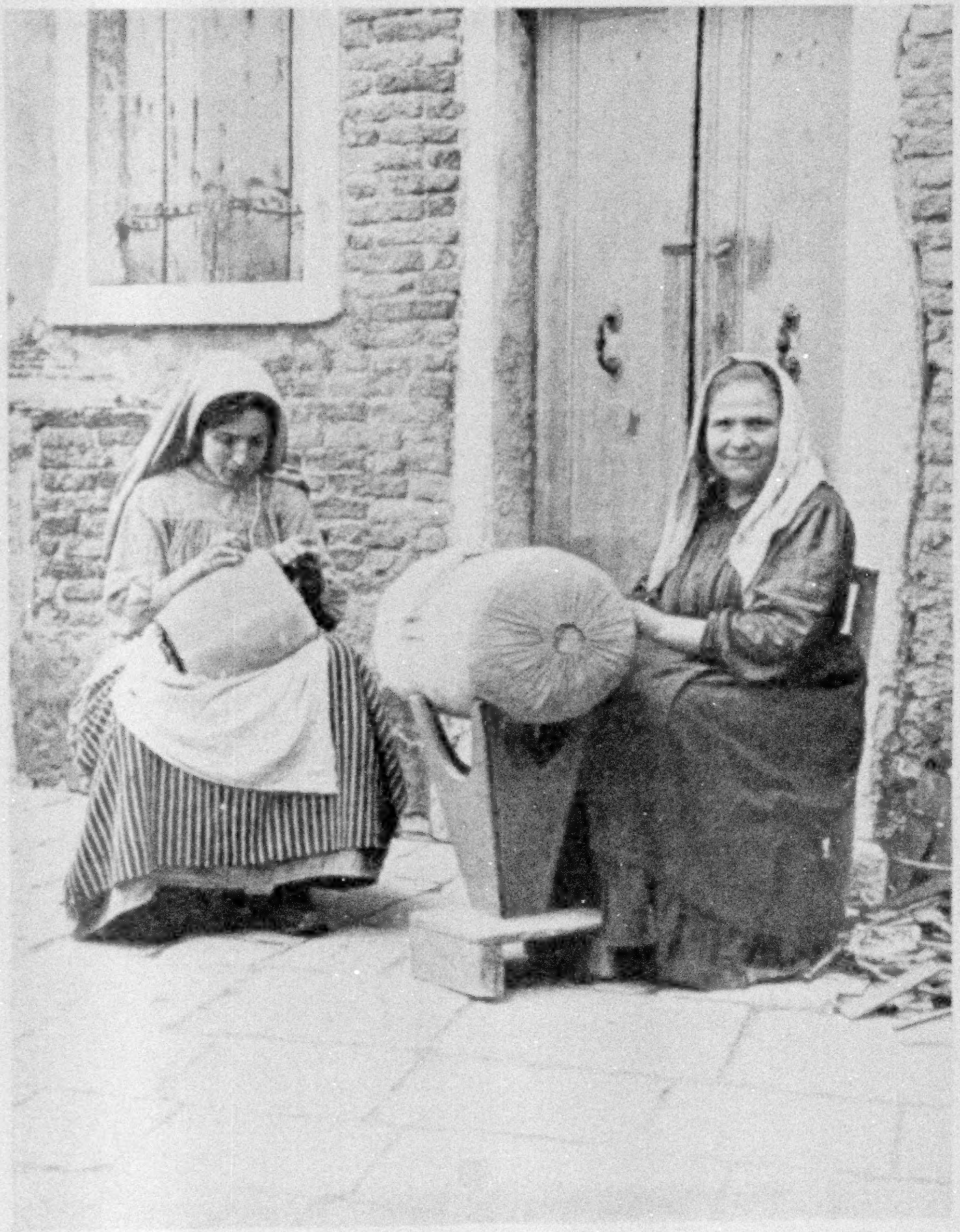
Yet with all its charm and beauty and romance, southern Italy has never forced ahead the progress of the world. Central Italy has. That whole vast historic region has taken a part in world history that achievements of the future can neither dim nor lessen. In some definite and lasting way practically every phase of the life of central Italy has influenced the world for progress—religious, political, scientific, intellectual, humanitarian. The most vital forces that actuate our twen-

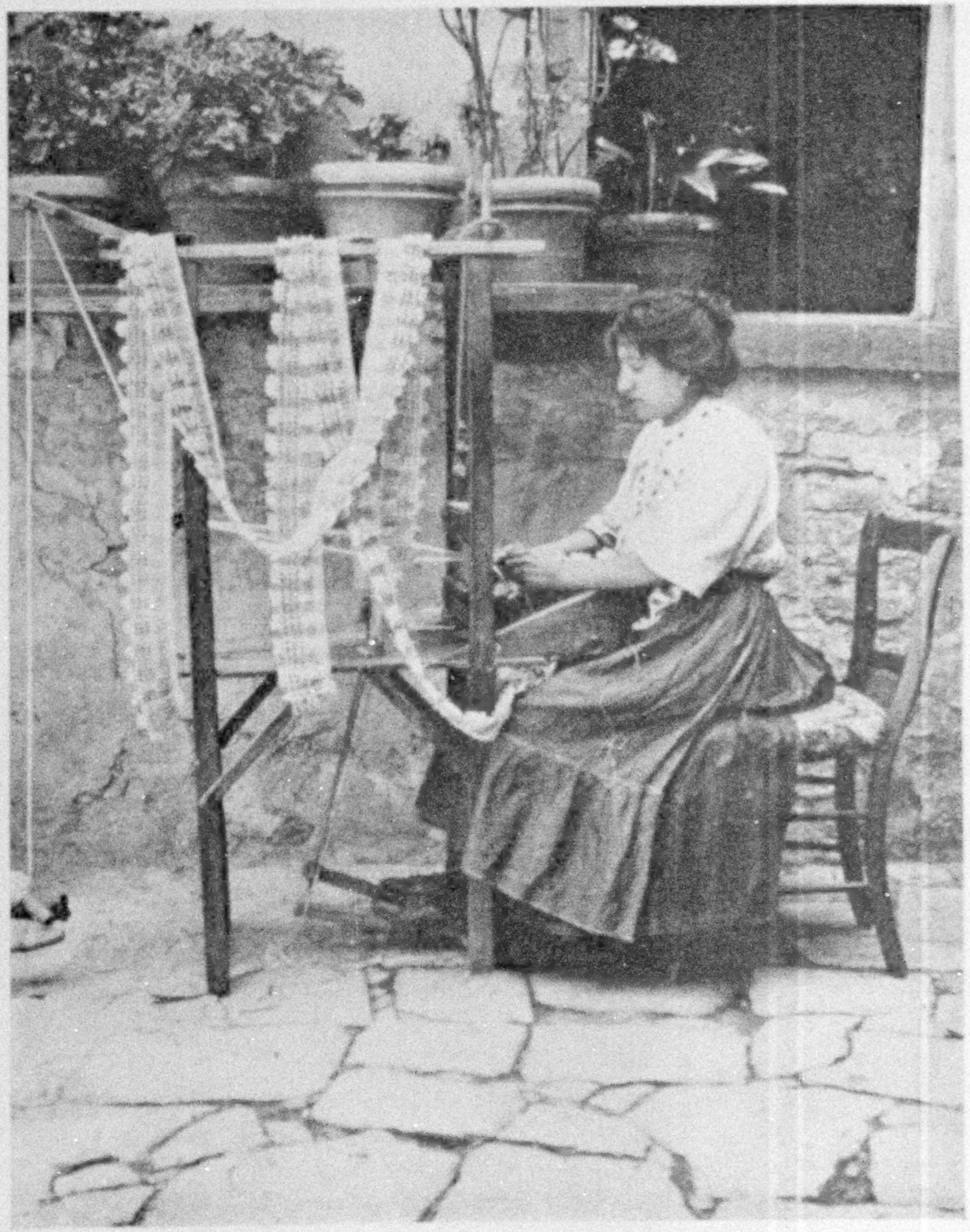


THE STAIRS TO ANACAPRI

Originally Anacapri had only this precipitous flight of stairs to connect it with the world, yet the sturdy peasants made nothing of clambering up and down its wearying heights with heavy loads of their native wines, great bundles of provisions, and other supplies that now come more easily by the winding road (see page 293).

XUM





Photographs by E. M. Newman

A STRAW-PLAIT WORKER AT FIESOLE (NEAR FLORENCE), THE CENTER OF THE INDUSTRY

MAKING THE EXQUISITE LACE FOR WHICH VENICE IS FAMOUS, ON THE ISLAND OF BURANO

Photograph by Von Gloeden

CALABRIAN TYPES

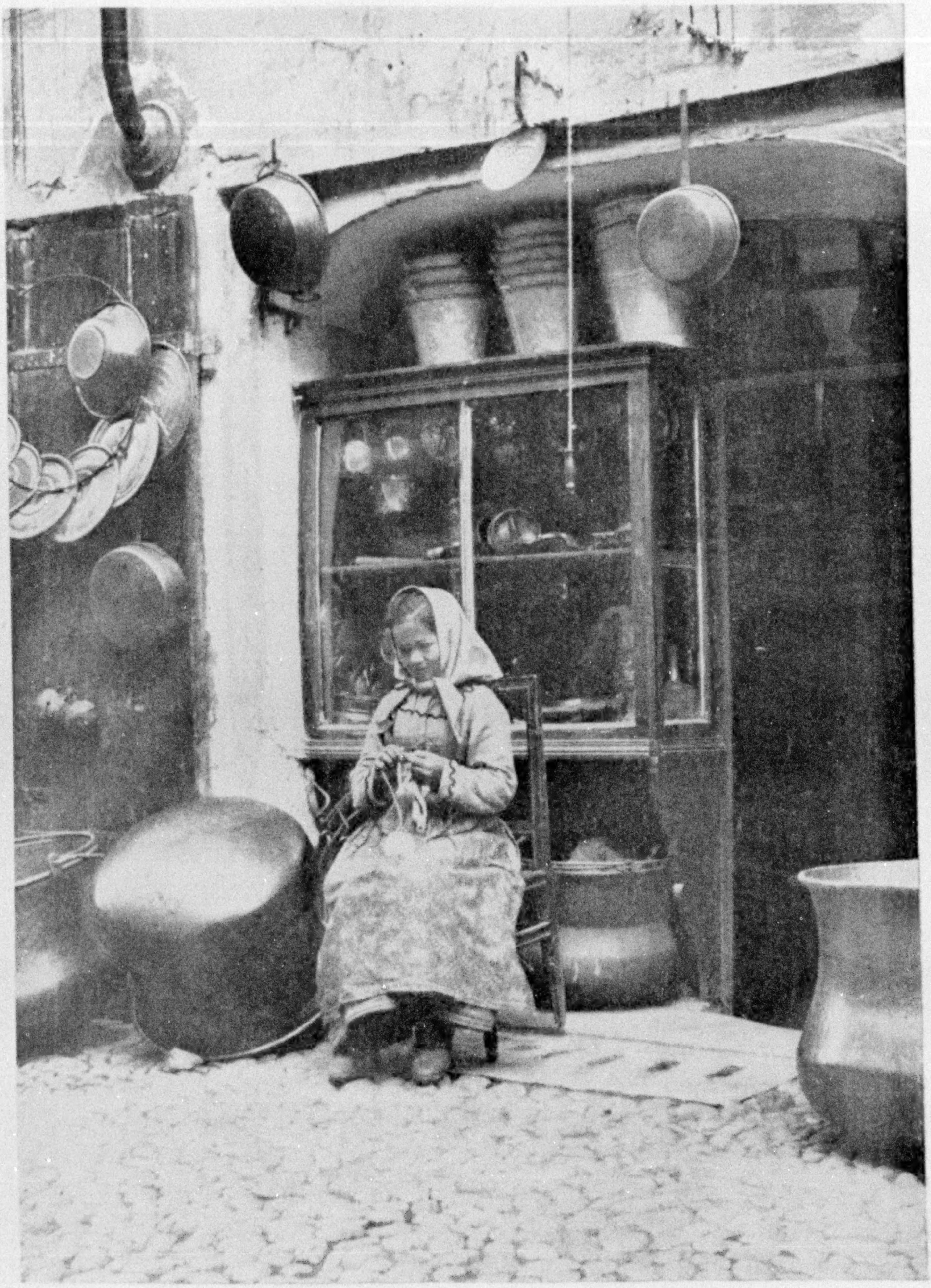
The olive skin, the ebon eyes, and hair of the native-born son of Italy are as characteristic as his temperament

tieth century thoughts and activities are developments of the purpose, ideals, and philosophy of the central Italians, from the days when Roman school-boys scratched caricatures of Christians on the walls of public buildings upon the Palatine to the beginning of the decadence that followed hard upon the Renaissance in Florence and her compeer cities.

First of all the Italian cities to shake the world was Rome, imperial center of civilization, culture, politics, and religion. Two of civilization's five periods developed in her and bear forever her stamp and sign. Her first period gave to the world lessons in discipline, centralized government, colonial policy and control, civil law, military science, hygiene, and water supply. The very persecutions of that age stimulated the primitive Christians throughout the Empire into banding together until the early Church took definite shape. The succeeding Roman Catholic Church was the tireless conservator of all learning and culture during the perilous Dark Ages—the inspirer, the civilizer, the sustainer. And after that black night had passed, and men began out of the wreck of the old to build the new, it was still the Church which was able to remodel civilization.

GEOGRAPHY'S PART IN ROMAN HISTORY

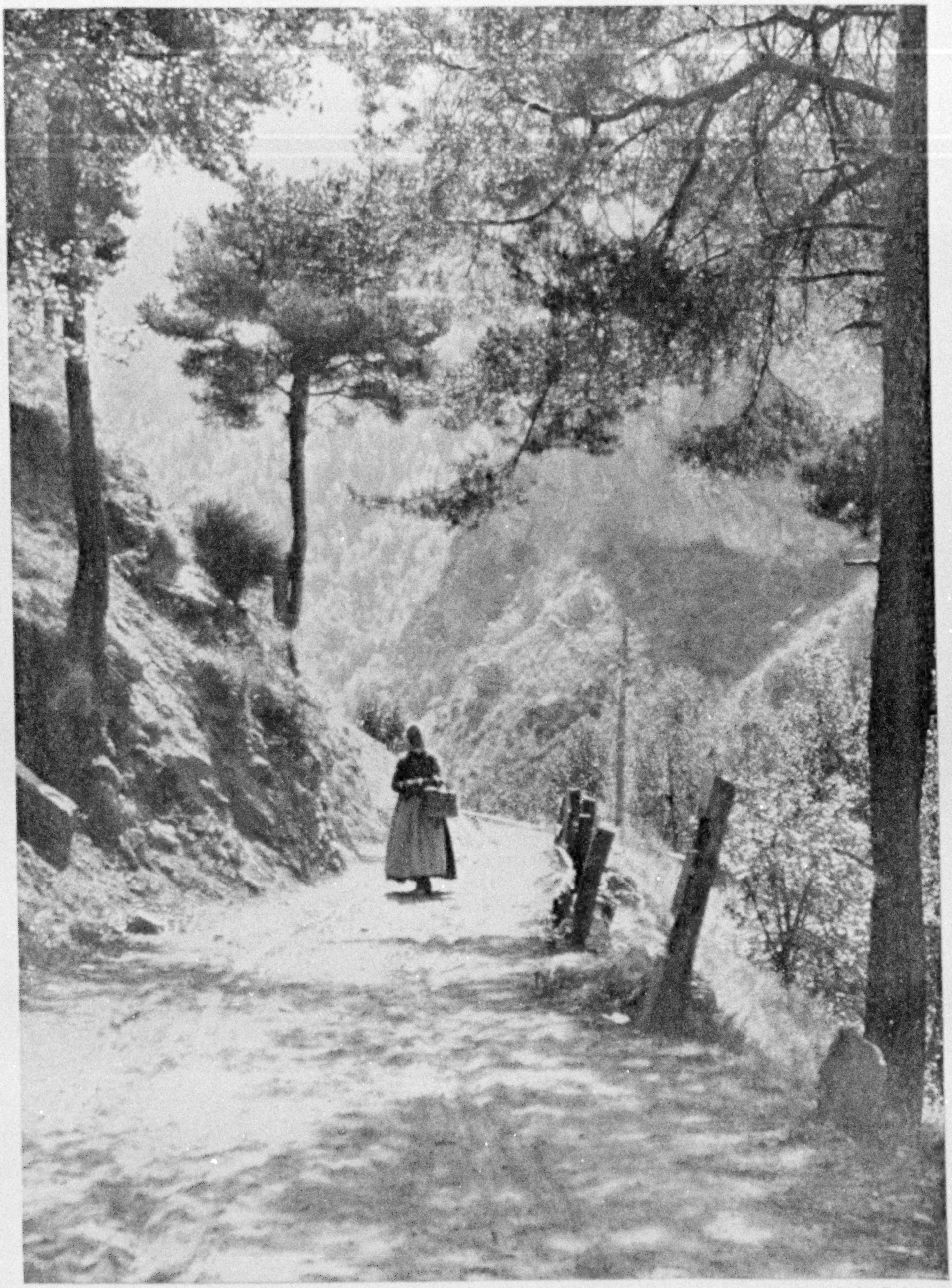
Though the situation of Naples, with its enervating charm, worked nothing but evil to that city, the location and physical character of Rome—hills for defense, a river for navigation, broad surrounding fields for grazing—proved the greatest asset of her people. It had so many natural advantages that every warring tribe which captured it was itself captured and quickly became Roman, thus making the city always the strongest in the peninsula, because it was the home and fortress of the strongest people.



Photograph by Donald McLeish

A METAL-WARE SHOP IN AOSTA, NORTHERN ITALY

The windows are filled with the glitter of cow-bells and metal-studded collars, while milk churns and the huge copper cauldrons used in cheese-making gleam in the dark interior and encroach on the pavement, where the mistress sits at the receipt of custom.

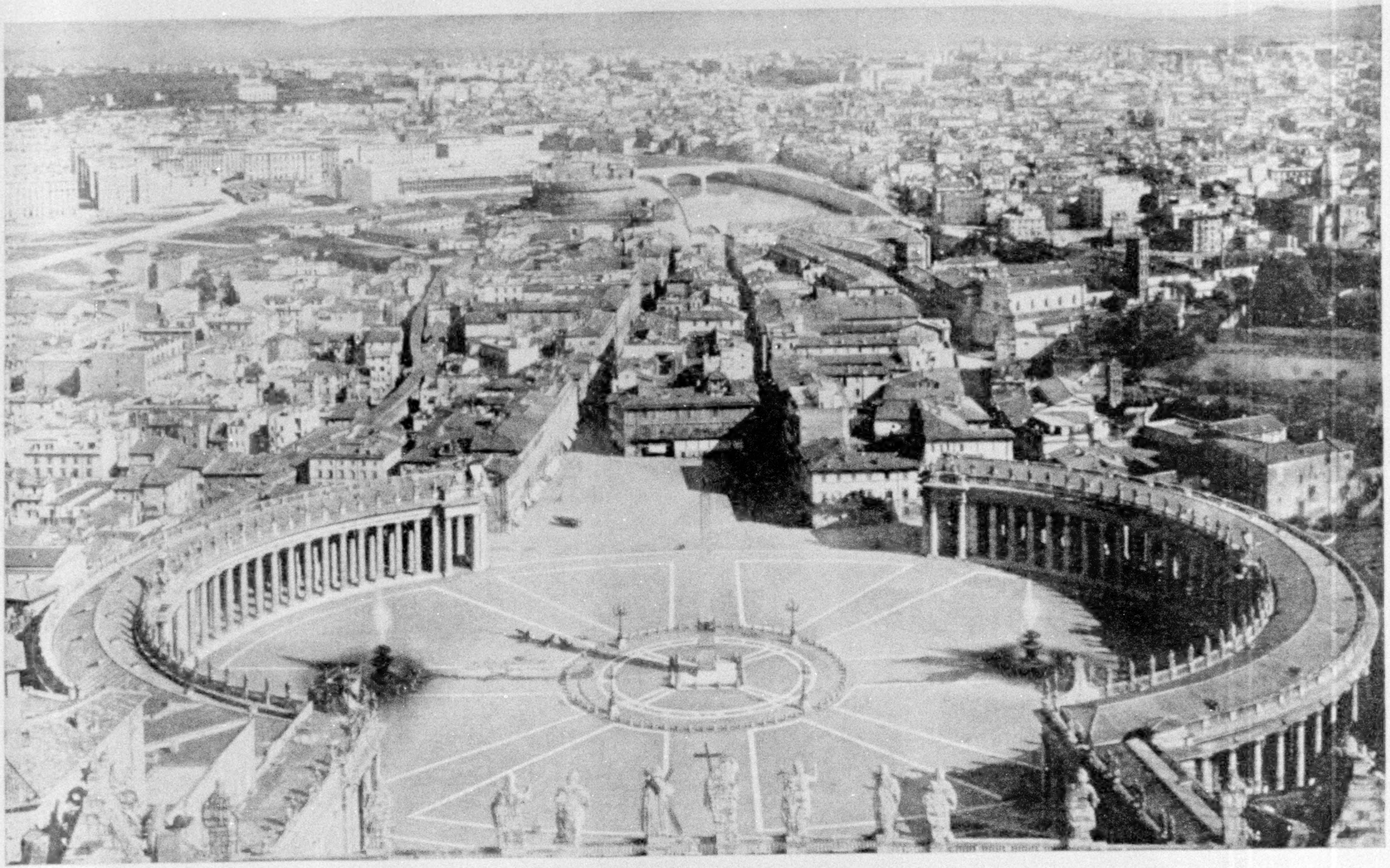


Photograph by Donald McLeish

A VALLEY IN THE GRAIAN ALPS ON THE ROAD TO COGNE; ITALY

Cogne is the center of a favorite hunting ground of Italy's royalty. The beauty of the deep-wooded valleys and climbing bridle-paths, presided over by the rugged grandeur of the Gran Paradiso, La Grivola, and the Tour du Grand St. Pierre, makes this a royal region in more than one sense. Some aspects of La Grivola are hardly inferior to the boldness of the Matterhorn.

XUM



PANORAMA OF ROME FROM ST. PETER'S DOME

The huge colonnade of St. Peter's reaches out its tremendous arms to receive and welcome the endless procession of the worshiping nations. In the middle distance looms the Castle of St. Angelo (Hadrian's Tomb), with the river at its feet; on the horizon, the blue hills guarding the ancient capital

And from being the strongest city of her district, and then of her whole country, Rome naturally expanded until she dominated all the world of her time. One of her mightiest weapons was her malleability, her willingness to learn of others, even though her inferiors. So she progressed swiftly, irresistibly, originating here, improving there, experimenting yonder, with the result that the ichor flowed from her sturdy veins throughout the whole world in inspiration and example.

The charming legend of the beginnings of Rome is quaintly illustrated by the famous bronze figure known as the Capitoline Wolf. For the benefit of visitors to the museum, let me say that the wolf is a very ancient beast, but the twins so naively attached to her are modern additions. The archæologists, alas, no longer permit us to believe the legend, or that the town took its name from one of the twins.

Tiber has always been an unruly and turbulent stream; but the sophisticated descendants of the early Romans—who sought to appease his anger by sacrifices and rich gifts—have restrained him within massive walls. From a height the river looks a huge walled fosse, as if one-half the city were protecting itself against the other. The bridges that leap the tawny flood in noble arches of gleaming limestone and ruddy brick and dark metal—throbbing by day with pedestrians and vehicles and sparkling of an evening with their golden lights—give a curiously different effect: that of stitches binding together the edges of the great gash.

At first Roman genius concerned itself only with useful works, such as sewers, bridges, viaducts. The Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer that still drains the Forum into the Tiber, is probably the oldest true arch in Europe, and testifies both to the Romans' study of Etruscan models and to their skill as architectural engineers. And what aqueducts they built—simple, grand, splendid! Witness the towering Acqua Claudia, 45 miles long, that comes striding over the low, flat Campagna like a giant on stilts—a hundred feet high in places. Water was something every Roman community enjoyed by right of citizenship.

Ancient Rome is said to have consumed no less than 340,000,000 gallons of water a day; and one of the most noticeable features of the modern town is the prodigal effervescence of its water, gushing from fountains of every conceivable size and design. The Trevi is the most magnificent in the city, its water — called Acqua Vergine, Virgin Water, because of its purity—the finest. The old Roman baths took a lot of water. The splendid Thernæ built by the degenerate Emperor Caracalla had accommodations for sixteen hundred bathers. Beside the baths proper, the establishment included within its area, of about a quarter of a mile square, a gymnasium, athletic field, library, and even a race track. Its ruins tower above the plain today like some mountain blasted by Nature.

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME"

The time, the skill, the money the Romans put into their highways—among the most remarkable of all their engineering works—are almost incredible. No less than eleven of these great arteries radiated from the city—"all roads lead to Rome," runs the ancient proverb. The most famous, the Via Appia, was built in 312 B. C. It was kept in constant repair until the Middle Ages, and still connects Rome and Brindisi, a distance of 366 miles (see page 306).

Though no burials were permitted in Roman cities, it comes as a surprise to find the finest roads lined with the ruins of all sorts of tombs; stranger yet to find that in medieval times the most magnificent of the tombs were turned into strongholds and crowned with battlements. The oldest and handsomest of the tombs on the Appian Way is the enormous circular mausoleum of the Lady Cæcilia Metella—more than 90 feet in diameter—with a frieze of flowers and skulls of oxen.

Equally impressive, though not a stronghold, is the slender, graceful, pyramidal tomb of Sir Caius Cestius, 116 feet high, which stands just outside the Ostian Gate, whence St. Paul emerged on his way to martyrdom. We probably never should have heard of Sir Caius but for this pyramid; the egotism of men sometimes lives after them.

Rome's greatest historic and traditional interest centers in the Forum Romanum, once a deep and marshy little valley between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills. In the beginning it probably looked something like one of the present-day open-air markets. But it did not look like a market long, for temples and imposing public buildings were added more and more to the shops and stalls until the whole Forum was a blaze of gilded bronze and marble, a magnificent show place worthy of the center of civilization (page 307).

And today? Ghosts and ruin! Here in a somber file are the stumps of the columns of the Colonnade of the Twelve Gods. That heavy basement of brick and mortar, with bits of cracked marble still bravely shining on it, was the Orators' Platform, where Antony came "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." Across the Holy Way all there is left of murdered Cæsar's Basilica Julia is its brick foundation; beyond, the crumbling fragments of the palace of the Vestal Virgins, where a few melancholy, shattered statues of the high priestesses of this pure and lovely cult stand tranquilly amid the desolation.

STIRRING THE POETS' IRE

Every foot of ground in the Forum has interest, much of it tragic—like the barren spot where, tradition says, Virginius snatched a knife from a butcher's block and slew his beautiful daughter Virginia, while Appius Claudius raged in impotent fury; or the Vicus Tuscus (Tuscan street), where the shopkeepers stirred the poets to ire by using their precious manuscripts as wrapping-paper!

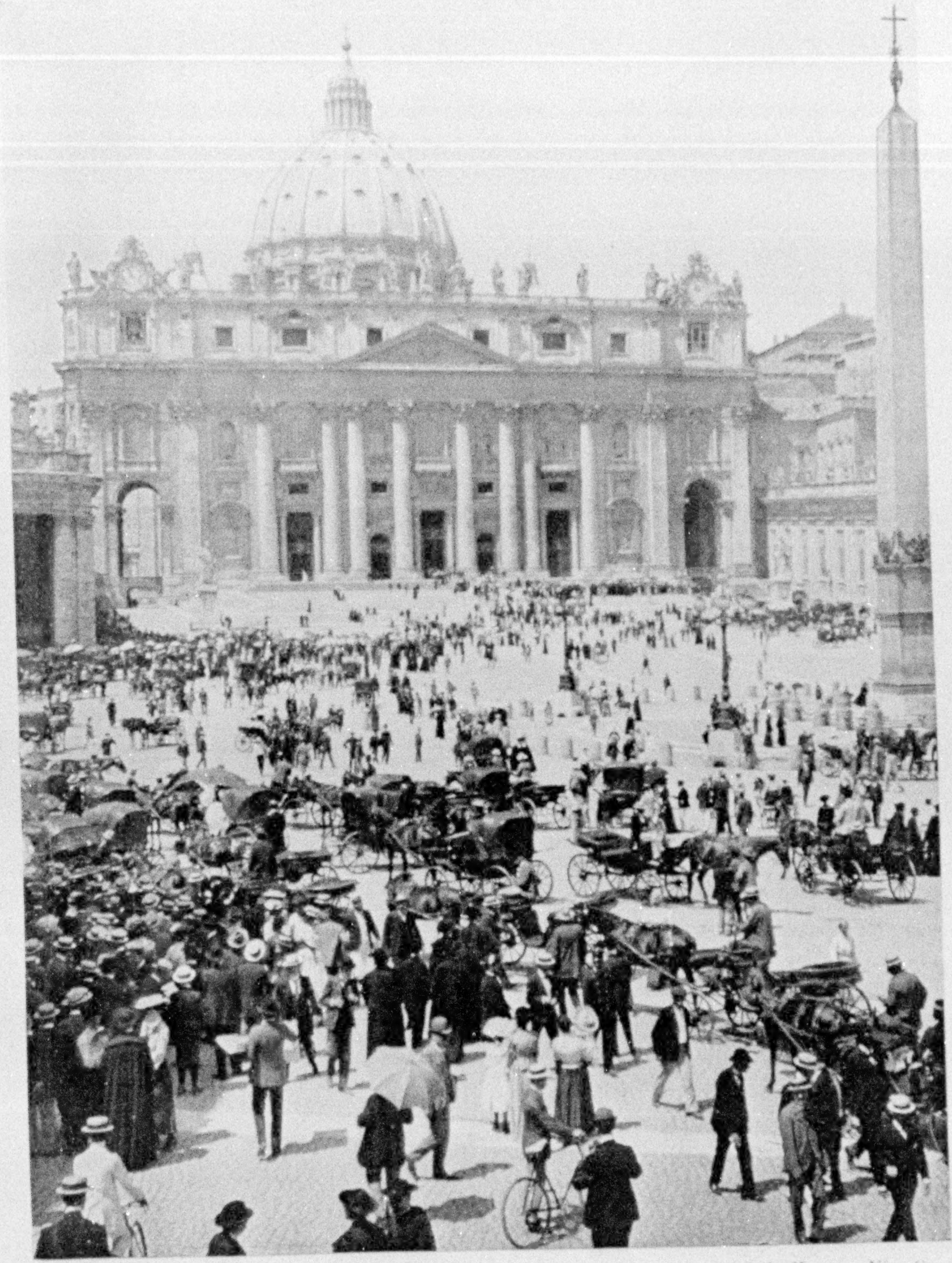
And hither and yon, from Palatine to Capitoline, from Tabularium to Colosseum, only ruin—brick, mortar, marble, columns, arches, statuary—all desolate and forlorn and broken. And the lamentable part of it all is that it was not the northern barbarian who accomplished the greatest ruin, though he did his share. For a thousand years any Roman who wished to build church or palace simply came here, tore down and carried away whatsoever he would. Worse yet, contractors actually demolished whole structures—to burn their marble for lime—and eventually peasants turned the buried waste into a vegetable garden and a cow-pasture. It was not until 1870 that the Italian Government began systematic excavation and unearthed the present panorama of destruction.

ARCHITECTURE THE KEYNOTE OF ROMAN CHARACTER

The Romans were late in developing artistic genius, for first of all they were men of action: fighters, strategists, politicians—imperialists. Their work reflects them—their vast strength, their love of lavish adornment, their lack of true refinement, and their carelessness of subordinate detail. Simpson points out in his *History of Architectural Development* that had they possessed the artistic sense of their Greek neighbors their architecture would have been the grandest the world has ever seen. The greatest significance of the Roman gift to art lies in its universal distribution, for while the Romans laid their heavy yoke upon all nations, at the same time they disseminated their laws and art—perhaps I had better say the art of Greece, adapted and generalized, made fit for cosmopolitan acceptance.

For all the destruction and modernizing that has transformed the Eternal City, its ancient magnificence crops out in unexpected places: in the blank wall of the Stock Exchange, eleven columns of Neptune's temple; in a narrow street, twelve arches of the Theater of Marcellus, filled with workshops; again, a few forlorn survivors of the once splendid Porticus of Octavia, and so on. At the end of one of the massive stitches that span the Tiber the gleaming solid marble of the exquisite little round temple of Mater Matuta—or whatever it may have been called—gems the bank like a great pearl.

A few paces farther along, thrusting indomitably up from the level of older days, all the beauty of pure Ionic ideals is crystallized in the so-called Temple of the Fortune of Men, soft-hued tufa and weathered travertine. The two stand almost intact, because of the early Christians whose eye for beauty—or was it their practical sense?—seized upon and preserved them as churches when the old gods ceased to call.



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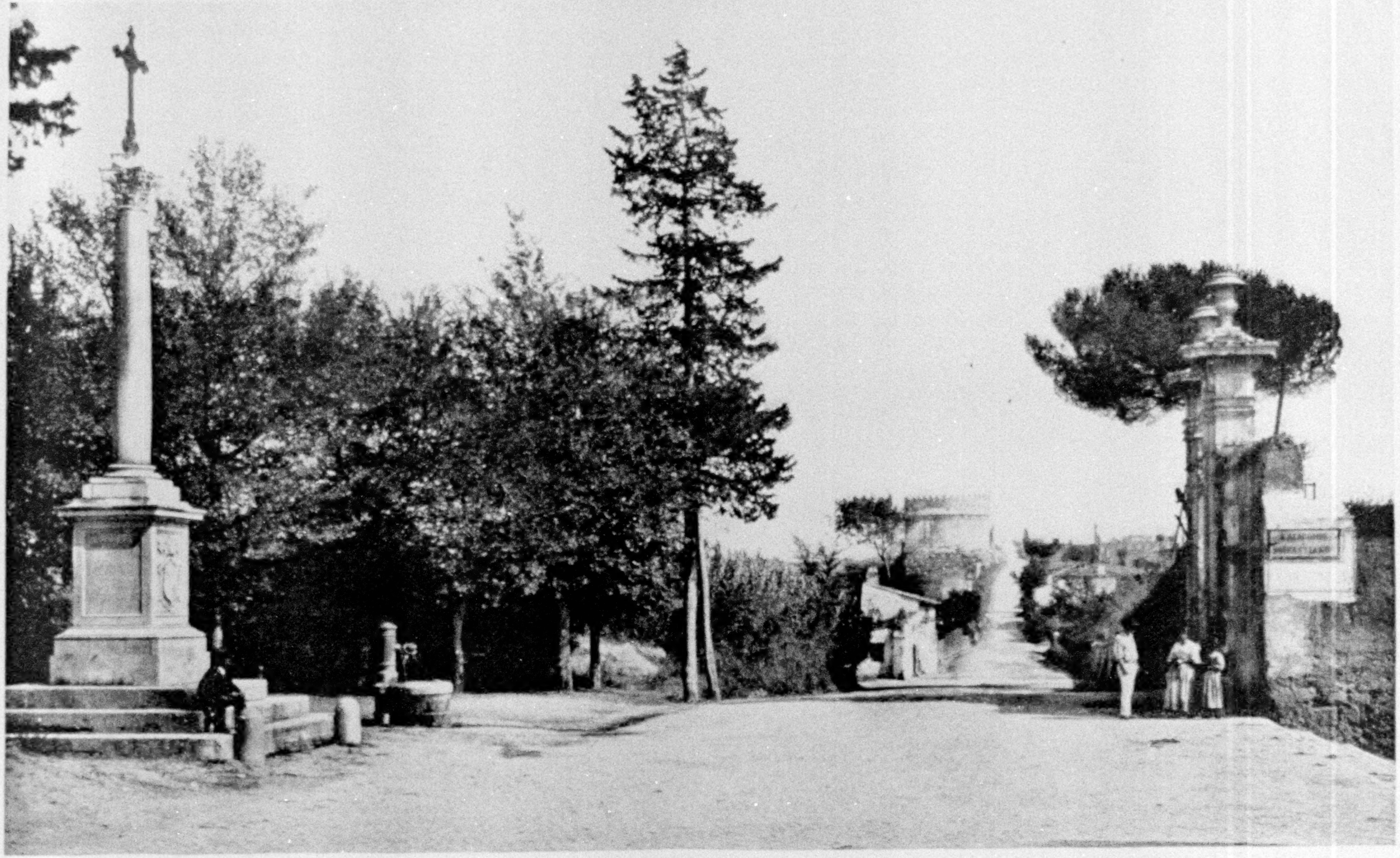
A CROWD IN THE CONCOURSE OF ST. PETER'S WATCHING THE SMOKE FROM THE CHIMNEY OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL

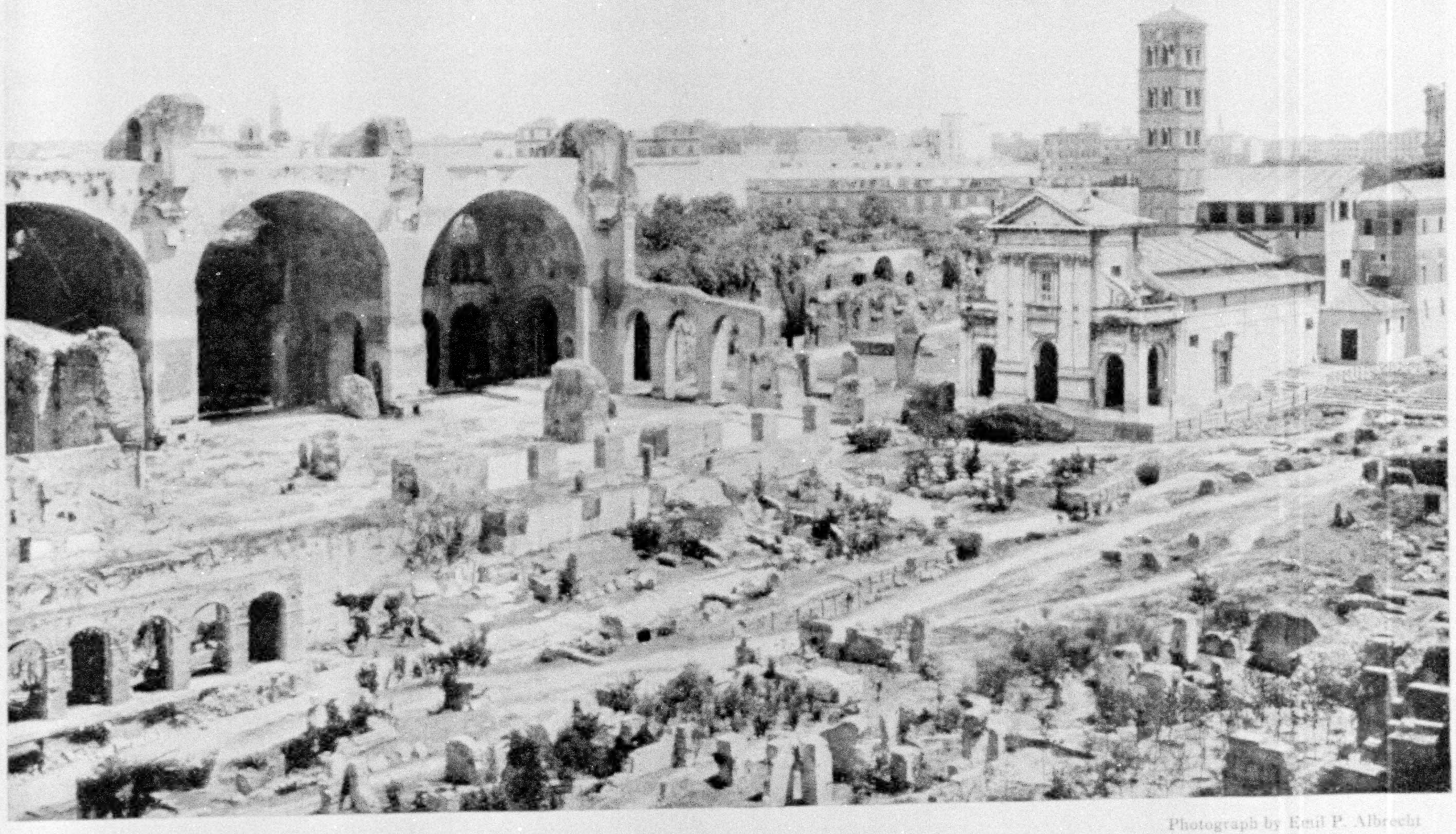
In choosing the Pope, the cardinals, who are the electors, are locked in the Sistine Chapel, which stands between St. Peter's and the Vatican. None of them may leave and no person may enter. If a cardinal is obliged by illness or accident to leave the conclave, he cannot return. After the ballots are cast and counted, they are burned, if no choice has been reached. The smoke issuing from the chimney above (to the left of the obelisk) is evidence that the ballot just taken has failed to elect. It is said that two years of balloting were required to elect Gregory X, who was absent in the Holy Land as a crusader at the time of his elevation, 1270.

XUM



THE APPIAN WAY BEYOND SAN SEBASTIANO, WITH THE TOMB OF CÆCILIA METELLA IN THE DISTANCE

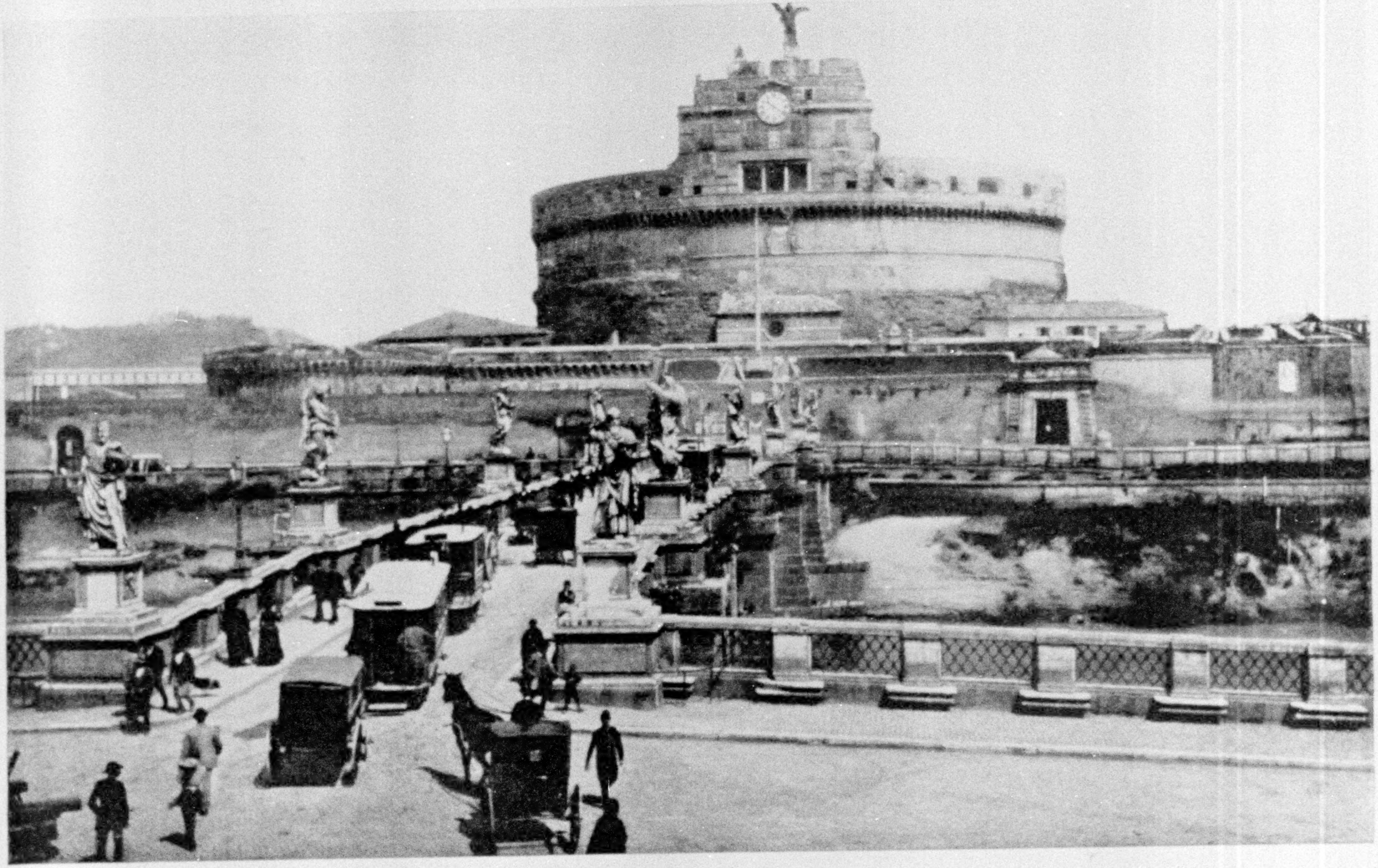
The Appian Way was constructed in 312 B. C. as a military road to Capua, whence it was afterward extended to Beneventum and Brindisi. No one can so well visualize the history of Rome as he who travels by this great highway across the Campagna, with its ruins of aqueducts, the mountains in the distance, and the innumerable tombs that border it (see page 303).



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

THE ROMAN FORUM FROM THE PALATINE HILL: A ONCE MARSHY VALLEY, 22 FEET ABOVE THE TIBER, BETWEEN THE PALATINE, CAPITOLINE, AND ESQUILINE HILLS

To drain the little streams that once flowed here, the Cloaca Maxima was constructed, a channel that still serves the city after twenty-four hundred years. The great arches on the left belong to the Basilica of Constantine, 300 feet by 261 feet. The nave-vaulting of St. Peter's has the same span as these arches. The church with the beautiful belfry is Santa Francesca Romana, originally Sancta Maria Nova. The church was restored in 1216, but the façade is by Maderna, 1615. It covers the site of Hadrian's magnificent Temple of Venus and Roma, a double temple, the apses back to back, built according to Hadrian's own plan, 135 A. D. (see page 304).



THE BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF SANT' ANGELO (FORMERLY HADRIAN'S TOMB): ROME

This bridge was originally built by Hadrian to connect his tomb with the city. It has ten colossal statues of Angelo and also statues of Saints Peter and Paul. The castle, built by Hadrian as a tomb for himself and successors, was completed in 139 A. D. (see text, page 309).

The largest and most wonderful of all Roman temples was Hadrian's Pantheon, with its carelessly attached but splendid portico from a century-older temple of Agrippa. What walls—20 feet thick, and highest on the outside, to weight down the haunches of the concrete dome that covers the building like a huge shell! One hundred and forty-two feet six inches the rotunda stands, and 142 feet 6 inches the structure measures in diameter, so subtly designed that although the walls are half-domed and half-vertical inside it looks as if the dome began right at the floor. The beautiful and subtle effect of the lighting, from the single eye in the top of the dome, has never been excelled (see page 308).

THE PANTHEON'S DESPOILIATION

Though the Pantheon has been a Christian church since the seventh century, it has suffered most at the hands of Christians: the dome stripped of its gilded bronze titles to decorate Constantinople—incidentally, the Saracen pirates rifled the bronze en route, and it never saw the Byzantine city—and the portico robbed of its ceiling and bronze girders to make cannon for the Castello Sant' Angelo, Hadrian's transformed tomb. Not much remains of the exterior grandeur of this once most magnificent mausoleum in the world.

But nowhere else can the history of ancient and medieval Rome be read more vividly than in its battered remains. Within and about it Roman and barbarian, Pope and Emperor, struggled and fought for 1,500 years. On top of the castle still lie piles of cannon-balls made, in time of stress, from the beautiful marbles with which Hadrian adorned his lavish memorial.

THE MILITARY MONUMENTS

Magnificent columns and arches to commemorate their military exploits appealed strongly to the pomp-loving Emperors. Trajan obliterated a hill 142 feet high to build a private forum, the most splendid architectural achievement of the Golden Age of Rome. The sole majestic survivor of all that lavish display is his superb column, on which every phase of war—triumph and defeat, whirlwind charge and stubborn combat—is depicted with brilliant realism in the broad band of dashing, vigorous reliefs that wind from top to bottom.

The most perfect example of the colossal type of triumphal arch is that of Titus, destroyer of Jerusalem. Erected in 81 A. D., it stands near the end of the Sacra Via, beautifully simple, tremendously impressive—one lofty arch between two terrific masses of masonry decorated with pilasters. Superb high-relief panels—a specific creation of imperial Rome—depict the sack of the Jewish capital, the Emperor's triumph, and such historic loot as the great seven-branched Hebrew candlestick.

The Arch of Septimius Severus, though much larger, is not so good, while as for the very finest arch in the Empire, built by Constantine the Great in 312, it is neither the construction nor decoration that most impresses us. It is the fact that close to the Colosseum, that bloodiest and most depraved institution in the Eternal City, Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, defying old gods and degenerate Romans alike, dared record his belief that he owed his victory over the tyrant Maxentius to the Divine power.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH

The most imposing theater ever erected by mortal hands, a grim house of death, consecrated by blood and tears, the Colosseum stands today a stupendous monument to Roman pride and degradation. Almost a third of a mile in circumference, it towers 157 feet up into the air, the original and monumental "play to the gallery" of popular approval. In 80 A. D. Emperor Titus opened its history with a tremendous inaugural of an hundred days of "games," in which men fought with other men and with wild animals, and no one knows the exact tale of the lives snuffed out on its bloodied sands "to make a Roman holiday" (see page 311).

In the construction of the Colosseum its builders adhered to their new note of superimposing the three Orders—Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian—an idea that has exerted a greater influence upon the design of monumental works than any other

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Roman innovation. But who thinks of that, standing before it today with the golden Italian sunshine glorifying every scar, and conjuring back from the dead past vivid spectacles of Roman holidays full of noise and color, laughter and bloody agonies; or when liquid moonlight transfigures the classic ruin into a magic fabric where stalk the thin ghosts of saint and vestal, slave and Emperor?

THE UNDERGROUND CITIES OF THE DEAD

Nature has been kind to the Palatine, that hill where dwelt the shepherd kings and where later rose the tremendous palaces of Emperor after Emperor, by clothing its scanty ruins with lavish verdure. The silence of oblivion broods over the fragments of the halls where Domitian played with his fleas and Caligula bathed in shimmering seas of minted coins. The most compelling thing upon the whole bosky hill is the little stone altar chiseled: *Sei Deo, Sei Deivæ*—to the Unknown God.

This was really the shrine of the protecting deity of the city, the patron god of Rome, and only the priests knew the dread spirit's name. It was never written, but handed down verbally from generation to generation, because, if the common people knew whom they worshiped, any traitor could reveal the sacred name to an enemy, who might bribe the deity to forget Rome.

What a contrast!—the home of the Unknown God on the pleasant hillside, in the sun-sweetened air, and far underground, pent in the damp chill of the Catacombs, the altars—often the sarcophagi of martyrs—of the stout-hearted who worshiped the Known God.

Originally cemeteries, perfectly well known to the pagan authorities, these remarkable vaults and galleries and chapels, 20 to 50 feet below the surface, became hiding places for the faithful in time of persecution. More than forty of these cities of the dead, which extend around Rome in a great subterranean circle, have been explored, and it has been estimated by an Italian investigator that between six and eight million bodies were interred in them.

Not only are the tombs hewn in tiers along the walls of the galleries, but the galleries themselves are in stories, one above another, in one place seven tiers high. Their decorations range from mere daubs of red paint, telling the name of the deceased in a given tomb, to elaborate frescoes. Above ground there seems a great gap between the temples of the pagan city and the existing churches of Christian Rome, since all the oldest churches have been destroyed. This gap, however, is at least partly bridged over by the Catacombs.

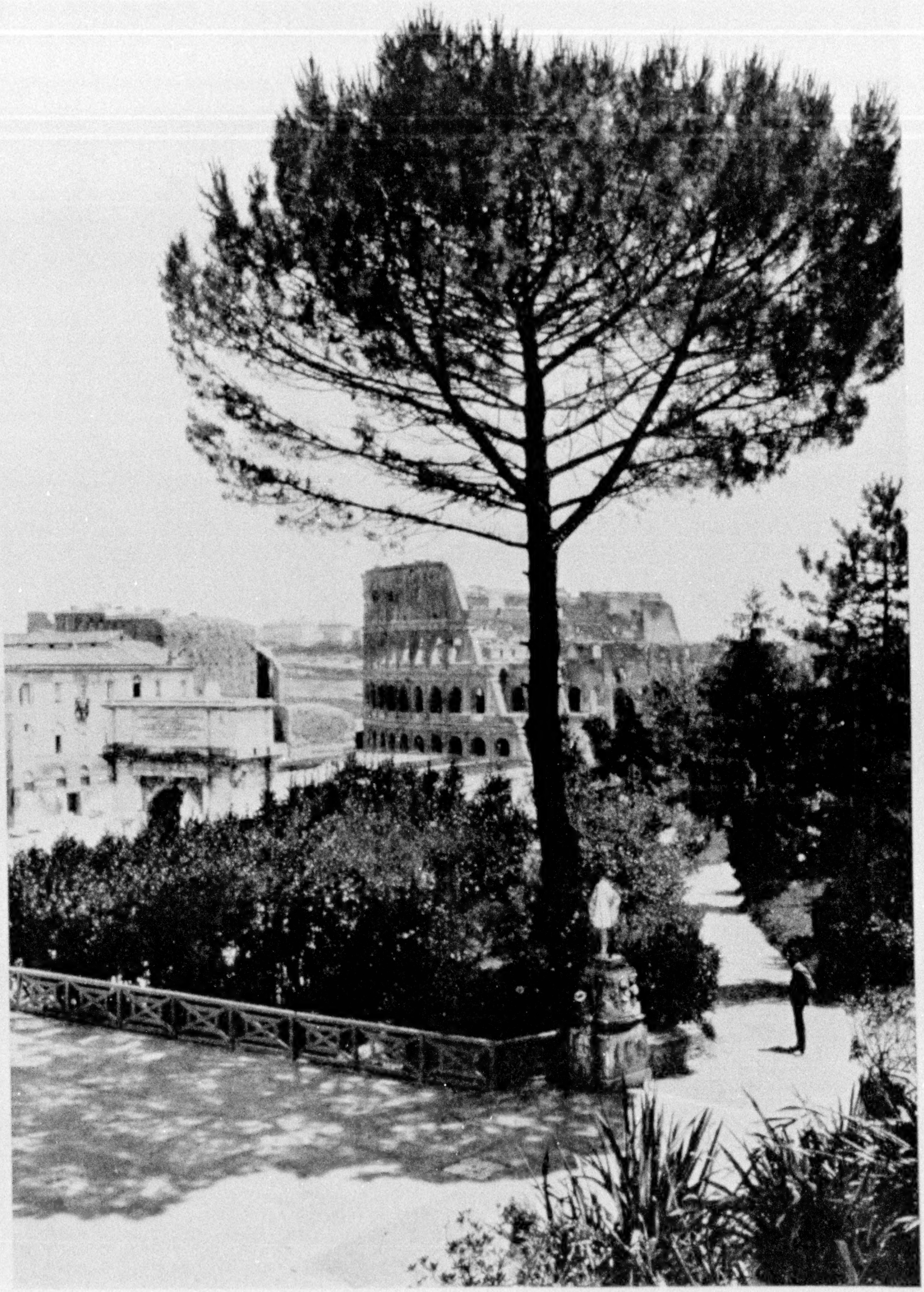
ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL

It would be as impossible to give an adequate idea of Rome's multitudinous churches as it would of the enormous quantity of art treasures in the museums, or an adequate and intelligible idea of the city's unique and marvelous history. The overpowering monument of the Church of Rome is St. Peter's Cathedral—the tangible evidence of the evolution of the early Church into the present-day world-encircling spiritual power.

Many an architect had a share in its building, but all that is admirable may be accredited to two: first, Bramanti, then Michelangelo, who planned that vast dome, floating lightly as a soap-bubble above the roof. What a pity that the last architect should have spoiled its effect by cutting off the view of the whole lower part by a lengthened nave and statues 19 feet high above the façade! (see pages 302-305).

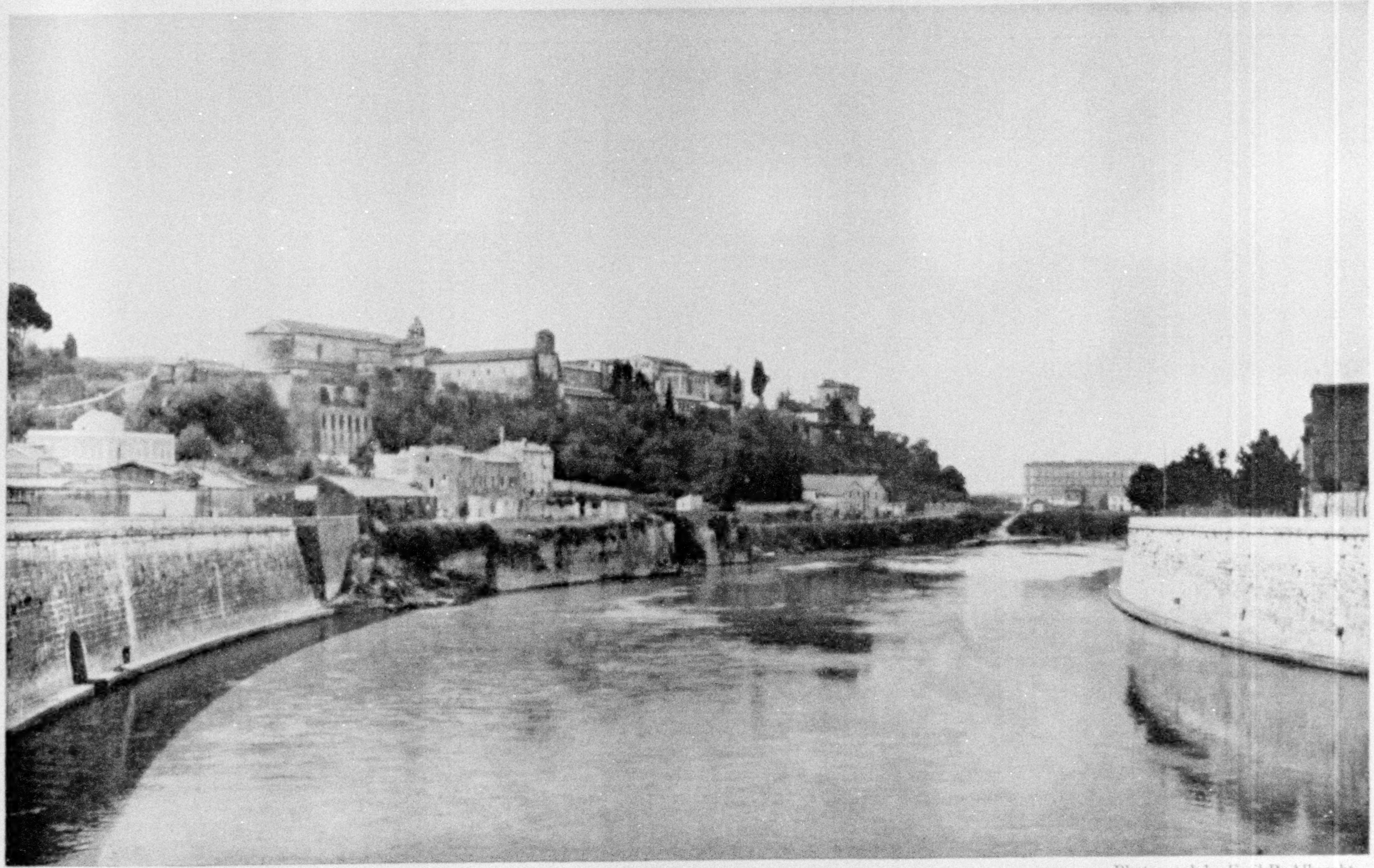
About 80,000 persons—nearly a sixth of the entire population of Rome—can gather in this huge cathedral. The vast nave stretches away tremendously impressive under its magnificent barrel vault, 75 feet in span; yet so perfectly is the building proportioned that only when standing beside a given detail can one grasp its real size. Nothing but a catalogue could describe the great interior, with its lavish mortuary monuments to dead Popes, its magnificent bronze baldachin, its celebrated effigy of the kissing ceremony, its amazingly perfect mosaic copies of the paintings of the old masters, which have been removed.

Nor could any pen picture a tithe of the glory of Michelangelo's frescoes in



THE COLOSSEUM FROM PALATINE HILL: ROME

Could the walls of this great structure speak, what tales of anguish and of debauchery they could give us. The Colosseum was dedicated in 80 A. D. with gladiatorial combats lasting a hundred days, in which 5,000 wild animals were killed; history mercifully is silent as to how many human beings gave their lives for this Roman holiday. For three and a quarter centuries man and beast here were forced to die that a conscience-deadened people might laugh.



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

THE TIBER, LOOKING TOWARD THE AVENTINE HILL: ROME

The Tiber has always been an unruly and turbulent stream, but the modern Italians have inclosed it within massive walls. From a height the river looks like a huge walled fosse. While these substantial embankments cannot check the highest floods, as was seen in December, 1900, and again in 1914, they can very decidedly limit and tame them.

Photograph by Von Gloeden

THE SERENADE

Music is as necessary to the Italian people as are their mild wine and spaghetti

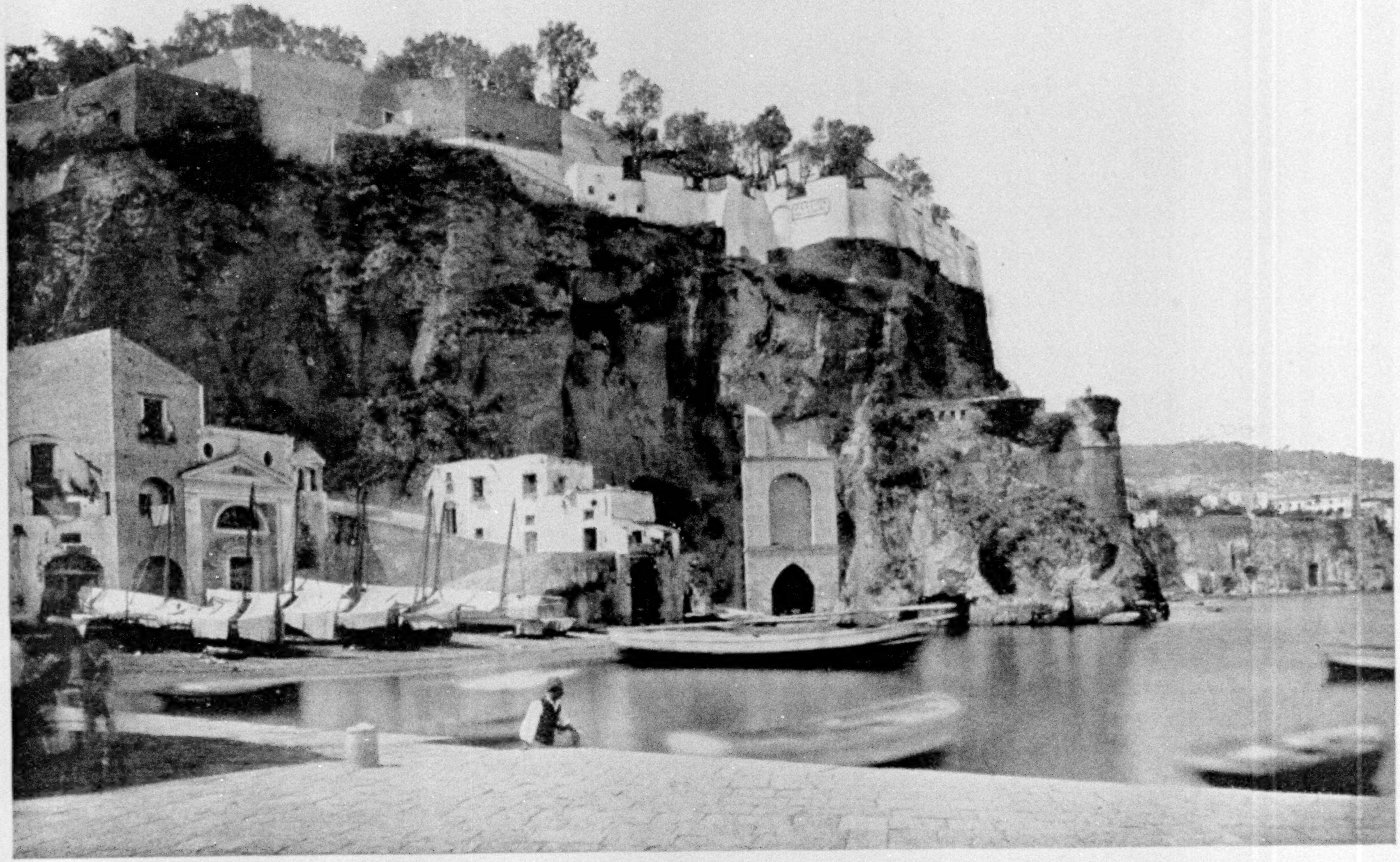
the Sistine Chapel, of the frescoes and paintings and other treasures in the Stanze and Galleries of Raphael in the adjoining Vatican; indeed, of any of the wonders of either Papal Palace or Cathedral, save only the enthralling prospect from Michelangelo's dome, 400 feet above the pavement.

Below, Bernini's huge colonnade, the grandest Doric peristyle since the Parthenon, extends its giant arms to gather the worshiping nations to its heart. The river, guarded by the mighty cylinder of the Castello Sant' Angelo, glistens like a strip of curving asphalt after a summer shower, as it winds between its fortress walls. All about on every hand glows the turbid monotony of orange-brown tiles, broken hither and yon by round dome or square campanile, by the green of gardens and the gray of open squares, with the ancient streets cutting it all into erratic patchwork; and beyond the city, the flat monochrome of the Campagna that tones away into the hazy mountains, those looming Alban hills whose wandering sons begat all this—Rome!

ST. PAUL'S-BEYOND-THE-WALLS

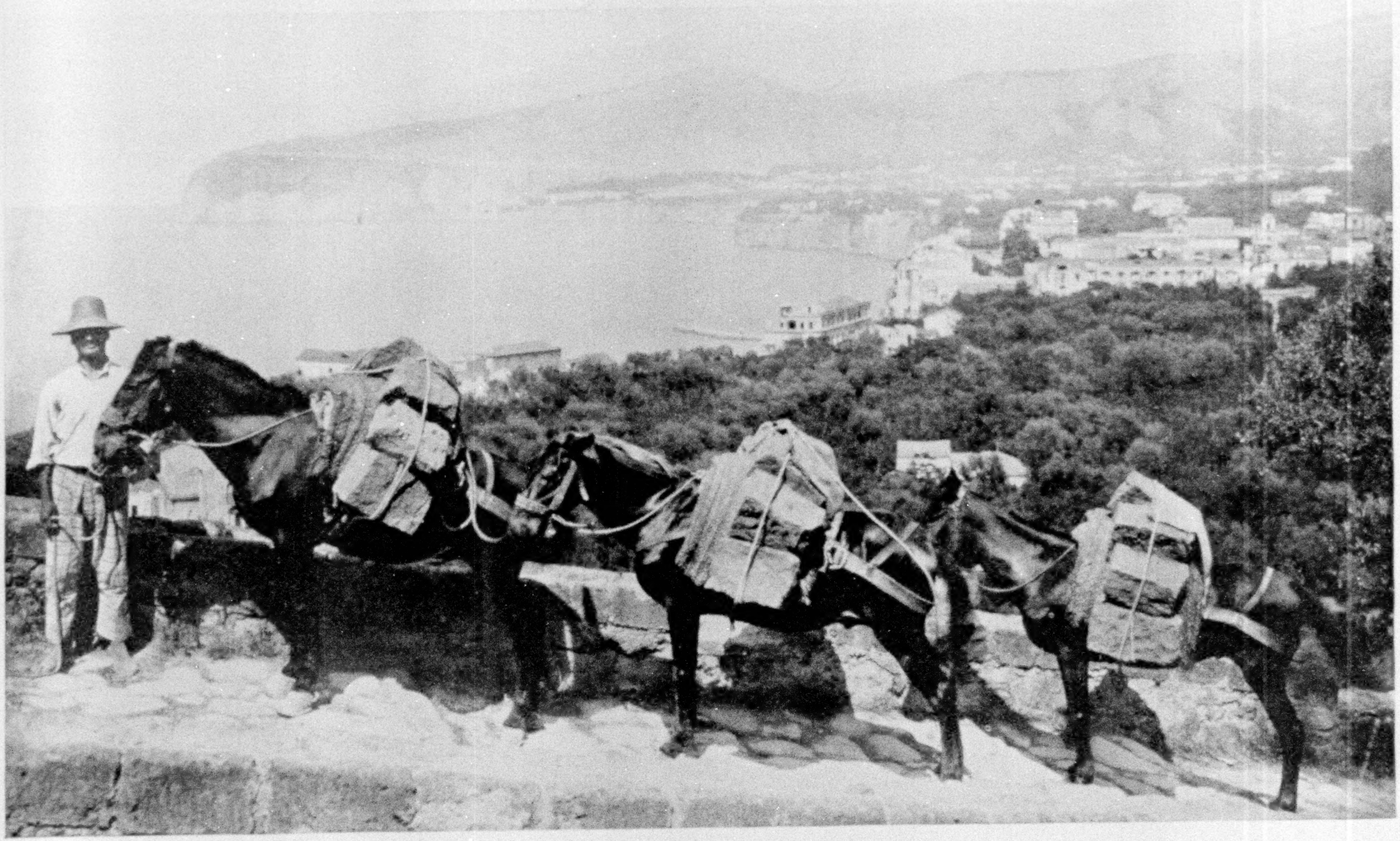
St. Paul, too, has his memorial, on the spot outside the walls where he is said to have been buried, a church that outranks all other basilicas in vastness of size, grandeur of plan, and magnificence of adornment, with eighty granite columns, rich old mosaics, and a frieze of mosaic medallion portraits of every Pope, from St. Peter down to Pius X. Adjoining the church are beautiful cloisters, cool and refreshing after the ornate interior. Graceful columns surround them in couples, here plain, here twisted into fanciful contours, here richly encrusted with Cosmato mosaics. They give both charm and distinction to the now silent close where the monks of old used to take their sober pleasurings.

Modern Rome is as the visitor, and he would be a hardy soul indeed to say how and where the city most interestingly dis-



MARINA PICCOLA, A SMALL HARBOR: SORRENTO

Between the eastern ravine, which terminates in this "small harbor," and the western ravine, ending in the Marina Grande, towers the rock to which clings Sorrento, an iridescent gem among Italian resorts, combining the unsurpassed natural beauties of marine prospects and landscapes of orange and lemon groves with historic memories of Roman occupation.



SORRENTINE MOTOR TRUCKS: MANY OF THE EDIFICES ERECTED ON THE CLIFF AT SORRENTO WERE BUILT WITH BLOCKS OF STONE BROUGHT UP ON THE BACKS OF MULES closes itself; whether in the surging life of the Via Nazionale or the Corso, each with its restless tide of cosmopolitan hue; the Piazza del Popolo, with its diurnal *passeggiata* winding up the steep slopes of the wooded Pincio and through the formal gardens; the Piazza di Spagna, where the ardent kodaker finds ample quarry among the picturesquely costumed artists' models who loiter about the flower market on the steps leading up to the quaint old church of the Mountain Trinity; the Seven Hills themselves, or the lower quarters where the crowded masses herd in noisy camaraderie. To each who sees it all comes a different impression of the sense and purpose of the ever youthful city of the hills.

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN ROME

But equally to all who stand of a sunny day in the garden of the Knights of Malta, on Aventine's crest, and look away through the leafy lane among the trees, comes the sense that here, regardless of the vivid life of the city below, is visible the spirit of the true Rome, of the Eternal City; for off in the near distance, framed by the branches of the little park, floats the dome of St. Peter's triumphant above man and all his works; as proud, as vast, as massive as ever Italian art could make it; sign and symbol even yet of the character and force of the city which for centuries has molded not only her own sons, but stamped an ineradicable impression upon all civilization.

THE DESOLATE BEAUTY OF THE CAMPAGNA

The picturesque desolation of the Campagna, dotted with the summer straw and wicker huts of the peasants instead of the villas of the rich and noble ancients, is swept about by mountain, forest, and sea, gemmed with sparkling lakes and pocked with dead craters and splendid ruins. The planting of eucalyptus trees and systematic drainage is working bravely for a reclamation of the marshy plain to its flourishing condition when, as ancient Latium, it gave the Romans to the world.

To the southeast the extinct volcanic Alban Mountains form a striking background for equally striking towns—Castel Gandolfo of papal fame, with its huge palace dominating the somberly lovely Lake Albano, darkly cupped by the lips of an extinct but forbidding crater; and the serene, pellucid sapphire of the Lake of Nemi, "Diana's Mirror," hardly ever kissed by the faintest breeze. Its lofty lava walls are so precipitous one marvels at the daring, skill, and patience of the peasants who have so wonderfully cultivated them.

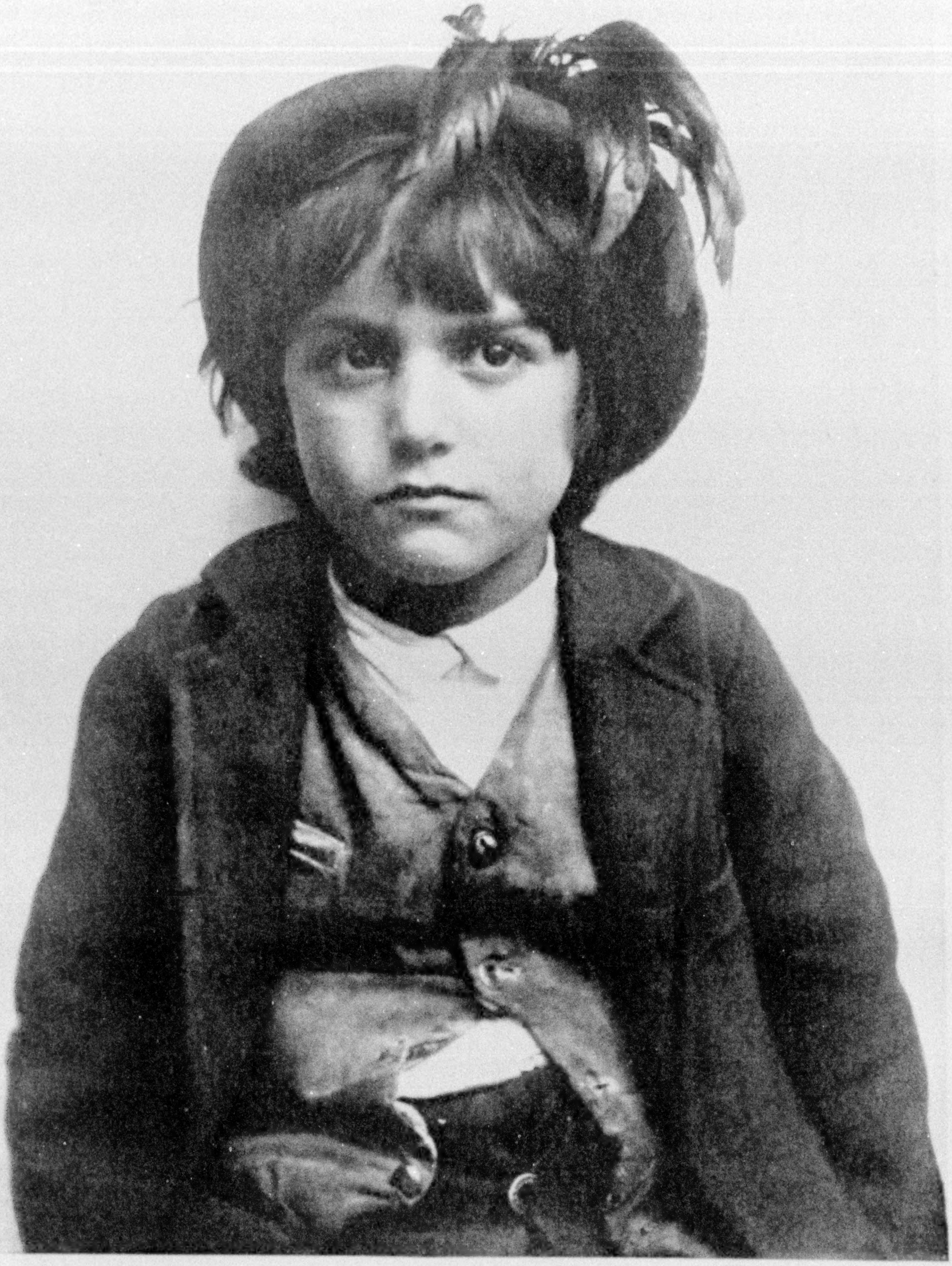
On the east the Apennines come down to the Campagna in the abrupt Sabine Range, beautiful, heavily wooded, copiously watered limestone peaks. Tivoli is cradled like an eagle's nest high among these sheltering hills, moated about on three sides by the foaming impatience of the Anio, that bursts violently out hither and yon in long, snowy pennons of flying spume. The precipice is jeweled with the mutilated little temple of the Sybil, the town ragged and twisty and instinct with charming irregularities and contradictions; and the great, gloomy, neglected Villa d'Estè is magnificent yet with the saturnine beauty of its dusky cypresses and ilex, gray olives and heavy hedges.

Small wonder that Tivoli and these lovely Sabine hills drew the ancient summer colonists, or that a mile away Hadrian himself should have erected an imperial villa that was a marvel in its day, and now in ours is only a confusing, conglomerate ruin among weedy gardens.

THE GRIFFIN CITY OF PERUGIA

Away to the north and west stretches that most delightful and suggestive region, Umbria, well called the "Galilee of Italy" because of its holy men and women. It is a green and brown land of isolated hills, each crowned by its special type of city, and of rolling meads between; a rich and fertile land, full of the quiet, pastoral beauty that infuses the work of the Umbrian School of painters; a land of cities romantically unchanged.

Of all the Umbrian communities, the Griffin City of Perugia is the most interesting, the bloodiest, the most compelling. Here again we have striking proof of the value of geographical location. Much of the power and eminence of the city was due to its situation at the juncture of several long spines of hill, 1,200 feet high, commanding the Tiber, that winds

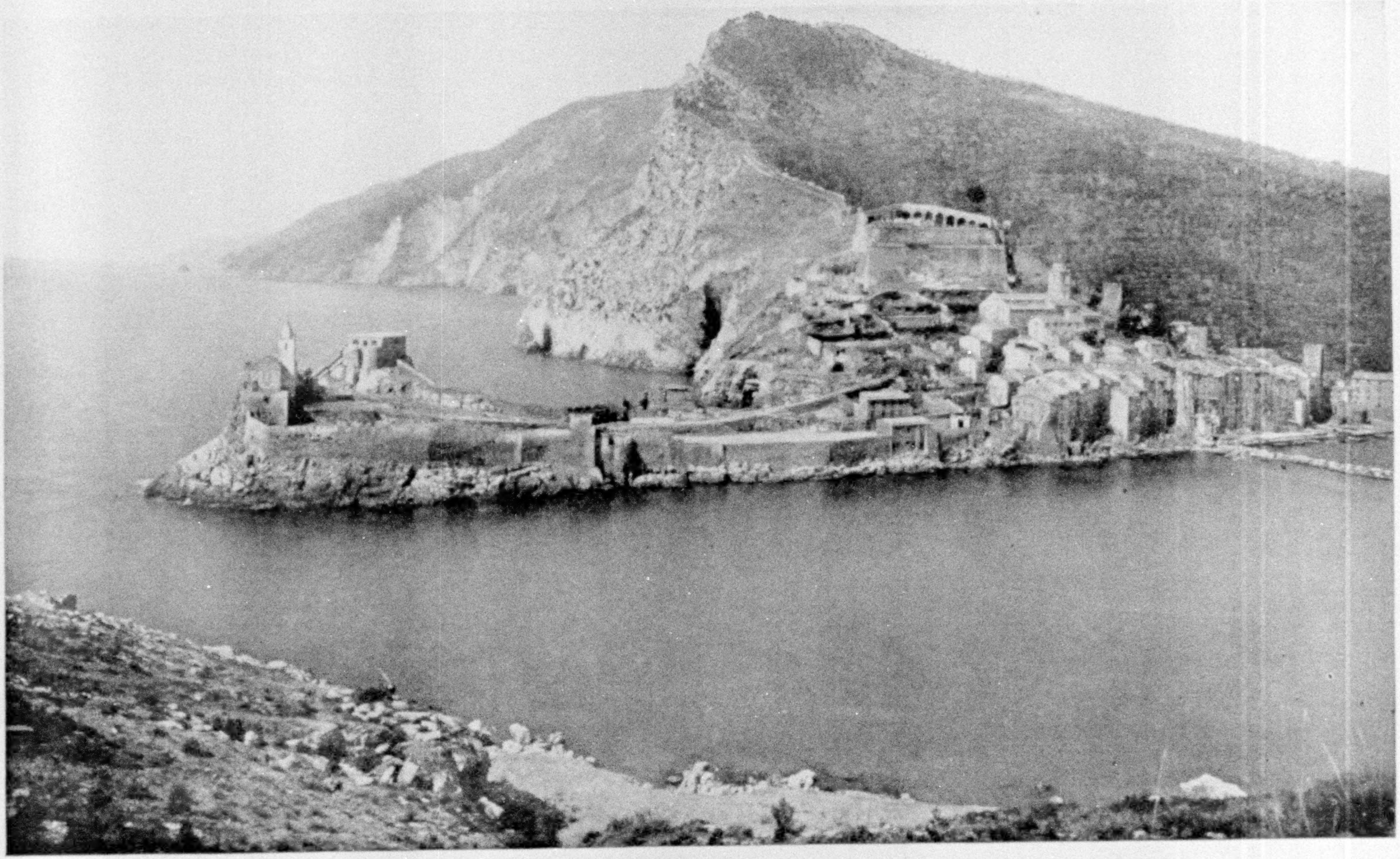


Photograph by Von Gloeden

YOUNG ITALY

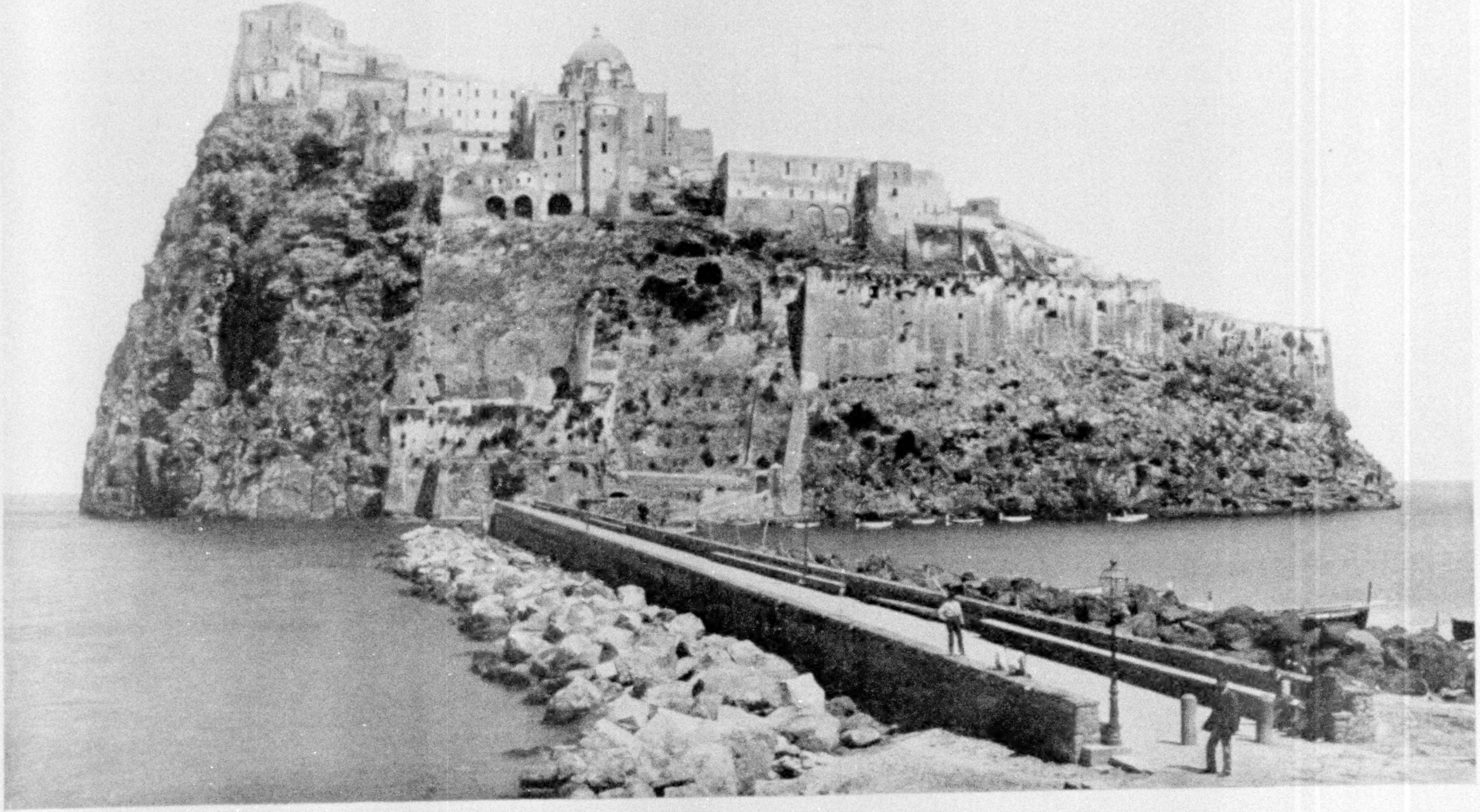
There are nearly one-tenth as many Italians in America today as in Italy itself. The vast sums of gold that hard work and hard living enable the Italian to save up and send home, where a quarter looks as big as a dollar here, is the best immigration stimulant there is. That accounts for the fact that we were increasing our Italian population at an average of 16 per cent a year during the twenty-five years before the European war began.

XUM



PORTOVENERE, CELEBRATED FOR ITS PORTORO MARBLE

Seven miles by highroad from Spezia, the chief naval harbor of Italy, this picturesque village is built on the site of the ancient Portus Veneris. It is separated from the island of Palmaria by a strait only 160 yards wide. Between two rocks beneath the Church of San Pietro is "Byron's Grotto," where the great poet is supposed to have written much of his "Corsair."



THE CASTLE OF ISCHIA

In this stronghold, which dominates the island of Ischia off the harbor of Naples, was born the celebrated general, Marchese di Pescara, and here lived the general's equally celebrated widow, the beautiful and gifted Vittoria Colonna, chief solace of Michelangelo's last years at its feet, and two great Roman roads. Today it sprawls about its hilltops, for all the world like some uncouth sea monster with thick, wavy legs and arms flung out in groping search for prey, bolstered up here, braced there, underlaid yonder by tremendous masses of masonry.

The old towers and donjon keeps, once the most distinctive features of its narrow, tortuous streets, have most of them vanished; others have been beheaded; but the whole aspect of the town is even today military and despotic; and many a house still shows traces of the heavy chains that barred the dangerous streets after nightfall, when, if a man forgot his steel undershirt, he came home in a shroud! Even the quaint and beautiful friezes above some of the doors, with Latin inscriptions and mottoes, cannot abate its severity. Here one reads *Pulchra janua ubi honesta domus* (Beautiful the door of an honest house), there *Solicitudo mater divitarum* (Carefulness is the mother of riches), and over a church lintel the pious *Janua Coeli* (Door of Heaven).

The old, joyous life of the city centered in the Piazza del Duomo. Here the gentle Perugians played at their game of hurling stones at one another until often a dozen were killed and scores wounded. But that was Perugia! And what of the innocent looking iron fence about the central fountain? Many a time its spikes have borne the bloodied heads of nobles, stuck there by other nobles whose turn was yet to come. No wonder Perugia needed *porte del mortuccio*—special "doors of the dead"—tall, arched, narrow; walled up now and easily passed unseen.

At one side of the Piazza is the big, unfinished Gothic Cathedral of San Lorenzo, with its beautifully carven choir stalls and that graceful little open-air pulpit, leaning slightly toward the sun, where St. Bernard preached to an unregenerate people and watched the books on necromancy and the ladies' false hair burned.

THE HOLY CITY OF ASSISI

Across the fertile vale softly colored Assisi, the Holy City, the town of the Saints, the mystic heart of Umbria, stands upon its hills, and high above all, like a Titan smitten by the thunder, rises the grim, austere old ruin of the Rocca, that castle the Assisans regretted as bitterly as they had longed fervently for its protection. In the plain below, the little river Tescio winds and twists in burnished zigzags that flash the golden sunlight up against the oak and vine, corn and olive clad slopes of the hills.

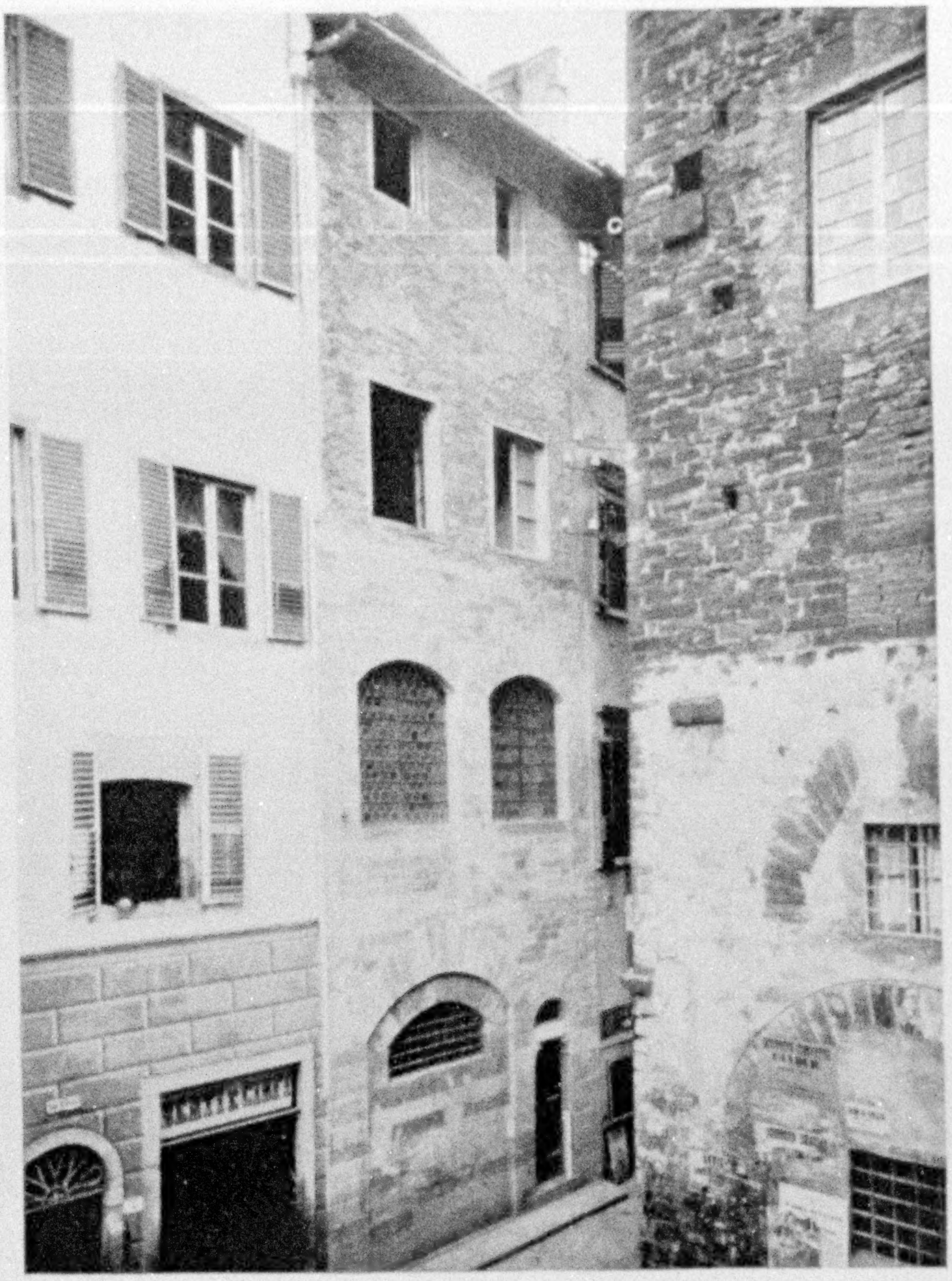
There is hardly a more medieval city in Italy in aspect than Assisi, and this quaint idea is intensified by the burrows that run in a perfect labyrinth beneath the level of the twisty, narrow, shut-in streets—hiding places into which, before the city was fortified, the frightened citizens could pop at the first sign of an approaching enemy.

It is a city of churches and confraternity buildings, held even yet in the spell of St. Francis. And not of St. Francis alone. His ideals and work so moved the rich and lovely Clara Scifi that she forsook everything in life to be his co-worker and inspirer. Like him, she founded an Order—the Poor Clares—and lies today in the simple church that bears her saintly name, embayed among the soft gray olives on the hillside.

THE PREACHER OF POVERTY'S MAGNIFICENT CHURCH

It was the glorification rather than the spell of St. Francis that inspired the genius who, at the very tip of the wedge-shaped town, gave his mighty vision play in the amazingly strong and beautiful Church of San Francesco, the first Gothic church in Italy—a vast double pile, one church above another—with a magnificent monastery sweeping down its side. It stands solidly upon massive substructures among the gnarled old olive trees of the slope, so perfect in design and location that from every vantage point and in every light it is new and different.

But what a church, what a monastery for the preacher of poverty! Within, from floor to arches, Italian painting was reborn in wondrous frescoes that "spoke to men who could not read . . . but whose hearts received . . . teaching through the eye." Cimabue, Gaddo Gaddi, Giunta, and the greatest of all, Giotto, covered these walls with pictures that had far more than mere decorative significance. For the first time in the story of Christian art the whole Christian belief was summarized in such a lifelike, natural way upon these acres of walls that it sufficed for both the spiritual and material education of the age, and indeed even for ourselves.



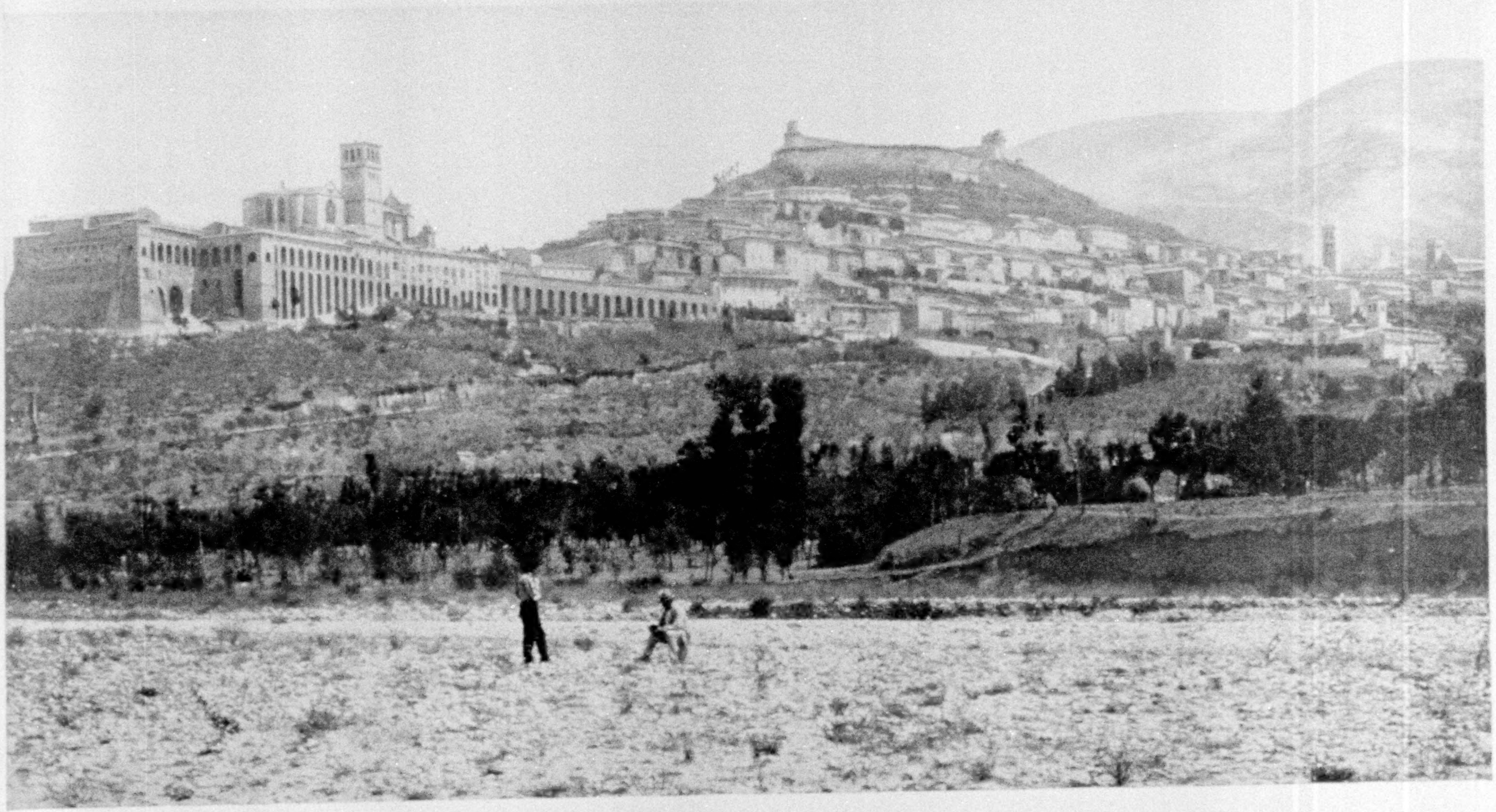
THE PIAZZA DI SAN MARTINO AND THE HOUSE (IN CENTER) WHERE DANTE WAS BORN: FLORENCE

Far nearer to the Franciscan ideal is the desolate hermitage of Le Carceri, far out beyond the town in a bleak, wild gorge, where the eye can hardly distinguish man-made walls from natural rock. St. Francis loved to retire to this barren solitude for meditation when the battle he fought against worldliness and sin impaired his physical and spiritual vigor. About the Carceri grow somber ilex trees, beneath which he preached his sermon to the birds, and above all rises the jagged peak of Subasio, gray as the monkish habit. It is the abode of silence and of peace and memory. Indeed, that is Assisi—memory, silence, peace!

THE QUEEN CITY OF TUSCANY

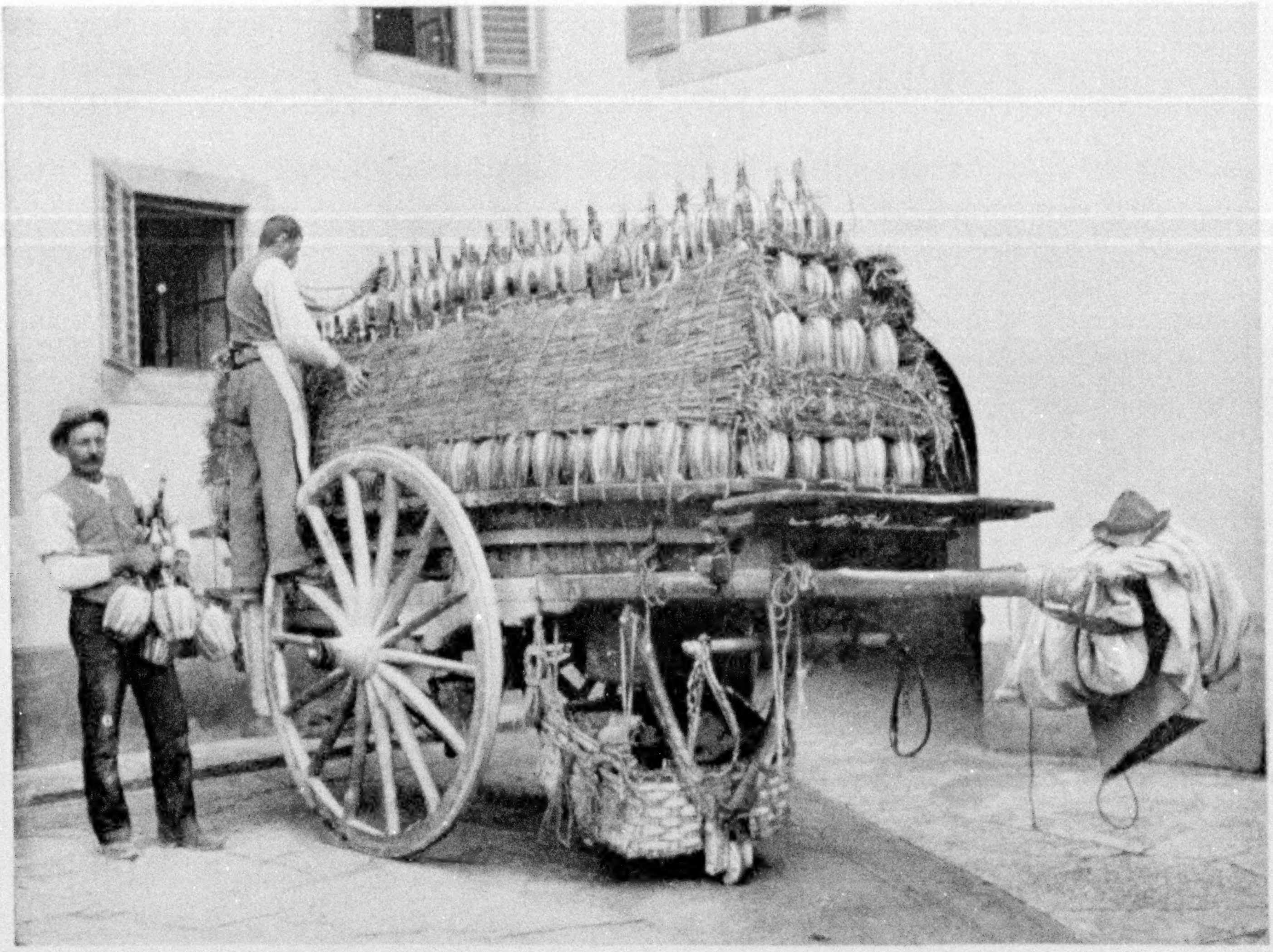
Northwest of Umbria, Tuscany unrolls a panorama of surpassing beauty and contrast, from the grim Apennine crags on the east, downward in a gentle slope dotted with hills, watered by innumerable streams on every side, to the blue Tyrrhenian Sea. It is a region sharply marked and richly diversified, the dry beds of prehistoric lakes near certain of its cities and toward the coast forming little plains that serve to intensify the more rugged charm of its hilliness. Tuscany's three great cities—Florence, Siena, and Pisa—stand opposed in every respect: in character, appearance, history, and interest today.

The story of Florence is the story of humanity: the broad, deep, moving epic of the awakening of man to his own divine power; the story of wonderful self-made men who had but one idea in common—the thirst for free activity of soul. So the tale of the New Birth, the Renaissance, is the record of individual spirit so free, so subtle and elastic, so profoundly penetrating to the springs of human purpose, that it has furnished the motive power of the world ever since; and Florence, as its source and focus, because of



A PANORAMA OF ASSISI, SHOWING THE MONASTERY OF ST. FRANCIS ON THE LEFT

Assisi is generous to all kinds of travelers. The architect finds at least five excellent Gothic churches to study; the artist delights in the frescoes of Giotto and Cimabue; the historian recalls the part played by the city in the struggles of the Guelphs and Ghibellines as he views the medieval castle that dominates the region; and everybody, however out of sympathy with asceticism and religious devotion, must find in the memories of St. Francis and the wonderful idealism that guided his life in those crude, cruel times, a beauty and sweetness of which the saint's thornless roses, blooming at Assisi, are a fitting symbol (see page 320).



A WINE MERCHANT OF FLORENCE

The wine of the country is put up in these two-quart flasks and sent all over Italy, with very little breakage

the conditions then obtaining in the city and throughout Italy, was the one spot in the world capable of producing such an epoch-making upheaval of human consciousness.

WHY THE RENAISSANCE BEGAN IN FLORENCE

And all this astonishing genius grew directly out of—business! The city was peopled by men who manufactured the necessities of life, by merchants, speculators, bankers, tradesmen, artisans, handicraftsmen of every type. Business, work, was a condition of active participation in the life of the State, and because they did not work, the nobles were debarred from this. It was the burghers, the people, who ruled; and even when evil chance laid the State under the heavy hand of a despot, he was forced to develop his own character to the uttermost, because his rule depended entirely upon his capacity as a man. The aristocracy, accordingly, was that of intelligence, of men who became eminent because, first of all, they were the best in their own individual work.

Under the practical inspiration of these mental giants, Florence was recreated and learned to view life from within instead of superficially; she learned that the individual is the soul of the State, and that the State can succeed only when it is true to the best interests of its individuals. And the Renaissance, the new creation—was it merely a wonderful revival of learning? It was infinitely more: it was the freeing of the human spirit from shackling bonds of medieval tradition, superstition, and misconception; it was the dawning of the mental liberty we enjoy today; it was the beginning of the third distinct period Italian genius gave to civilization, the greatest period and the greatest gift of all; it was the launching of man's greatest and most heroic adventure.

The severe grandeur of medieval Florence still gives a specific character to the

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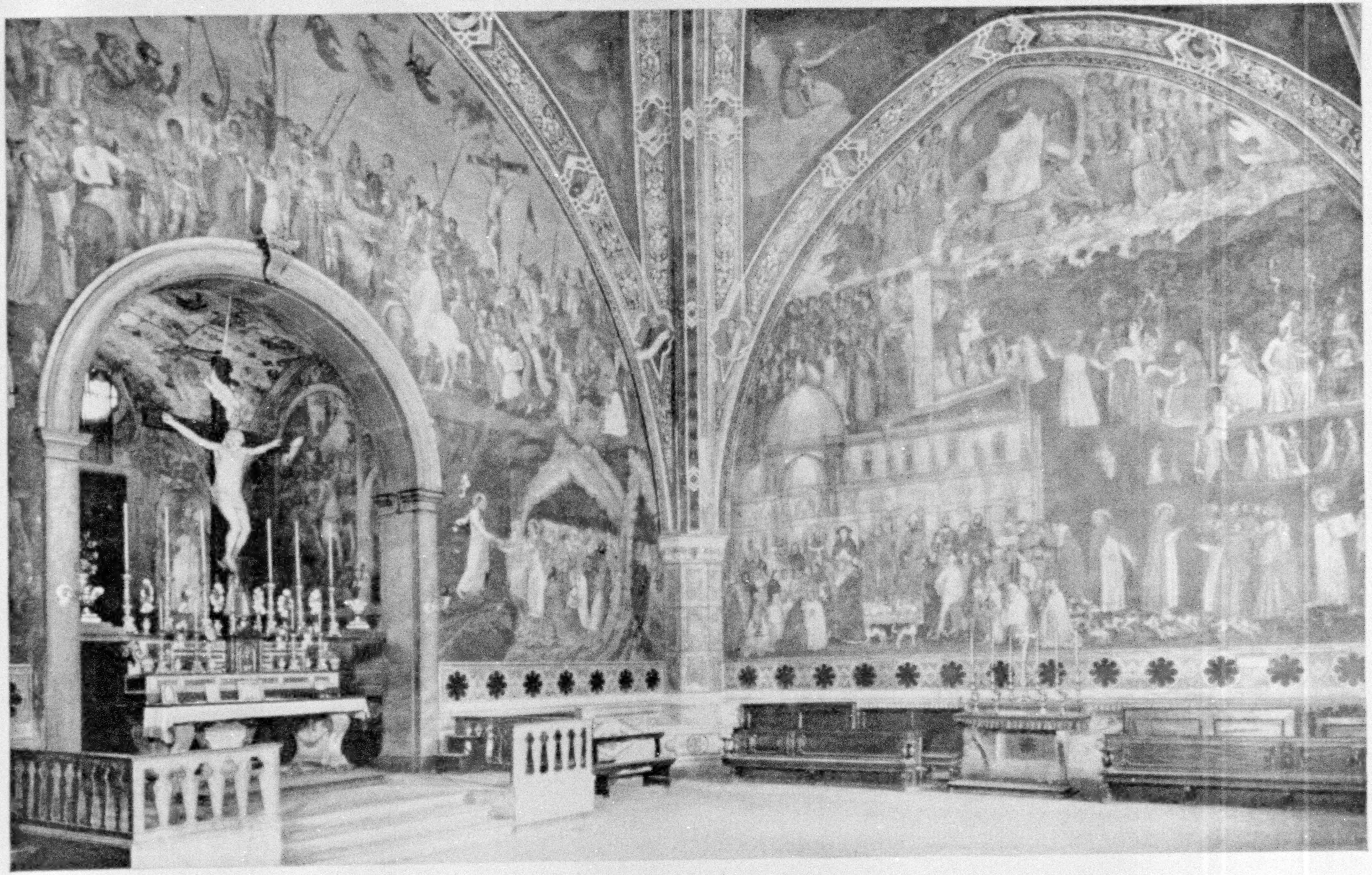


THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL DEGLI SPAGNOLI IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA; FLORENCE

This church is regarded as the finest example extant of the Tuscan Gothic architecture. Most artists believe the frescoes in the picture to be the work of Andrea da Firenza.

town of the Guilds. Its palaces, its bridges, the sweep of its Lung' Arno, its embattled visage with the souls of the houses peering from behind their iron bars at the blue hills, are still the same. The proudest jewels in its crown are the three great buildings in the Piazza Duomo. Oldest of these is the beautiful octagonal Baptistery, with Ghiberti's perfect bronze doors. "They are fit to be the gates of heaven!" young Michelangelo cried when he saw them.

The cathedral, Sta. Maria dei Fiori—as much a feature of the Florentine landscape as a man's nose is a part of his face — looms large from any vantage point, its buoyant dome floating airily above the marble paneling of the soft-colored walls. It fills one with admiring astonishment for its symmetrical dimension, its perfect poise, its grandeur, its everlasting strength. Fit companion to it is Giotto's Campanile, slender and strong and graceful as a young maid beside her portly mother. Richly ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues, the superb bell-tower is a marble history, left standing open for the delight of appreciative readers (see page 326).

THE CHURCH OF THE BROKEN HEARTS

As a general thing the intellectuals of Florence went calmly on with their creative work, unmindful of the tumult about them. Not so Dante. With all the fervor of his artistic temperament, he plunged into the thick of politics, in the endeavor to save his beloved city from being torn to pieces, and was exiled before he reached the zenith of his powers.

Broken-hearted and bitter, he died at Ravenna in 1321, and his ashes are still there; but in the old Franciscan church of the Holy Cross rises one of the two monuments disdainful Florence condescended to give her greatest poet, whose greatest honor lies in his gift to the world at one splendid sweep of a pure and recreated Italian language—until his time halting and feeble—in that immortal masterpiece of literature, the *Divina Commedia*.

This church might well be known as the Broken Hearts, instead of Santa Croce, for near Dante's cenotaph lies the body of that other terrific genius, Michelangelo, who, broken in spirit, died gladly when the city so dear to his heart fell once more upon dark and tyrannous days. And Galileo is here, too, and Alfieri, and Macchiavelli, and many another, a brilliant train.

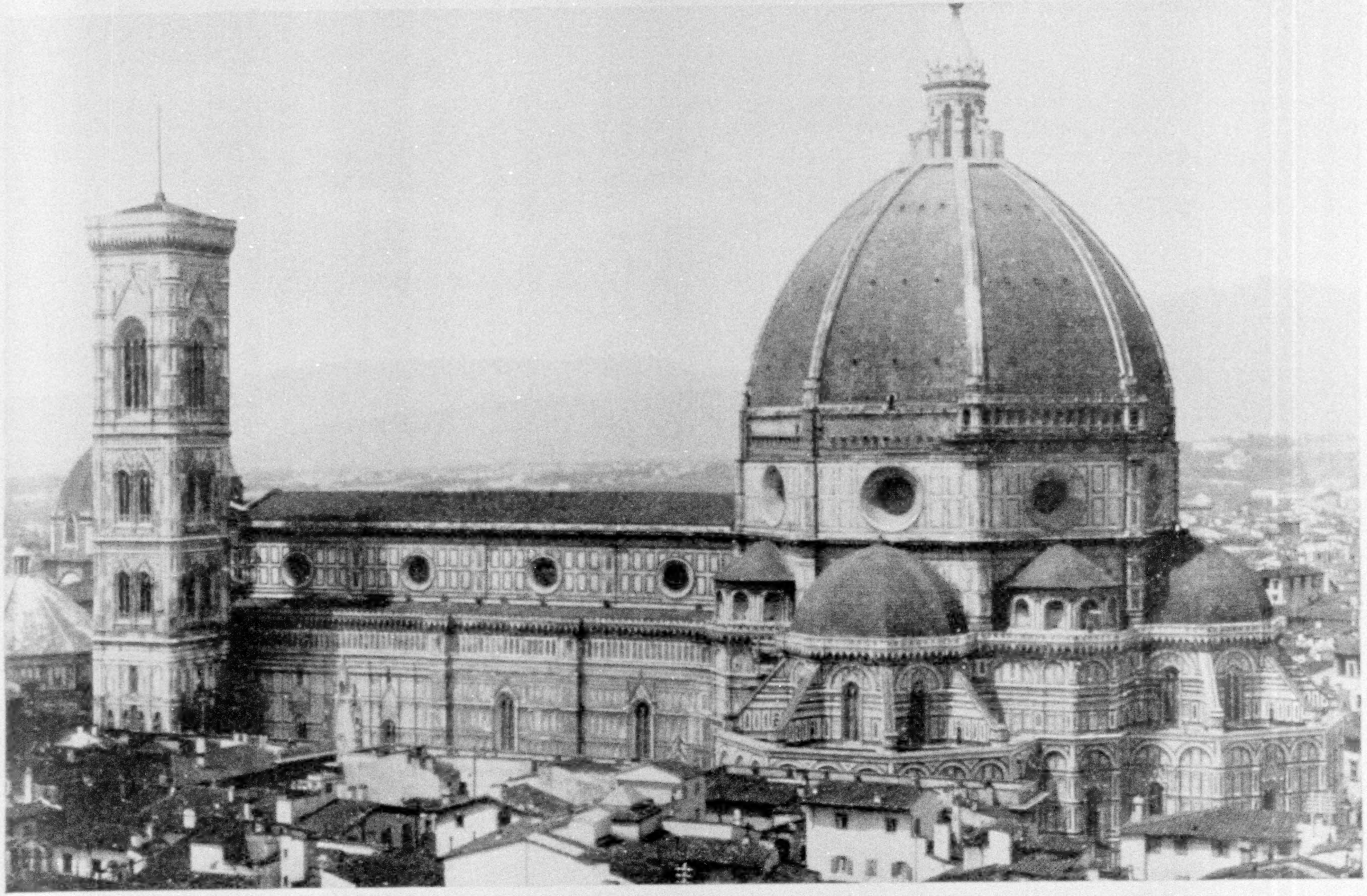
Michelangelo's last work is in the Church of San Lorenzo, in the mortuary chapel of the Medici—the great house which deigned to favor him with its patronage or its enmity throughout his life. He did not make portraits of the statues over the tombs of Giuliano and Lorenzo, son and grandson of the Magnifico. When some one remonstrated, he replied with haughty carelessness that he did not suppose people a century later would care much how the Dukes looked. Most probably they didn't!

While he was working in the mausoleum the Medici, who had been expelled for the third time, came thundering at the city's gates. Always a strong republican, Michelangelo engineered the fortifications by day and worked stealthily on his statues by night. Florence fell; her sun had set; and the tombs became less a monument to the tyrants for whom they were reared than to his cherished city. And so he wrought, not the still beauty of the Greeks, but the symbols of his own desperation in the marvelous Twilight and Dawn, and Day and Night upon the tombs.

THE UFFIZZI AND PITTI PALACES

In the two great palaces of the Uffizzi and Pitti are gathered the most inspiring collections in the world of the works of the geniuses who made Florence the peerless city of art transcendent, and left behind them models for all time, not merely of material beauty and perfection in painting and sculpture, but of thought as well—Fra Angelico of the sexless, radiant angels; Lippo Lippi of the daringly human Madonnas; visionary Botticelli; del Sarto of the soulless, exquisite technique as smooth as Nature; emotional, precocious Correggio; and Raphael, greater than all, summing up in his swift, apparently effortless mastery more than the genius of all the rest—color, proportion, beauty, intellect, spirituality, and rare human kindness.

Florence wears a splendid living girdle



THE CATHEDRAL OF OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS: FLORENCE

"Seen from any vantage point, it looms large and fills one with admiring astonishment, with a sense of its symmetrical dimension, its perfect poise, its grandeur and everlasting strength. Fit companion to it is Giotto's Campanile, slender and strong as a young maid beside her portly mother" (see text, page 325).

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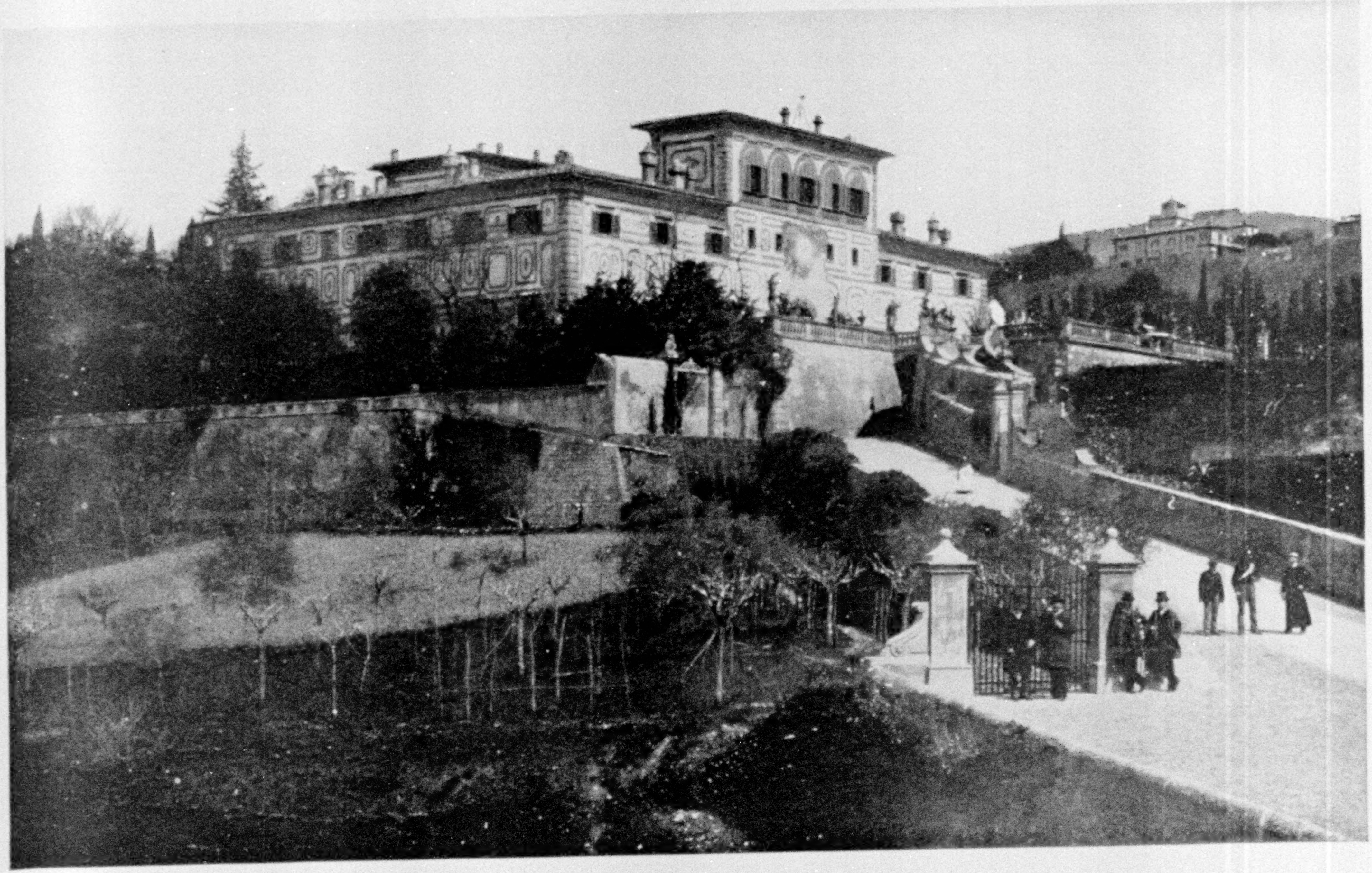


THE VILLA PALMIERI: FLORENCE

Here Boccaccio and his companions took refuge when the Black Plague swept Europe in 1348 and destroyed more lives than the present European war has taken. For five months, with suffering and death all about them, they strove to lighten the horror of the days with their music and dancing, their feasting and story-telling—the stories being those that took permanent shape in the famous Decameron.

in the silvery Arno, barred with many a stately bridge, bordered on either hand by the broad, plain edging of the Lung' Arno promenade. With the measured tramp of the soldiers and the squeal of their angry-sounding bugles—and the soldier is always in evidence in Florence, even in times of peace—we may well imagine ourselves back in medieval times. The illusion of the medieval is even greater by night, when the bridges set twinkling coronets over the sparkling stream, and the mysterious military figures marching past might be the halberdiers and pikemen of Lorenzo Il Magnifico, instead of the Bersaglieri of Vittorio Emmanuele III.

THE GREAT GUILDS

The Ponte Vecchio, with its queer, covered, second-story passageway between the two palaces, is a pure delight, its little houses looking so insecurely slapped against its sides that they seem always threatening to come off and drop into the stream (see page 330).

The inside of the bridge is equally curious, with its beguiling shops of jewelry and precious stones. Since the fourteenth century it has been occupied by the Guild of the Goldsmiths, one of the original societies of Florentine labor and science. These guilds were the prototypes of our labor organizations and played a prominent part, not only in politics, but in the artistic development of the city as well. This interest of the working people was one of the great reasons for the supremacy of Florence in the field of art.

THE PALAZZO VECCHIO AND SAVONAROLA

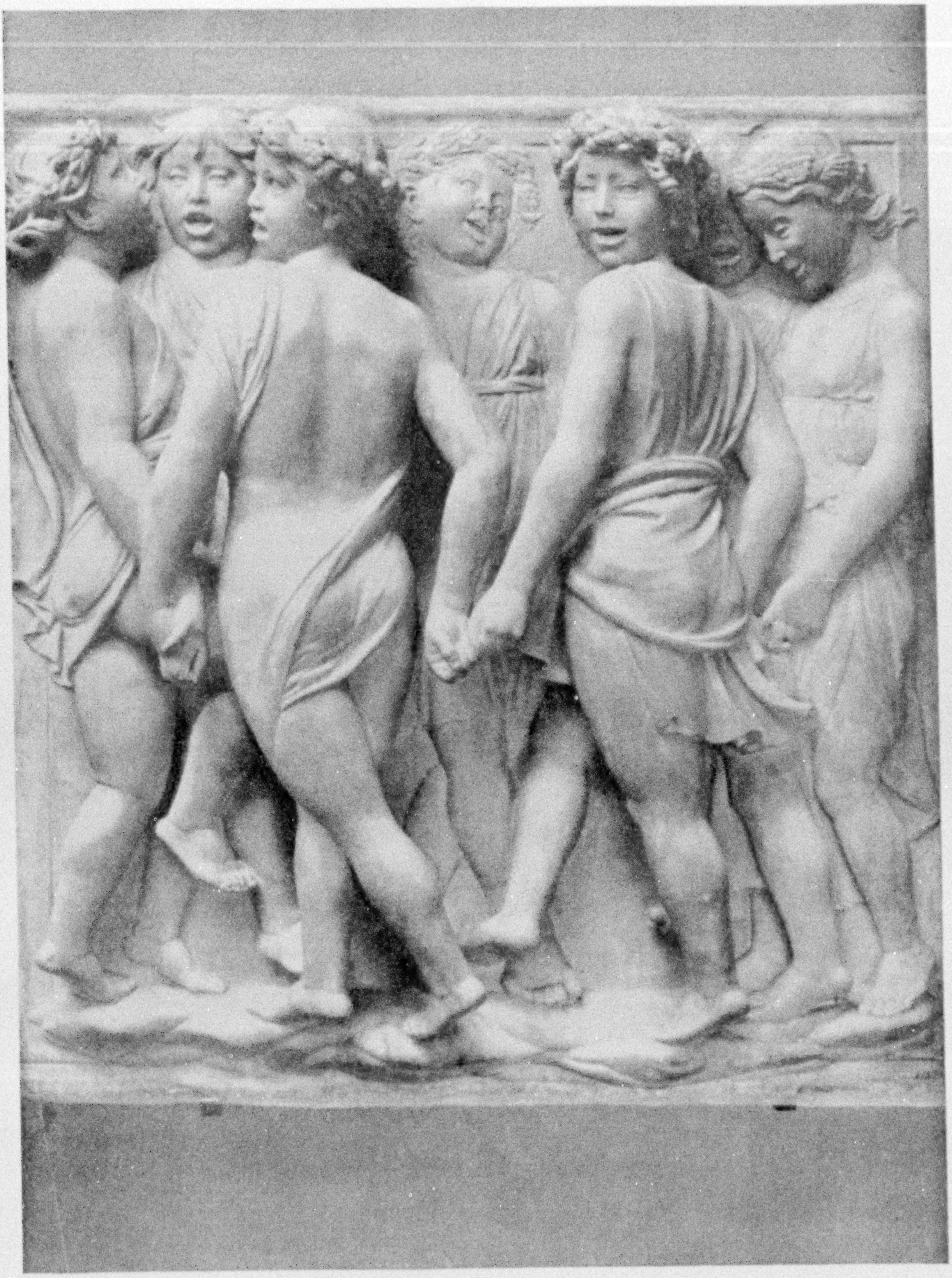
In the old, battlemented Palazzo Vecchio, which still rears its created head in the pride of militant beauty, we may say that Florentine history was made from the beginning of the fourteenth century down to the unification of Italy under Victor Immanuel II of Sardinia. It stands on the Piazza of the Signoria, the great forum of the people. To one side is the Loggia dei Lanzi, a splendid, open, vaulted rostrum or platform, now an open-air museum of sculpture. Among the figures is the beautiful, if somewhat affected, Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, a master work that has been copied all over the world. It was in this piazza that the austere monk, Girolamo Savonarola, who towers above the most splendid figures who have peopled Florence, gallantly died by fire.

The most charming and attractive mural decorations in Florence are the figures and groups of glazed white terracotta, usually on a blue ground, largely the work of the della Robbia family. They star the walls of churches, palaces, chapels, with their sympathetic, floating figures, and from the spandrels of the battered, grimy old Hospital of the Innocenti—the first real Renaissance structure—a lovely band of Andrea della Robbia's swaddled infants gaze out, extending tiny hands in mute supplication to the hard-hearted. Luca della Robbia worked well in both bronze and marble before he began his work in clay, as his exquisite singing and dancing boys, panels once on the choir screen, and now in the cathedral museum, attest (see page 329).

SUNSET IN FLORENCE

Though the sun of the Florentine republic set nearly four centuries ago, the sun of Nature still continues to set over the city as it did in the days of her glory. Cross the river, and wind slowly up the lovely, rose-hedged, tree-embowered Viale dei Colli to the Piazza Michelangelo, high above the city, to see the Master Painter spread his wonder-palette at the close of day. The sun steals down toward his cool bed in the silent Arno above the bridges and the dusty town. The bluish green of the river fires with molten gold—bridges and towers and roofs are etched sharply black under the flaming canopy of the heavens. For a moment Florence glows and darkens with the spell of a more than earthly transformation.

Then the shadows lengthen, deepen. The dim and distant hills fade into obscurity. The Genius of the Dark throws his azure mantle over city and plain, and Florence lies wrapped in the subtle integument of night. Out in the gardens the sparrows twitter sleepily, a chill little wind ruffles the smooth cheek of the Arno, the edges of the clouds are tipped suddenly with silver, and a flood of



THE DANCING, SINGING CHILDREN, BY LUCIA DELLA ROBBIA, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL: FLORENCE

Authorities agree that "the naive charm of childhood" never has been portrayed better than in the ten groups of reliefs of which this one is represented. They are regarded as unequaled alike for the naturalness and truth of the figures and for the grace of movement and form they possess (see page 328).

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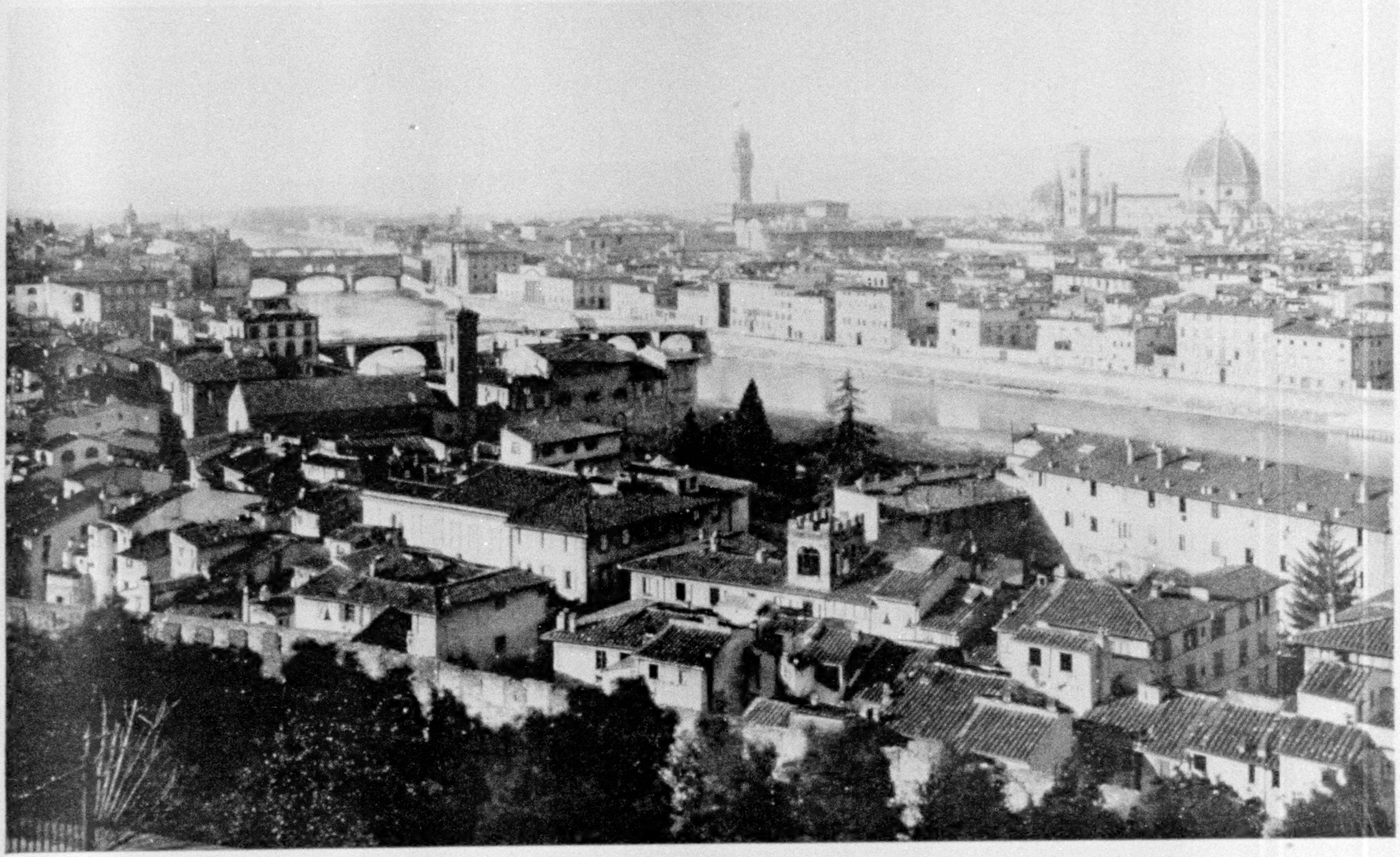
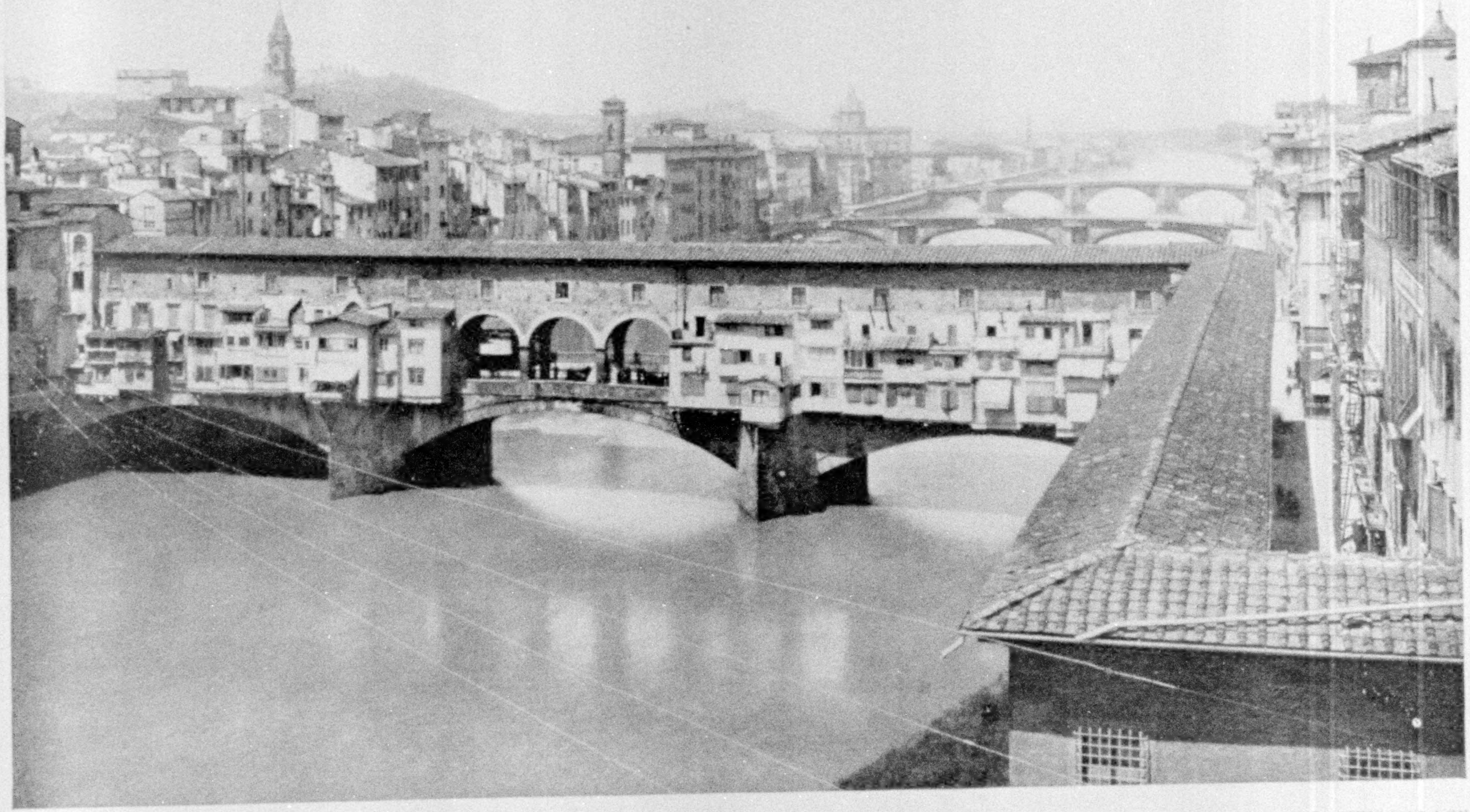


A GENERAL VIEW OF FLORENCE

This view, showing at once the magnificent dome of the beloved Cathedral of Florence, the stately Campanile, with its exquisite Italian-Gothic traceries, the imposing Palazza Vecchio, with its reminiscences of the Florentine Republic, and the River Arno with its many bridges, some of them old and some of them modern, is one of the most striking city panoramas that may be seen in Italy (see pages 326 and 328).



THE RIVER ARNO AND THE PONTE VECCHIO WITH ITS COVERED UPPER PASSAGEWAY CONNECTING THE UFFIZZI WITH THE PITTI PALACE ACROSS THE RIVER: FLORENCE

The houses seem so insecurely glued to the sides of the quaint old bridge that they give one the impression of being in danger of falling into the stream at any moment. The second-story passageway between the two palaces was built for the wedding of one of the Medici princes, and is still the shortest way between the great art collections. Beyond the Ponte Vecchio are two more modern bridges (see page 328).

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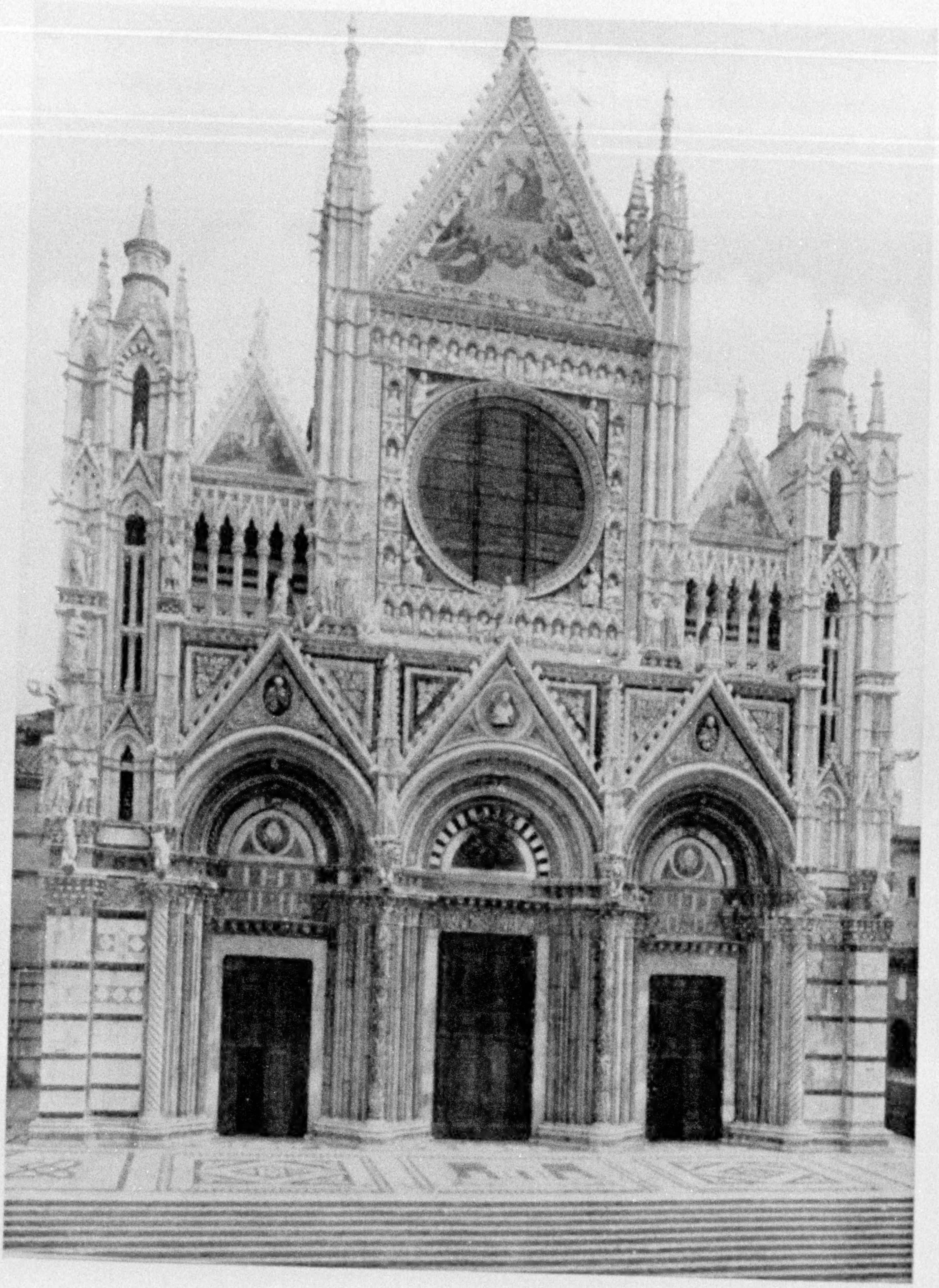
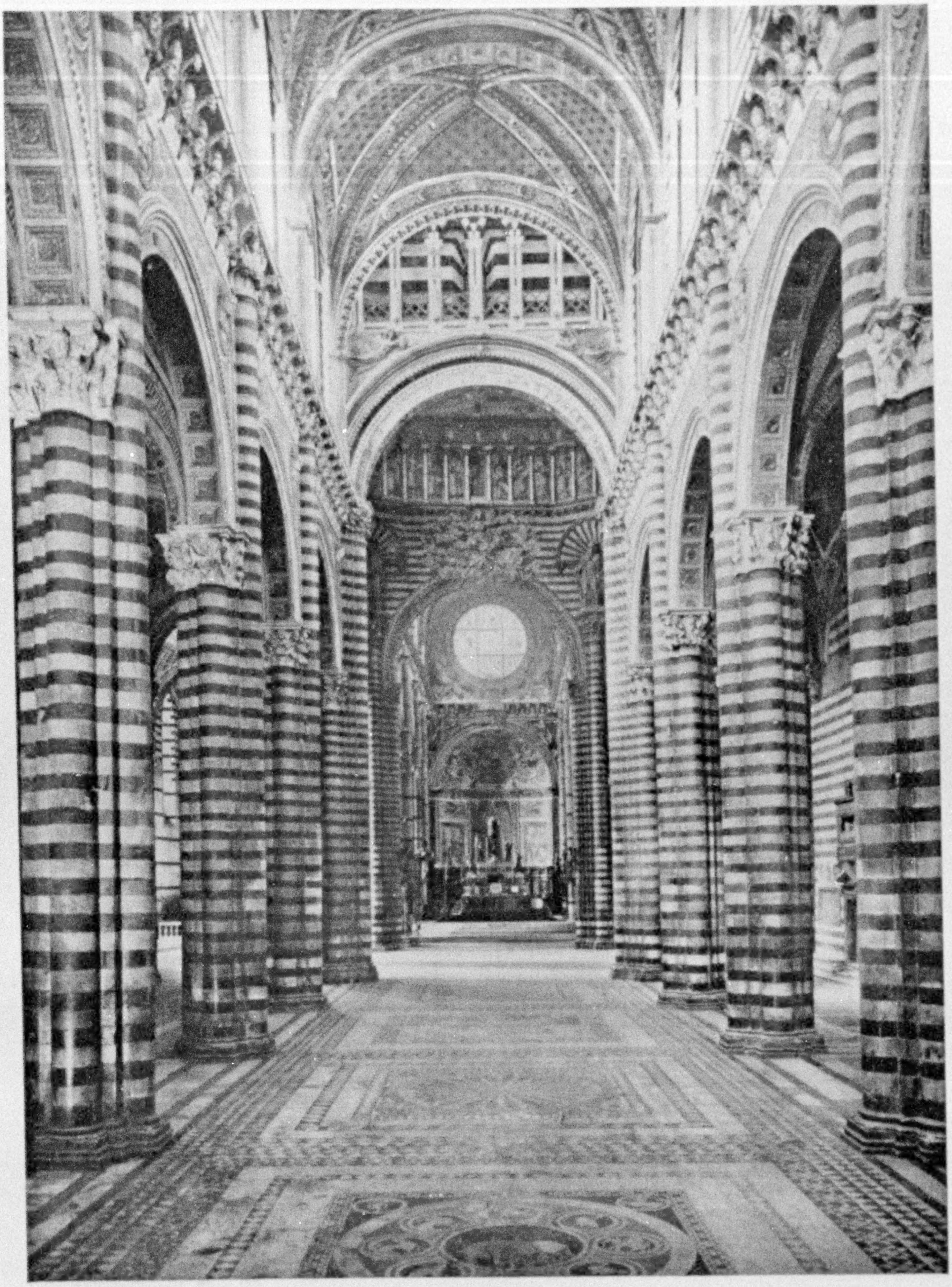


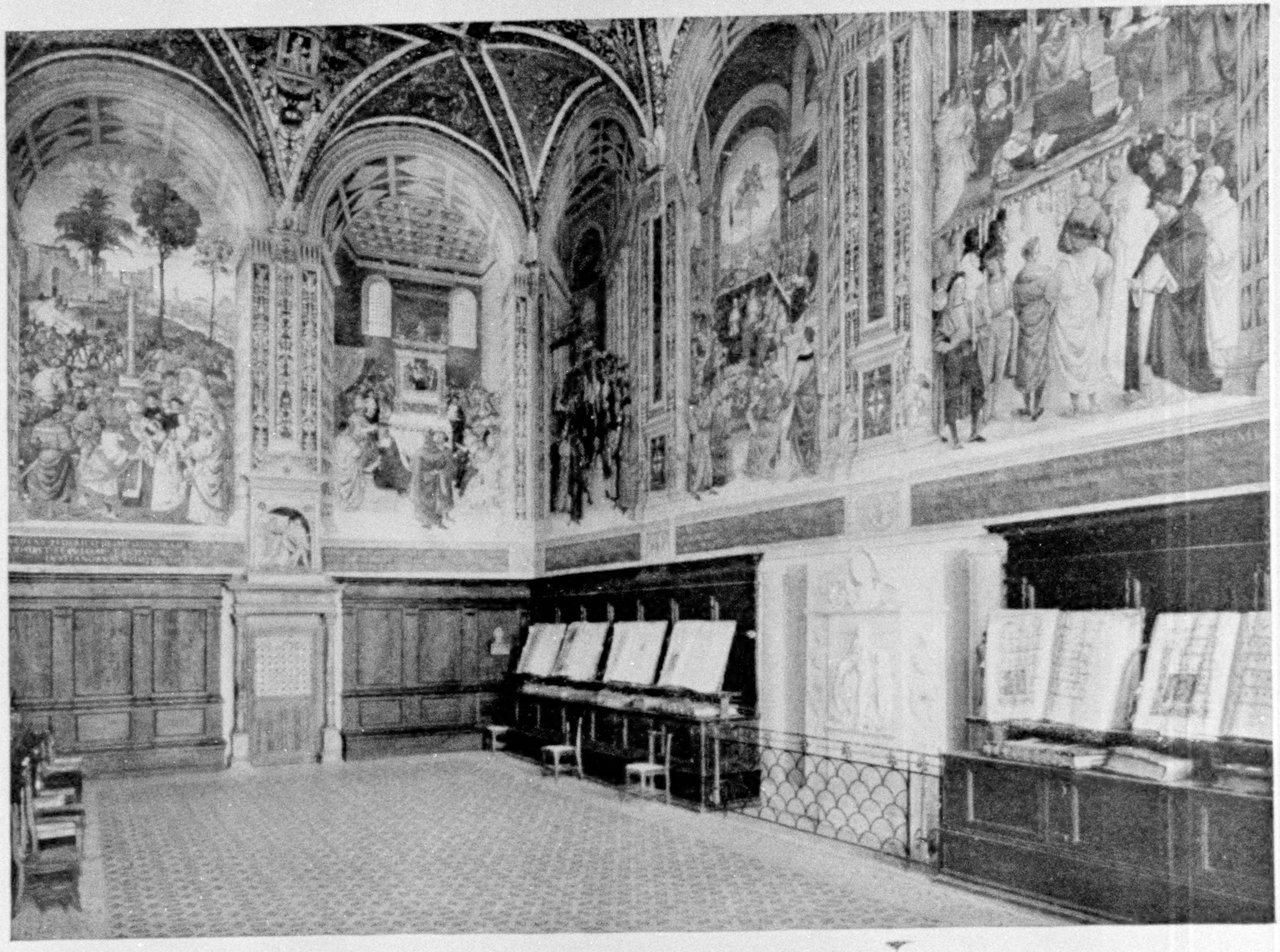
THE FACADE OF THE CATHEDRAL: SIENA

The design of this cathedral, had it been completed, would have produced one of the largest churches in the world. But the plague of 1248, wars at home and abroad, and, most of all, the native variability of the Sienese temperament, interrupted its construction so often that it finally remained "unfinished and bizarre." But "it is incongruous with genius, not with stupidity" (see text, page 339).



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SIENA

The striped effect of this interior was obtained through the employment of alternate white and black blocks of marble in the upbuilding of the supporting columns



THE LIBRARY OF THE CATHEDRAL: SIENA

This celebrated library is of the early Renaissance period and well preserved. Raphael is said to have made his first studies of the antique from a "Group of the Graces" found at Rome, and now to be seen here.

argent glory bathes the scene. Again the river awakens. Lights twinkle gaily throughout the city and gem the bridges with diamond sparklets of fire. Florence that lived and died is alive again, the city of unforgettable glories, the city of art transcendent, the city that gave so much to make life worth while today.

ON THE SLOPES BEYOND

Everywhere about Florence milk-white roads wind out through gardens along undulating slopes dotted with cypresses, up through olive groves that glisten a gray green in the sun, past white villas, where bright-eyed lizards bask on the shimmering walls.

One of the most attractive is the great Palmieri Villa, where Boccaccio and his companions are said to have fled when the Black Plague of 1348 swept Europe, and, to pass the weary hours, told those stories which took permanent shape in the Decameron. Farther out, on the slopes of Fiesole, Lorenzo the Magnificent built his favorite villa of Careggi, in whose spacious halls and gardens he gathered a court of artists and poets, magicians and sculptors.

On these same lovely green and white slopes, where Nature has so lavished her floral gifts, the peasant lads are still the same simple, unaffected children of the sun and the soil that Giotto was when Cimabue found him sketching his sheep; and the great milk-white Tuscan oxen, mild and patient, toil steadily through the powdery white dust with their primitive, lumbering carts, probably the same as the ones used in his day.

DREAMING IN THE SUNSHINE

High among the rich vines and olives of the farthest slope Etruscan Fæsulæ, or Fiesole, that gave Fra Angelico to the world, dreams in the mild sunshine. It is not much of a town today, this little settlement of straw-weavers, with its houses so tightly shuttered against both heat and cold they look like robber strongholds. But Fiesole was old and important before the shining city beside the Arno was born. Bits of its cyclopean Etruscan walls still stand, and one may sit on the grass-grown steps of the Roman amphitheater on the slope below the medieval cathedral with its stalwart campanile.

Velathri, or Volterra, of magnificent views, on a commanding, olive-clad eminence in the province of Pisa, was another great Etruscan city—one of the most powerful of the Twelve Confederated Cities of Etruria. It is medieval today, with picturesque towers and houses, and a beautiful thirteenth century cathedral and babtistery of black and white marble.

But the everlasting megalithic Etruscan walls, 40 feet high and 13 feet thick, are still largely standing along their 4½ miles of teapot-shaped circumference, their most important feature the Porta dell' Arco, an archway of dark-gray stone 20 feet high, with corbels on which are still dimly visible chiseled heads, possibly the stern gods this vanished people worshiped.

We have learned much of the life and customs of the Etruscans from their tomb-paintings and the articles that now fill the museums—we know the ladies used mirrors and curling-irons; we have seen the children's toys—but though we have found long inscriptions, no one has as yet been able to decipher more than their letters; the words still veil the story in them.

THE "FRIVOLOUS GENTRY" OF SIENA

As in the cases of Rome and Perugia, Nature provided for Siena a position that was the commanding center of all her region: a lofty tripart ridge, dividing the network of streams that flow to both north and west; but she withheld the one further thing needed—water. Not only were the near-by streams mere brooks, affording no means of communication with the surrounding country, but there was not even enough water for the city's supply.

Patiently engineers searched the hills for any trace of the precious fluid, and with remarkable skill brought the flow of every available spring into subterranean conduits that still move us to admiration by their cleverness. Once, when they found an extra drop—enough to furnish a thin stream for a new and lovely fountain—the whole city carni-

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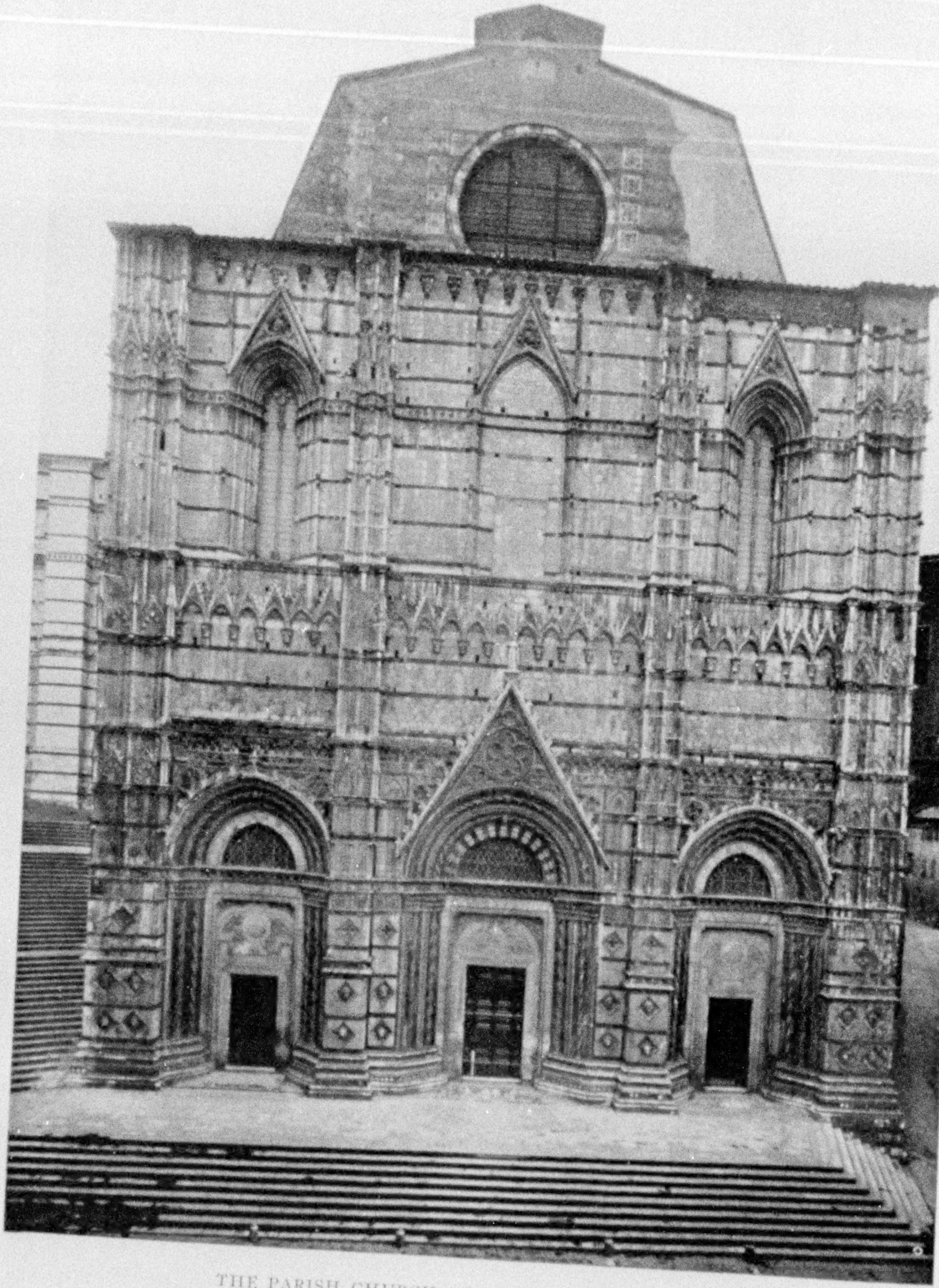
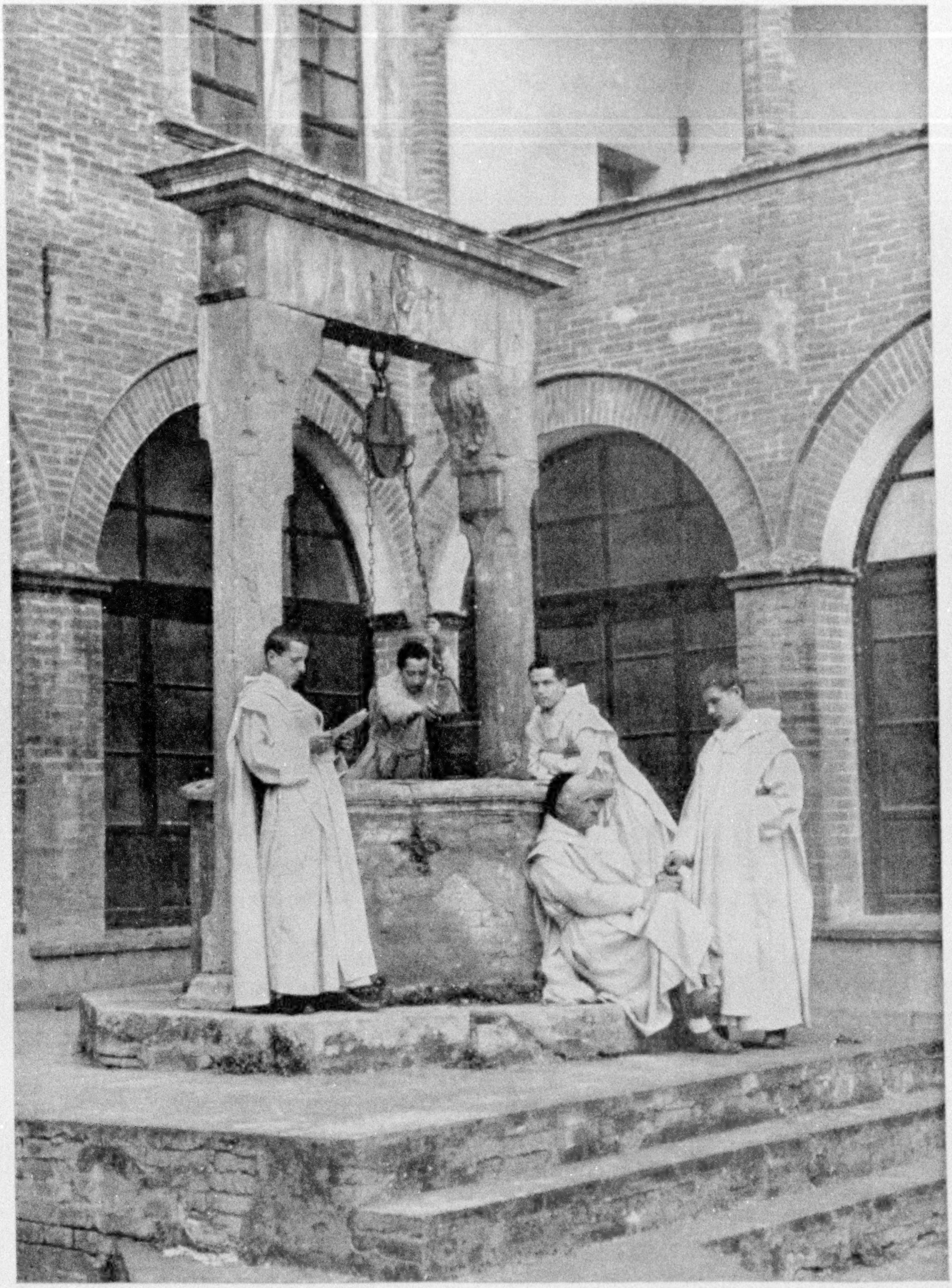


THE PARISH CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI: SIENA

Built after 1317, and formerly a baptistery forming a sort of crypt to the cathedral, San Giovanni is distinctly medieval. The unfinished Gothic façade is another monument to the instability of the Sienese. The most interesting art treasures of the interior are works of Ghiberti and Donatello.



THE WELL HEAD IN THE MONASTERY OF MONTE OLIVETO MAGGIORE: NEAR SIENA

This Benedictine monastery is one of the most famous in Italy. It was founded in 1320, and although the lands surrounding it had a sterile chalk soil, the monks converted them into a veritable oasis of fertility.

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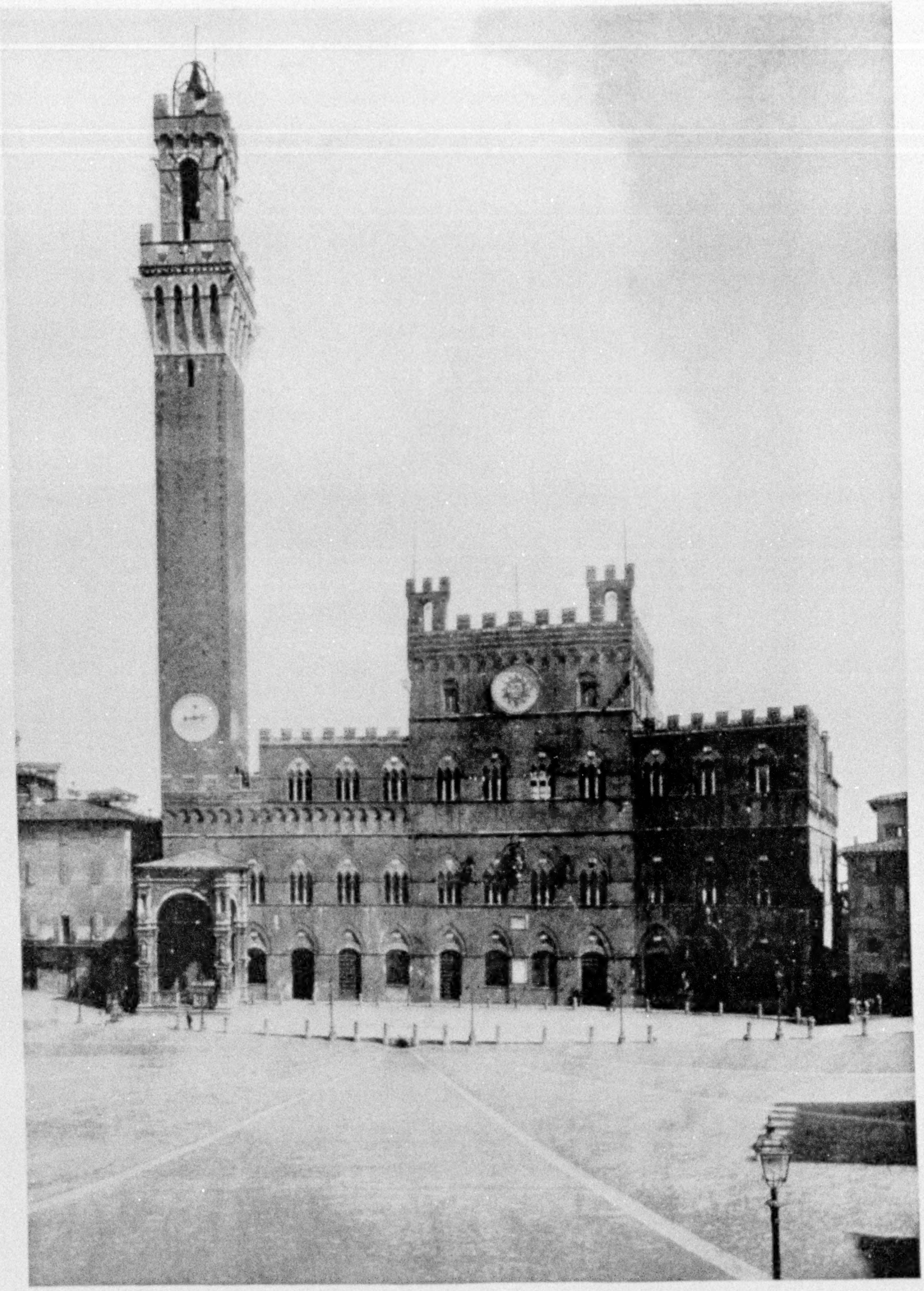

THE PALAZZO PUBBLICO: SIENA

This striking structure, built of brick and travertine, was completed in 1305, being now more than six centuries old. The tower is regarded as one of the finest in Europe. William Dean Howells says of it: "When once you have seen the Mangia, all other towers, obelisks, and columns are tame and vulgar and earth-rooted; that seems to quit the ground, to be, not a monument, but a flight."

valed for two solid weeks in joyous abandon, and named their new treasure the Fonte Caia!

It was a typical celebration of this kindly, simple, provincial folk whom Dante patronizes a little sorrowfully as "frivolous gentry." With the natural gaiety and mercurial temperament of impulsive youngsters, gaily they began, and as gaily forsook an object.

Their very cathedral, unfinished and bizarre, is one of their most characteristic records, incomplete as the men who stopped building at it when adverse circumstances damped their juvenescent enthusiasm. It is a building of contradictions and excesses, neither Romanesque nor Gothic, but of both schools, tinctured with Lombard and Pisan peculiarities; a tremendous pile of black and white marbles, mostly wrong in its fundamentals, and yet, in some intangible way despite all its shortcomings, it makes as distinct an impression as a Roman triumphal arch, for it is incongruous with genius, not with stupidity (see page 332).

Not all Siena's children merited the great Florentine's epithet; certainly neither Pope Pius II nor St. Bernardino could be accused of frivolity, and the mystic Ste. Catharine, greatest, perhaps, of them all, despite her humble origin in a dyer's family, lived a short, beautiful, tremendously effective life, and left her impress upon both her Church and her city for ages to come.

SIENA AN ART CENTER

With its many beautiful palaces and churches, loggias and fountains, Siena ranks immediately after Rome, Florence, and Venice in the importance of its art during the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. The whole city is instinct with character—a maze of fascinating streets winding and twisting about behind stout stone walls that rise and plunge down over the rough and broken hillsides. It is the Middle Ages personified, its palaces of a later date merely adding a touch of Renaissance méringue to the solid medievalism that finds its most vivid expression in the Piazza del Campo, that unique, almost semi-circular, *square* in a pocket at the juncture of Siena's three hill-spurs.

Here the hot-headed Sienese used to revel in bloody, joyous, free-for-all fights, first with staves and stones, later—because of too numerous casualties—with their bare fists. Today the citizens content themselves with a pageant and horse-races, in which for the moment the campo is gay with reminiscent glories.

Siena makes rather a pathetic figure in history. While the Florentines possessed enough imagination, initiative, and determination to accomplish whatever they set their hands to do, the Sienese, lacking their mental discipline, developed to a certain medieval standard and stopped growing. Even during the Renaissance, when all the rest of Italy was striking boldly out under the inspiration of Florence, Siena contented herself with outworn traditions and a fierce, passionate jealousy of her mighty neighbor that ended with her own eclipse; and once the Florentine supremacy was established, Siena became what she is today, merely a fine old provincial town full of glorious art and memories.

It is of interest to note that the underlying cause of all the jealousy and the bloody wars between Siena and Florence was pure commercial rivalry.

THE FIRST OF THE MARITIME REPUBLICS

The first of the north Italian States to be mistress of the seas was Pisa, a river town, then only two miles from the sea upon which she so gloriously proved her strength in the troublous days of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Her monumental buildings, though they are within the circuit of her ancient walls, stand clear of the city proper, happy in their isolation; and no one who is drawn to Pisa today by the fame of their dazzling splendors can fail to read in each and every one—cathedral, campanile, baptistery, and Campo Santo—the record of her maritime successes.

The cathedral was founded in a burst of popular enthusiasm after the great naval victory over the Saracens at Palermo, Sicily, in the eleventh century, and the Pisans brought home no less than six whole shiploads of loot—bronzes, columns, gold, and marbles and precious stones—for its decoration. Inside and out it rises in layers of black and white

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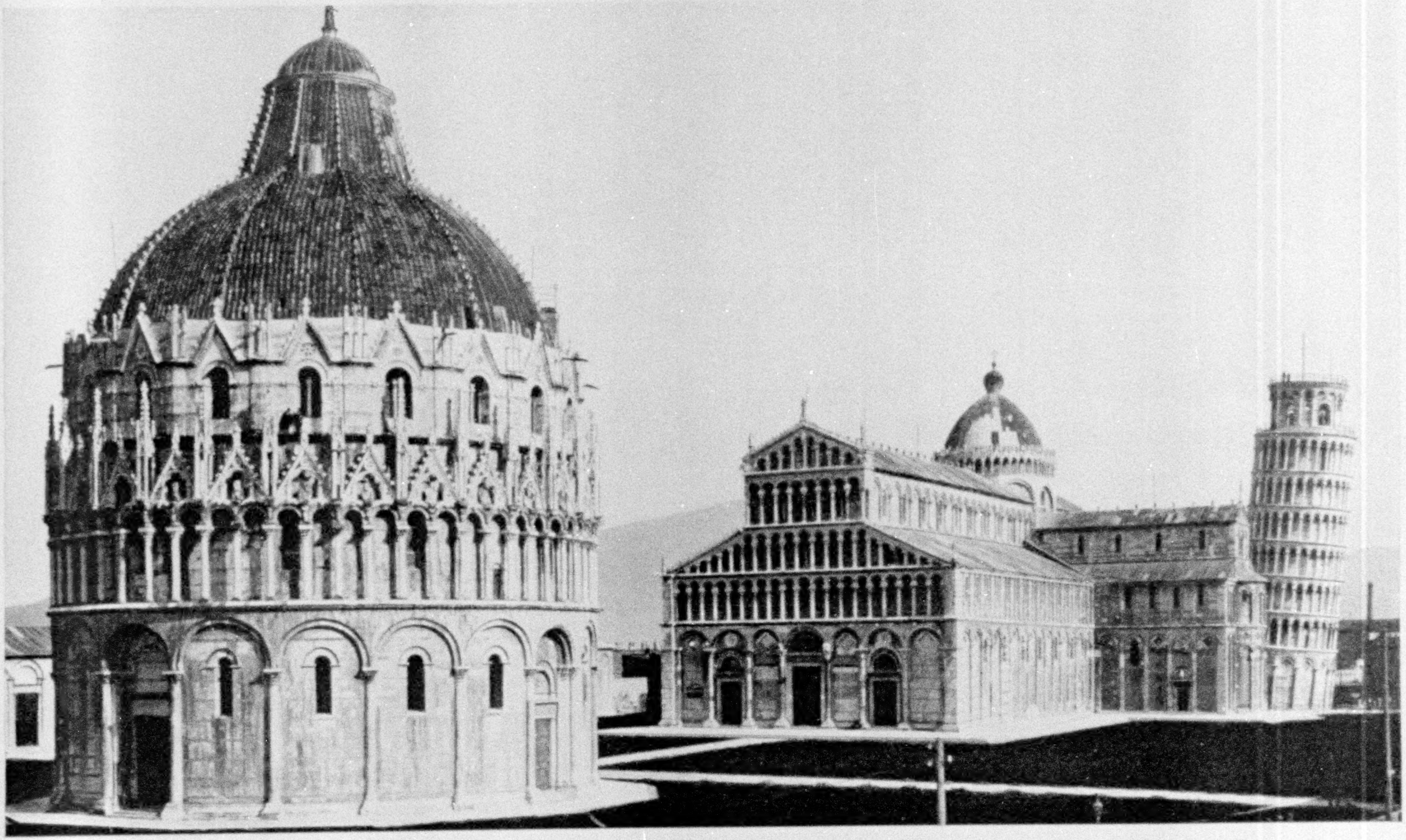
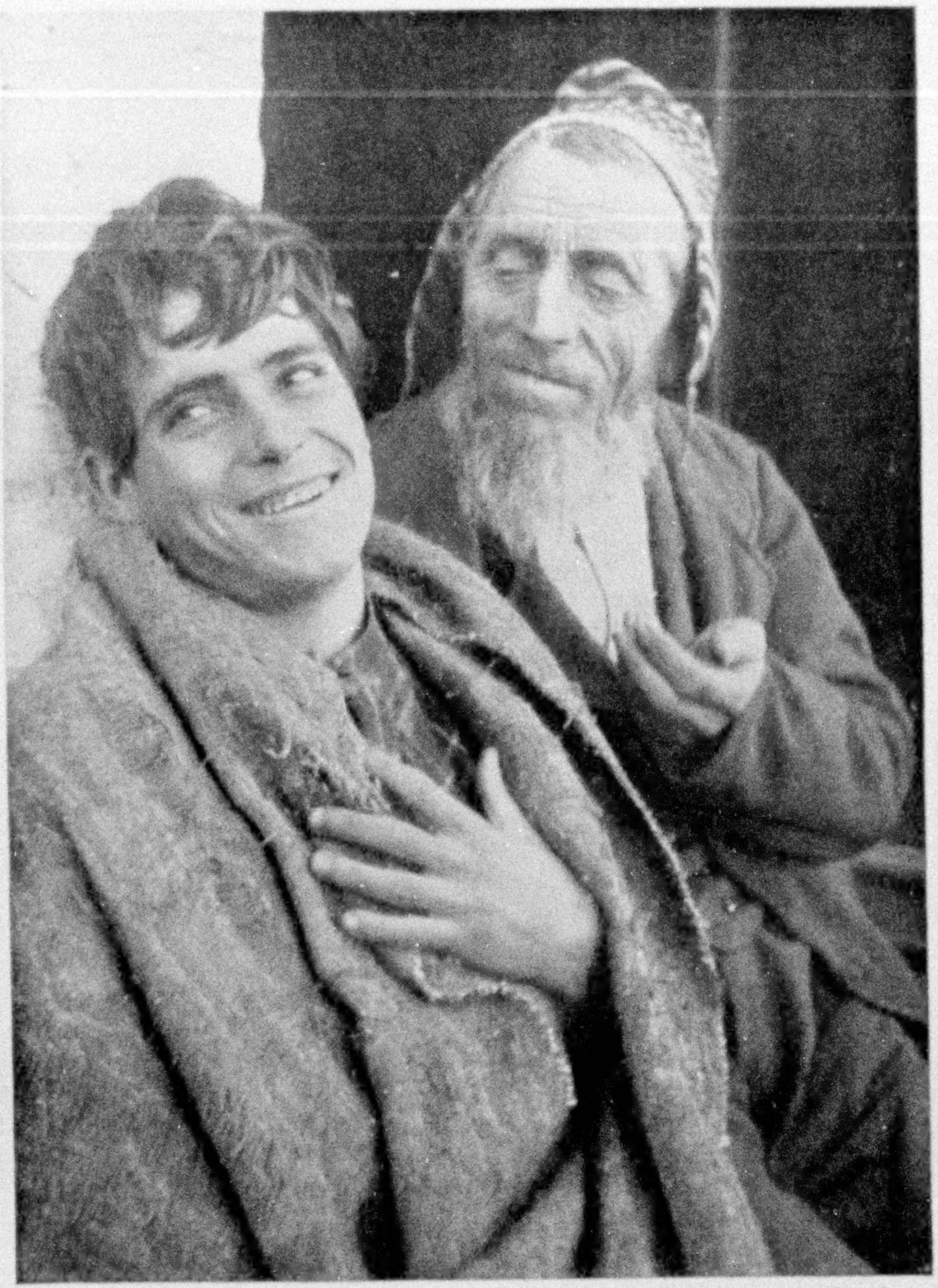


THE BAPTISTERY, CATHEDRAL, AND LEANING TOWER OF PISA

The cathedral was built in commemoration of Pisa's great naval victory in 1063. It is constructed almost entirely of white marble. The Baptistery (in the left foreground) dates from 1153. It is 100 feet in diameter. The Leaning Tower, or Round Campanile, was completed in 1350. Galileo availed himself of its oblique position in his studies of the laws of gravity. It is now generally accepted that its out-of-plumb position is the result of sinking foundations rather than of intention on the part of the architect. It is 14 feet out of the perpendicular, 8 inches of this being due to subsidence since 1800 (see page 339).

marbles; masses of rich Corinthian columns and arcades, colored mosaics and ornaments of antique pattern, diversify its wonderful façade—the crowning glory of the edifice—and from the crossing springs a huge dome that adds both dignity and height to its basilican form.

Within, swinging pendulously among the red granite columns that support the roof, is a beautiful and famous old bronze lamp, whose fame is based upon the gentle oscillations that set Galileo to thinking out the pendulum. Incidentally, this is not *the* lamp; it was an older one. Not only did the cathedral mark the naval and maritime achievements of Pisa, but it also stood for a magnificent beginning of medieval Italian architecture — a beginning and a promise which, unfortunately, were never fulfilled.



Photograph by Von Gloeden

VIRILE YOUTH AND WRINKLED AGE

The folklore stories of the peasant patriarch stir the lively sense of humor of the younger generation

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF ITALIAN GENIUS

How strange it seems to us today that the great city-republics of Italy never seem to have thought of permanent confederation, but only of conquest! When a temporary alliance was formed, as was often the case, it was invariably for the destruction or subjugation of some sister city, and dissolved as soon as its purpose was accomplished. This lack of Italian unity in politics explains perfectly the failure to develop a national style in architecture. Such a development requires the coöperation of a whole people, working together sympathetically toward a common end, as was the case in France during the development of the Gothic.

This never occurred in Italy, and so whatever great architecture we find there is the work of individual genius. But however much architecture suffered from the general disunity, exactly the opposite occurred in painting and sculpture. These are always the result of special personal ability. Accordingly, the Italians, because of their strong individuality and their political systems, which made them, as individuals, able and eager to think for themselves, rank as the foremost painters the world has ever seen.

About a century after the cathedral was begun the baptistery was founded, a

XUM

Photographs by Von Gloeden

THE BEAUTY AND STRENGTH OF ITALY

Were the United States as densely populated as Italy, we would have a billion mouths to feed, more than twice as many as the whole continent of Europe. And yet Italy keeps on growing, adding two million to the population every decade!

magnificent circular structure surrounded completely with arcades and crowned with a soaring dome of majestic proportions and height. Splendid adjunct to the cathedral as it is externally, it is the dazzling interior we can never forget, with its wonderful mosaics of colored stones and its glorious hexagonal pulpit in which Niccolà Pisano foreshadowed the Renaissance.

Most remarkable of all the superb group, however, is the exquisite, colonnaded, white marble campanile or bell-tower. It was intended to be perfectly erect, but by the time the third story had been built the foundations of the south side had subsided and the structure leaned heavily. To prevent it from falling when completed, the Pisans inclined every story above the third slightly toward the north, and the flag-pole and the heaviest bells were placed on the safe side. Yet, despite the correction in its inclination, it leaned 14 feet out of plumb a few years ago, and because of further subsidence of the foundation grave fears are felt for its safety (see page 340).

PISA OF TODAY

Alongside the cathedral, to the north, is the Campo Santo, or cemetery, every inch of whose sepulchral soil is holy ground, brought from the Holy Land. Its cloisters are now a museum decorated with the trophies of antiquity and research, the walls covered with remarkable frescoes.

The city offers little of its once picturesque fame as a town without houses, but full of mighty defensive towers. Most of them have lost their heads, but some remain to hint of the desperate internecine struggles that raged betimes in the dark and airless streets. The old battlemented walls that hemmed them in still stand, lofty and scarred and patched.

Outside the rich plain waves with whispering grain and vines, and is odorous with the aromatic, balsamy breath of the pine forests that reach down toward the sea, whose ungentle winds have tortured the ancient trees into uncouth gnomes. Near by, about the royal domain of San Rossore, the fields and roads are picturesquely dotted with camels—the only herds in Italy—and the royal race horses.

It is impossible to express in a few words the charm of northern Tuscany, with its wealth of walled towns, its medieval architecture, its luxurious and stately villas and gardens, and the fresh, clean, joyous greenery of the countryside. In such a setting as this the thorny outcrop of factory chimneys would move a Ruskin to cry "Detestable!" The chimneys are detestable, as landscape, but the industries of which they are the symbol are the life of the region.

AMERICA IN ITALY

No less surprising is the fluent Americanese that everywhere greets the ear, tripping gaily from the tongues of countless *americani*, as those Italians who have been to either of our continents are jocularly called by those who have not. Incidentally, many of the chimneys are the property of those repatriated *americani*.

In every town that amounts to anything at all the neat factory girls and men give the morning and the evening a distinctly American sense of rush and scurry—in sharp contrast to their leisurely neighbors—as they obey the big whistles that cut through the melodious appeal of the bells with their imperious summons: "Come! Plunge into my noise of loom and machine, my roar of furnace and grinding of gears, my smoky plumes that are the aura of gold. Forget your *dolce far niente* of the past. Look to the future. Work — hurry — make progress or die. Be independent—and happy!"

THE BIRTHPLACE OF RAPHAEL

To the east of Tuscany is the province of The Marches, high and rugged ground with a narrow strip of coast along the Adriatic furrowed by little river valleys. Its one large seaport, Ancona, is magnificently situated on the slopes of Monte Conero, with its citadel on a peak to the south, the cathedral on a similar height to the north. Between spreads the busy town, fringed by its harbor full of shipping. Hundreds of vessels of all the flags afloat discharge great merchandise of coal and timber, jute and metals, and take in exchange the black and smelly asphalt and the white and odorless calcium carbide.

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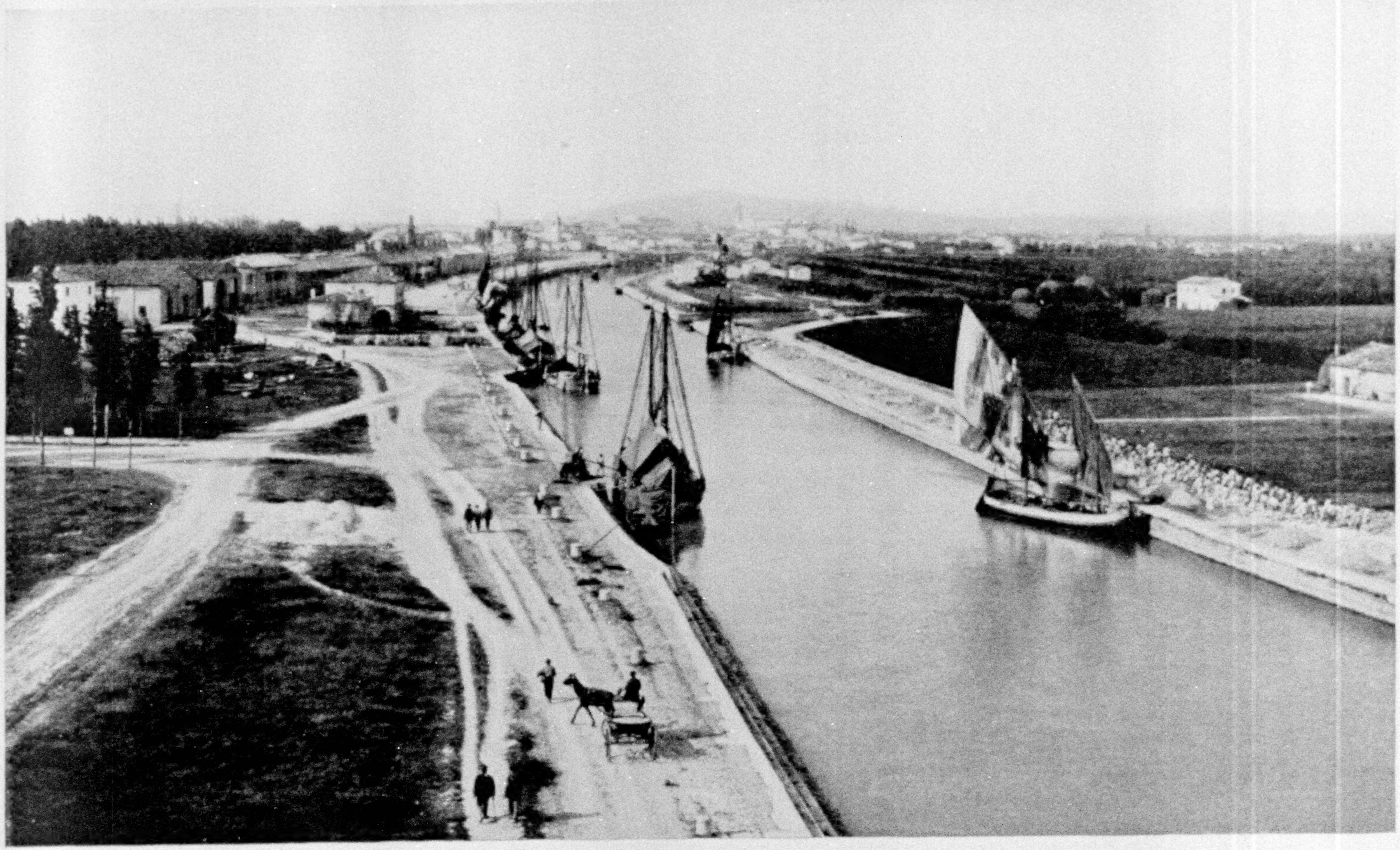


A VIEW OF RIMINI, SHOWING ONE OF NORTHERN ITALY'S IMPORTANT CANALS

Northern Italy has many canals connecting its rivers, thus giving that section of the country some two thousand miles of navigable inland waterways, with correspondingly low transportation rates and superior military advantages in war times

The town is full of dark, narrow, crooked, very medieval-looking streets—just the ideal place to stimulate the imagination and fire the talents of its greatest son, Raphael, the greatest painter who ever set brush to canvas.

Not far away, on the Adriatic, is the birthplace of the composer Rossini, the town of Pesaro; and then, farther alongshore, between two brawling streams, Rimini the beautiful and historic, terminus of the Roman Via Flaminia. Here, too, the Via Æmilia starts to the northwest. The pedestal commemorating Cæsar's passage of the near-by Rubicon, the great and elegant triumphal arch of Augustus, and his superb, five-arched bridge over the Marecchia—one of the noblest works of its class in the Roman world—still remain to give us the flavor of the brilliant and constructive Roman era.

RIMINI'S ARCHITECTURAL GEM

But Rimini's grip upon the imagination is due to a love story that came much later, as the beautiful Church of San Francesco so eloquently testifies. It is an astonishing little gem of an unfinished Renaissance temple, built in the middle of the fifteenth century around a Gothic church two centuries older, by the tyrant Sigismondo Malatesta, a great prince, a great patron of the arts and letters—himself no mean poet—a great warrior, and a man of wild passions who loved fiercely and often.

His church was built ostensibly as a thank offering for his safety during a dangerous campaign, but it actually celebrates his mad love for the beautiful Isotta degli Atti. The architect gave expression to his patron's passion by various ingenious and effective devices: the ceaseless repetition of the initial monogram *I S*, the arms of the pair—an elephant and a rose—and the figure of the archangel upon the altar—a portrait of the lovely Isotta. Six years after the strangling of his second wife, Sigismondo leisurely made Isotta his new consort.

The story of Francesa da Rimini, one of the tragedies of the ill-starred house, so many of whose members perished by violence, was immortalized by Dante in his *Inferno*.

RAVENNA OF THE BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE

Originally "a city in the sea," like Venice, and well-nigh impregnable, Ravenna stands today in a marshy plain six miles away from the coastline. Once a mighty capital, the city also maintained a commanding position in art and letters during the Middle Ages. According to Professor Ricci, Italian Director General of Fine Arts, "the most beautiful, the most complete, and the least impaired monuments of so-called Byzantine art are preserved" here.

Mosaics might be called Ravenna's distinguishing feature. In one of the city's earliest and most interesting buildings, the fifth century tomb of the Empress Galla Placidia, they stand sharply out from a wonderfully blue background. They are still more beautiful in the cathedral's baptistery of the Orthodox, and full of a clearly Roman spirit of stateliness and unaffected simplicity, while in the handsome octagonal Church of San Vitale they glow with a superbly rich and gorgeous coloring, especially of the costumes.

Church after church is adorned with them, and with exquisitely translucent alabaster—behind which lamps were set—rare cipollino columns, and panels, statues, and screens of other precious marbles.

Ravenna itself has been stripped of much of its beauty and importance by the withdrawal of the sea, but none of its significance, for its grand and stately buildings link the Roman and Byzantine styles of architecture perfectly and give the art-lover of the present both inspiration and delight.

A ROAD 2,100 YEARS IN USE

Exactly 2,103 years ago Marcus Æmilius Lepidus assured his fame forever by building the long, broad, straight road from Rimini through the cities that are now called Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Parma, and Piacenza. The road was named for him, and it still traverses the district of Æmilia, a favored region of natural fertility of land and intelligence

WHERE THE CONCORD OF SWEET SOUND IS A RELIGION

When Music was young, her abode, according to the poet, was Greece; but long since she was lured by golden-throated sopranos and soulful tenors to the more congenial clime of Sunny Italy, where every street urchin is an embryo opera star. Perhaps some inglorious—but not mute—Verdi or Puccini, Tetrazzini and Trentini, may here be pictured, lifting their voices in joyous song to the accompaniment of the idolized accordion.

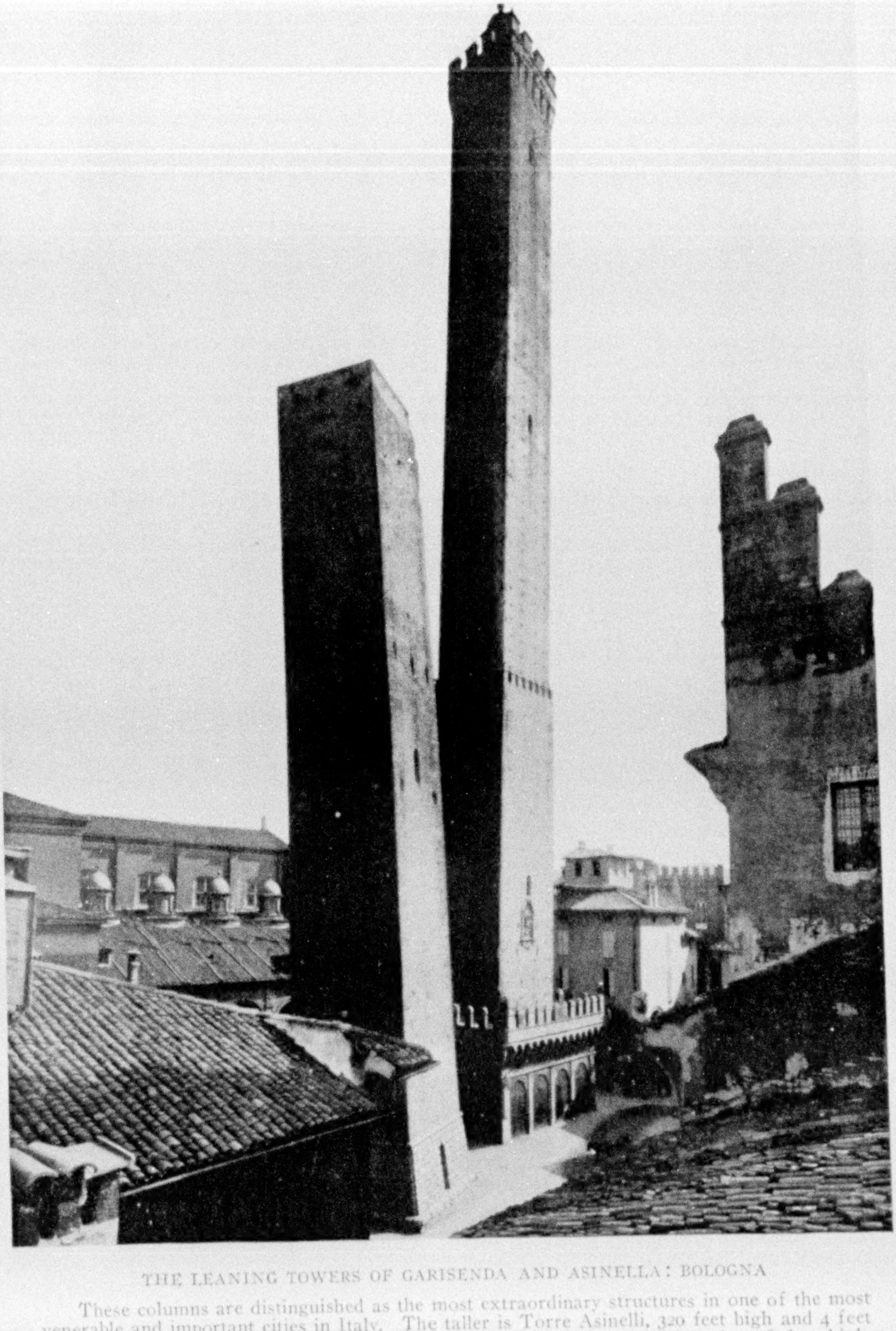
of inhabitants. Perhaps its prosperity may be assigned as much to the tide of life and commerce that flowed along the Roman road—its work is largely done today by the railroad that parallels it—as to its natural resources; but whatever the basis, the fact remains that Æmilia is full of cities of artistic, social, and manufacturing importance, rich in painting, architecture, and sculpture, and gifted in innumerable other ways; for, unlike some other provinces, Æmilia has never concentrated all its abilities in the greatest towns, but diffuses its energies so that all centers, of whatever degree, have an interest and importance that is almost unique.

Bologna, as important a railway center today as it once was a halt on the Roman roads, is a remarkable and interesting town. The old Roman section, of which nothing remains above ground, is the heart of the city, easily recognized because its streets run at right angles and all form a big rectangle.

Neither sun nor rain nor snow, nor even wind, bothers one much in Bologna, for many of the streets—most, in fact—are beautifully arcaded, and one may go, untouched by varying weather, under the shady overhangs of shop and palace, mansion and public edifice, as they make aisles beside the nave of the sky-roofed highways. The big, solid piers shadow the pave like a modern awning-stripe gown, and the pleasant afternoon and evening life of the Bolognesi, gossiping and taking their refreshments at little tables in these endless galleries, is very delightful.

The arcades originated as snow-sheds to shelter the houses from the blizzards that sweep down from the northern slopes. Many of them are very beautiful Renaissance structures, with elaborately carved capitals.

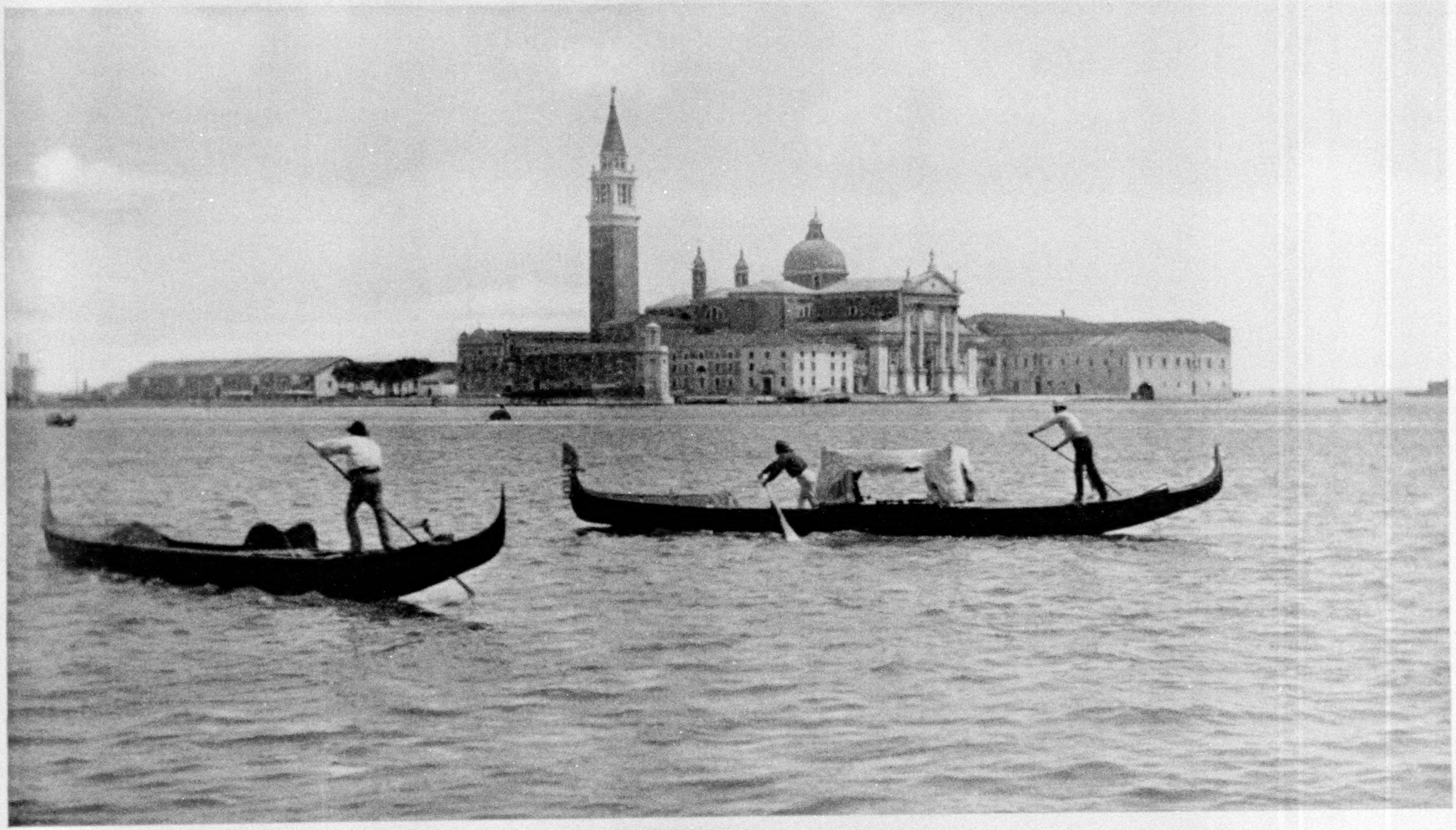
The queerest things in town are the two square brick leaning towers, Garisenda and Asinelli—intoxicated obelisks, one complete, the other unfinished. They



THE LEANING TOWERS OF GARISENDA AND ASINELLA: BOLOGNA

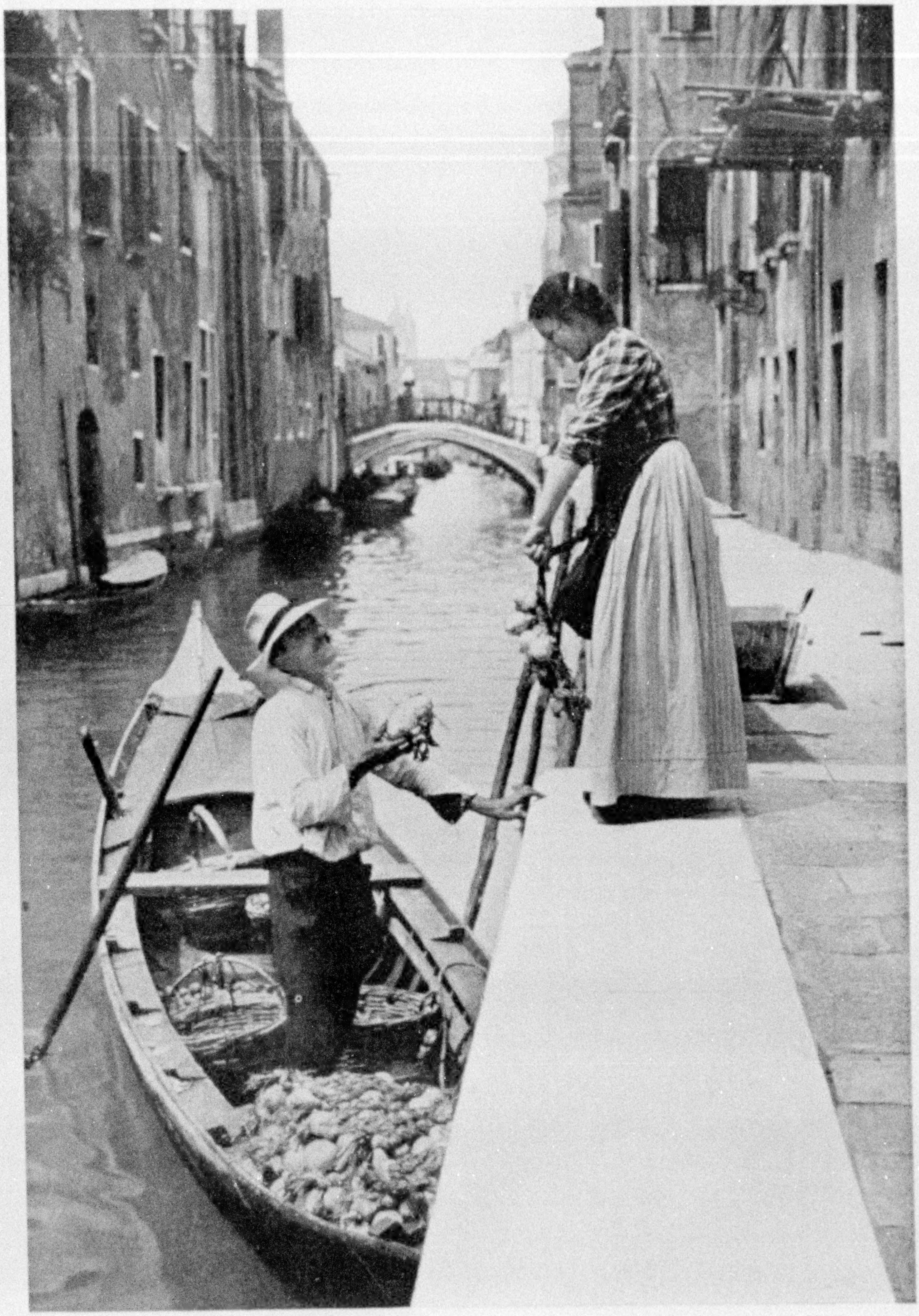
These columns are distinguished as the most extraordinary structures in one of the most venerable and important cities in Italy. The taller is Torre Asinelli, 320 feet high and 4 feet out of the perpendicular; Torre Garisenda was never completed and is only 156 feet high, but 8 feet out of the perpendicular. There is something unnatural and sinister in their appearance, quite different from the effect of the leaning tower of Pisa. Dante in the "Inferno" compared a giant bending toward him to Torre Garisenda in a cloud (see page 346).

XUM



THE CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE: VENICE

This is the view of San Giorgio Maggiore from the Piazzetta. The prospect of Venice from the Campanile of San Giorgio Maggiore is unexcelled even by that from the Campanile of San Marco. One here recalls the splendid ceremony of long ago by which Venice each year became the "bride of the sea," when the Doge solemnly cast a ring of gold into the waves as an emblem of the city's rightful and perpetual dominion over them.



Photograph by E. M. Newman

A MODERN MERCHANT OF VENICE

Most people would be less successful than this housewife in resisting the salesmanship of a grocer who comes gliding to the door in a noiseless, graceful gondola, and who is master of an endless variety of soft Italian importunities.

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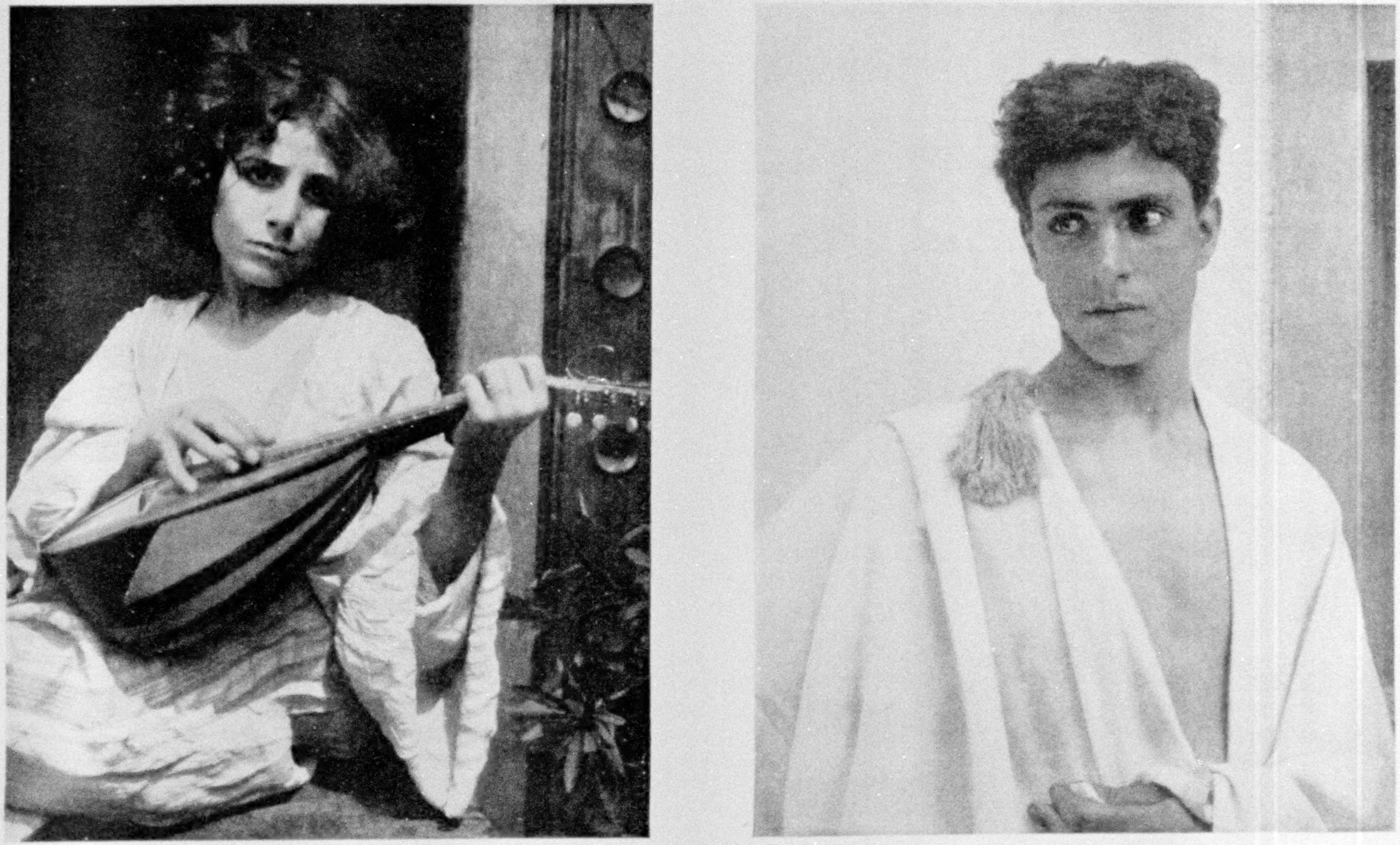
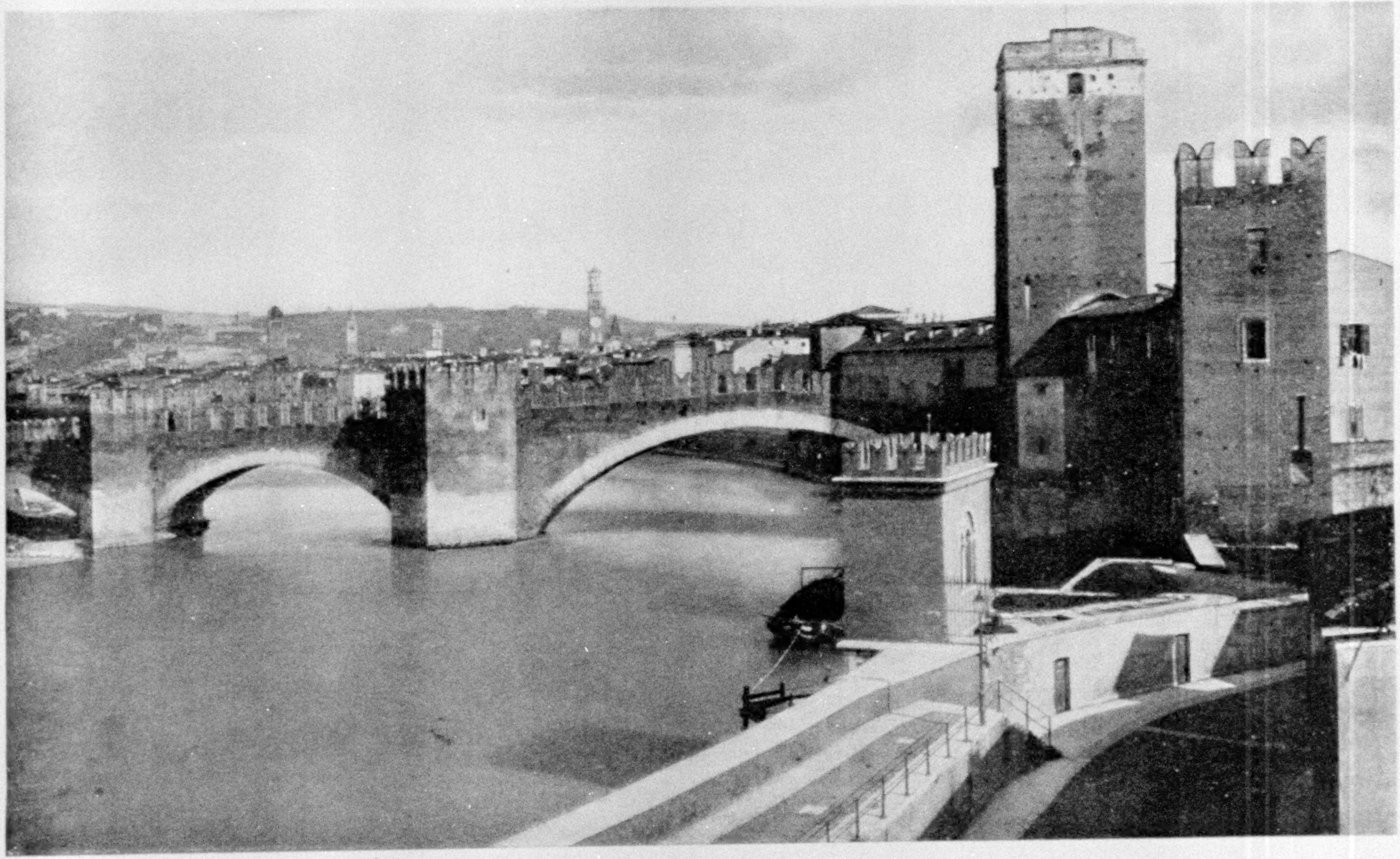


Photographs by Von Gloeden

DESCENDANTS OF A NOBLE, CIVILIZATION-BUILDING RACE, WHO STILL SHOW TRACES OF THE DIVINE FIRE



THE BRIDGE FROM CASTEL VECCHIO: VERONA

A slight impression of the embankment works along the Adige, which now preclude any possibility of another such disastrous flood as that of 1882, can be gained from this picture. The imposing, battlemented bridge is the most picturesque of those which cross this river.

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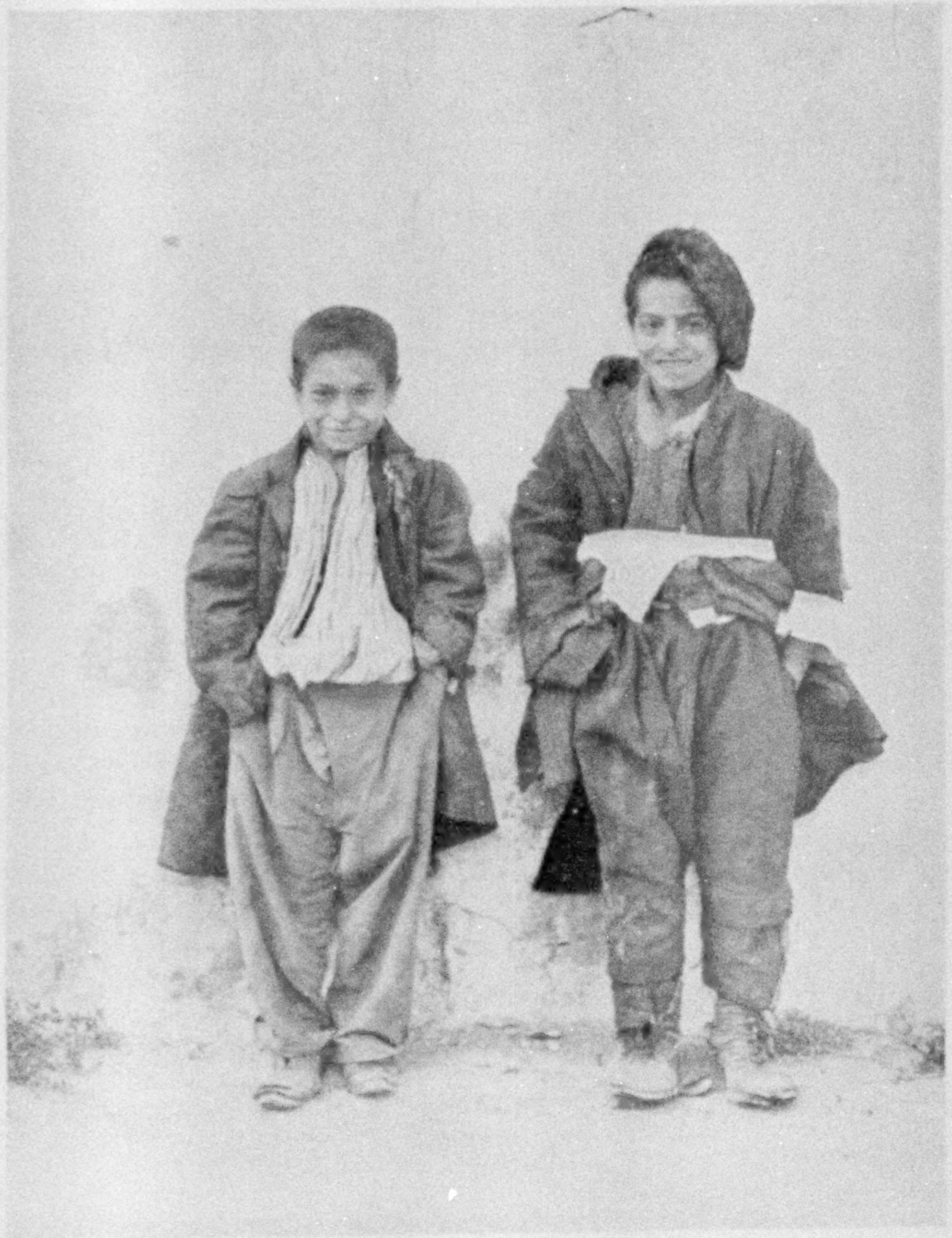
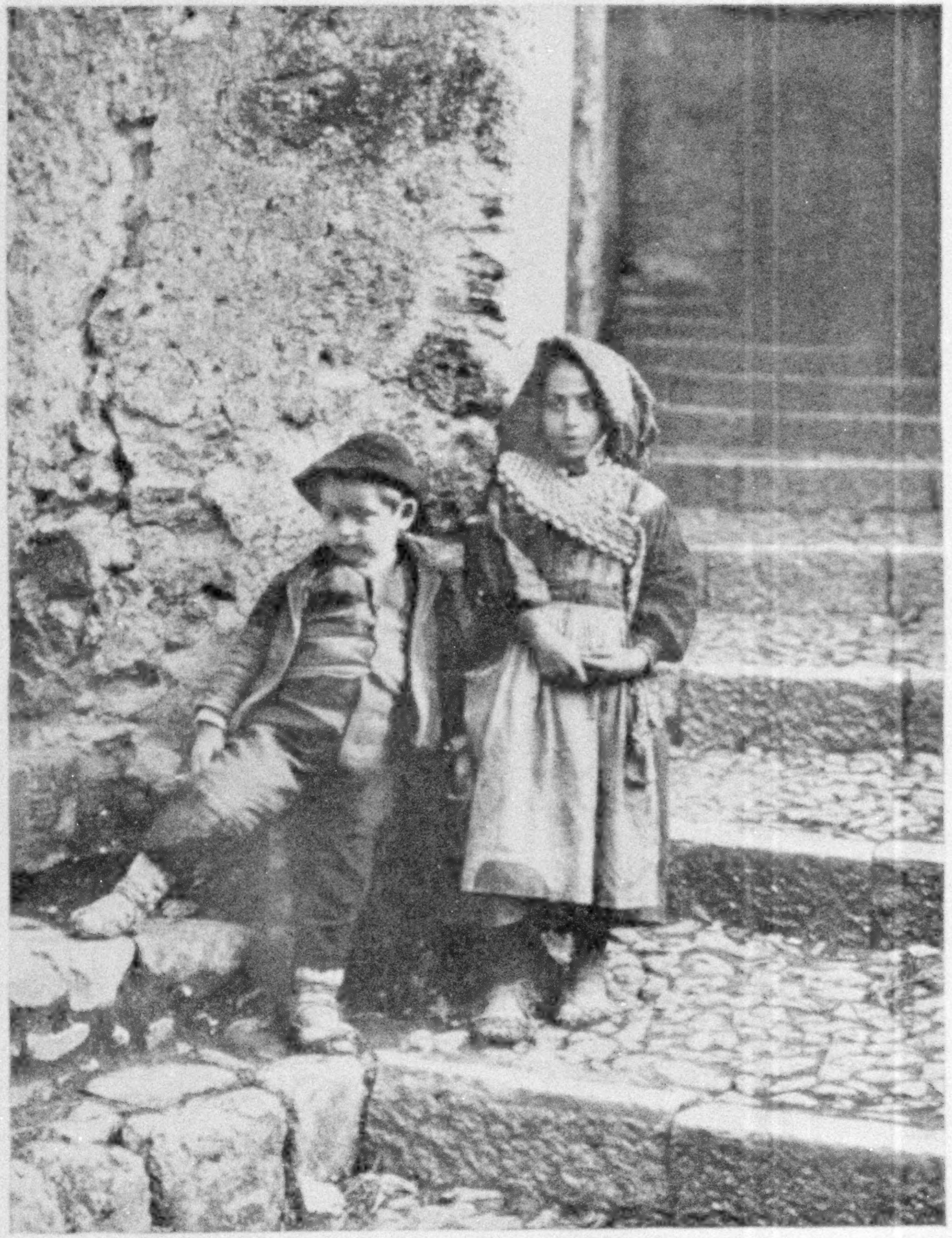


QUITE CHEERFULLY POSED FOR THEIR PICTURES

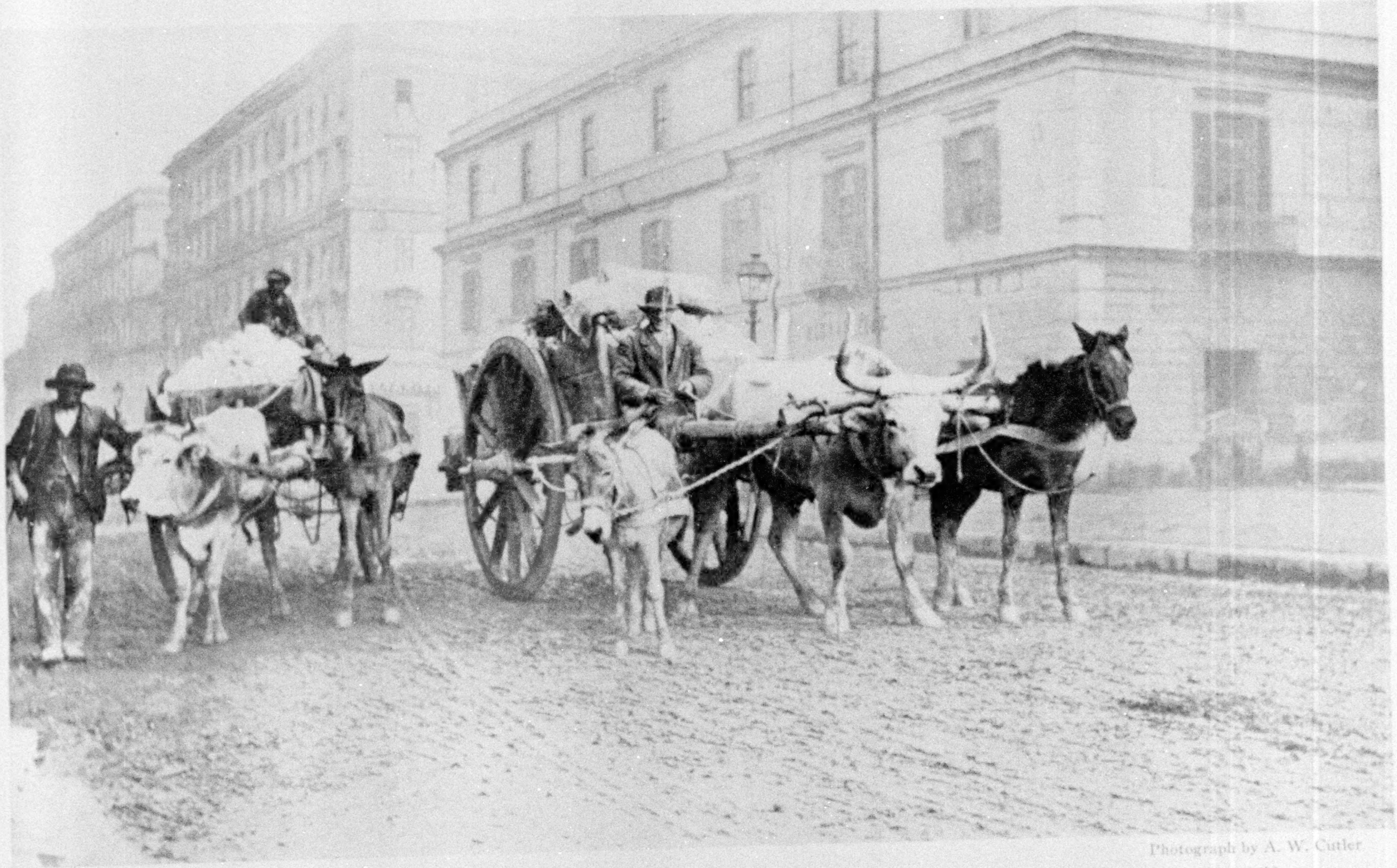
Note that the boy on the right wears two pairs of trousers. Some of us have known the time when we had only one pair.



Photographs by A. W. Cutler

A STREET CORNER IN SOUTHERN ITALY

Boys and men wear a soft, round black hat; women and little girls, a small shawl folded into a square



Photograph by A. W. Cutler

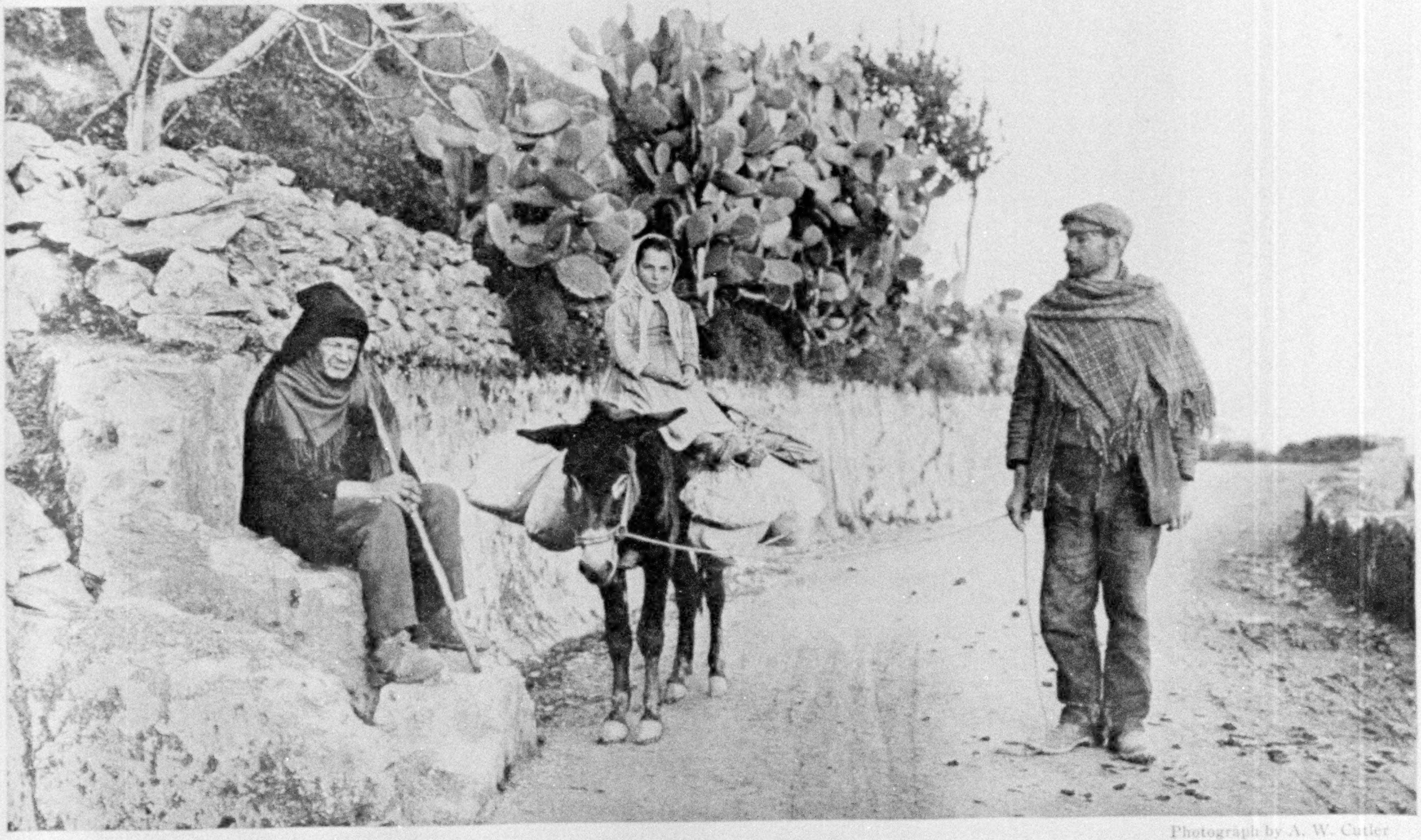
THIS PICTURE PROVES THAT BIRDS OF A FEATHER DO NOT ALWAYS FLOCK TOGETHER: A STREET SCENE IN NAPLES

XUM

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

ALONG A MOUNTAIN PATH NEAR MOLA, MT. ETNA IN THE DISTANCE: SICILY

With much of its territory rough and mountainous, Sicily yet must afford a living for three and three-quarter millions of people. What wonder that poverty is general, and that hundreds of thousands of Sicilians have come to America and find even its slums a paradise of plenty as compared with conditions at home!



Photograph by A. W. Cutler

PEASANTS OF THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF CASALVECCHIO: SICILY

The shawls worn by the men around their shoulders are typical of the peasants' dress throughout the winter. To such folk as these a dollar a month for pleasures would be supreme luxury.

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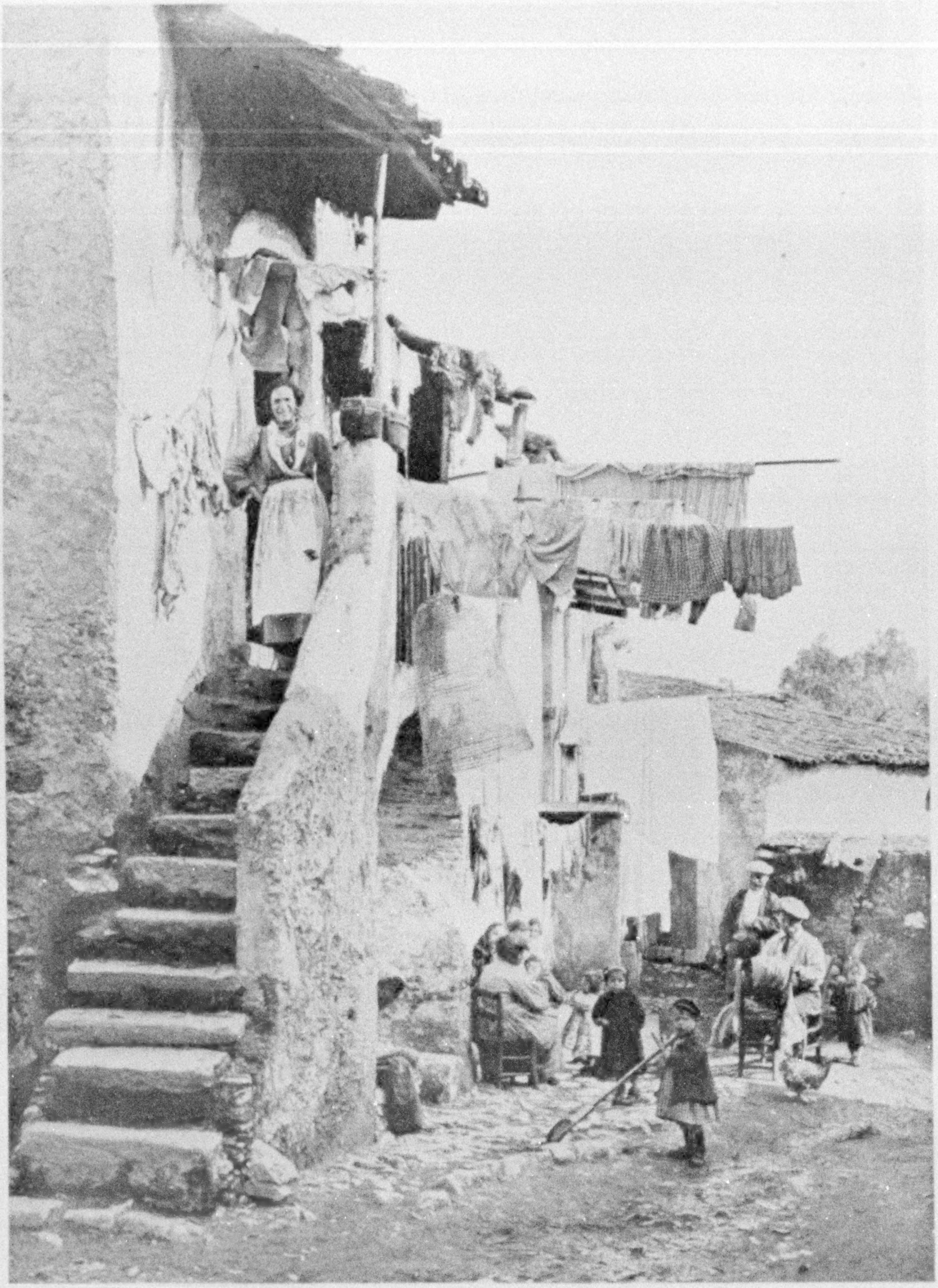
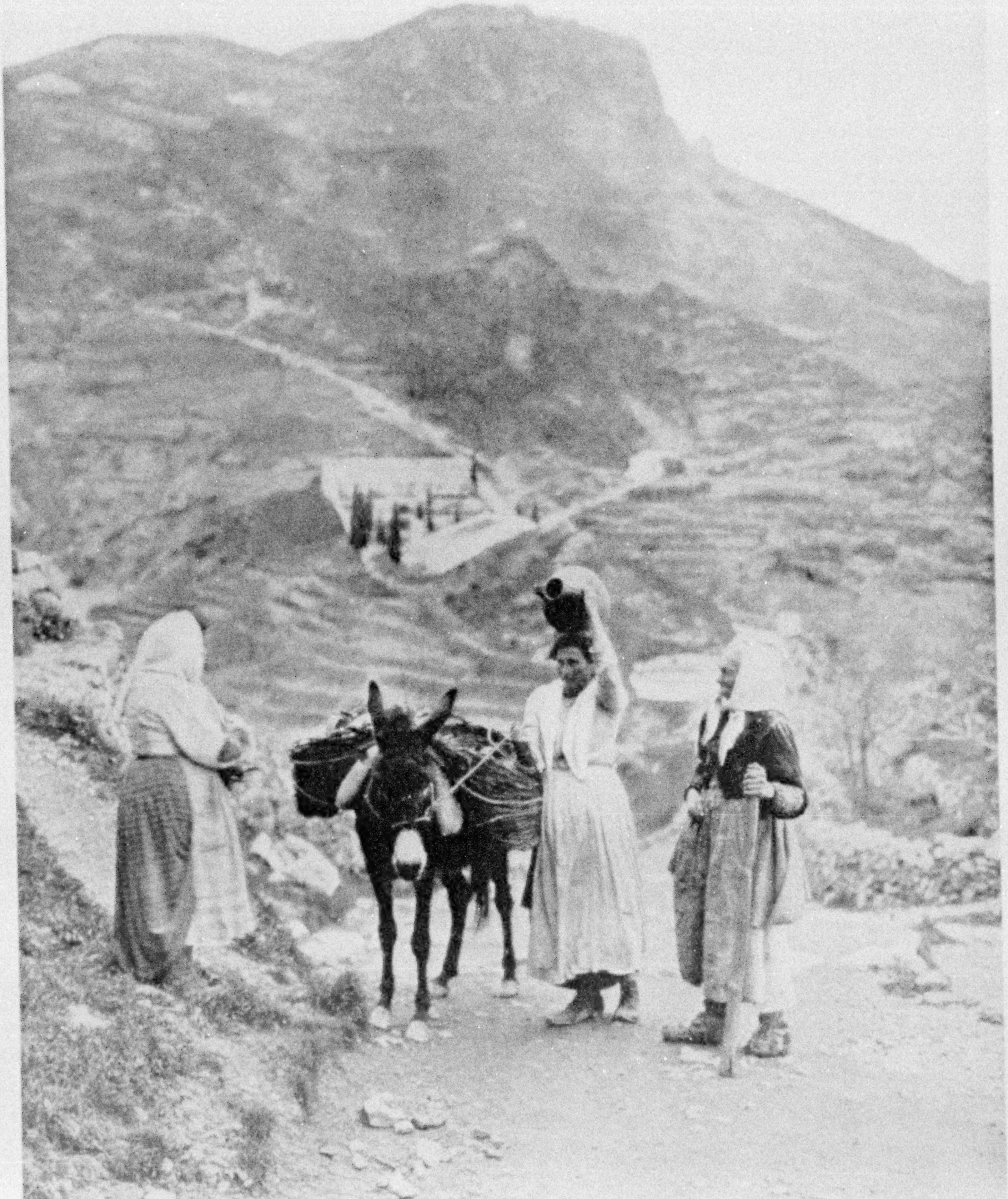


Photograph by A. W. Cutler

A FISHERMAN'S HOME: TAORMINA, SICILY

Note the fish-trap slung over the balcony and the washing suspended from horizontal sticks. The fisherman may be seen below mending his nets, while his wife, at the top of the steps, smiles approval at the operations of the camera man.



Photograph by A. W. Cutler

SICILIAN MOUNTAIN PEASANTS

The jars in the panniers of the donkey contain water. All water has to be brought in this way to these mountain villages. Note the elephant-like feet of the old lady on the right. She is wearing goatskin shoes, tied about with thongs of leather.

XUM

would not look so queer if they both leaned at the same angle; but Torre Asinelli, 320 feet high, leans four feet out of plumb, while its unfinished companion, only half so high, swings out 8. At one time there were more than 200 towers of this freakish, fortified-home class in Bologna (see page 347).

In contrast with these highly imaginative products, the tall, graceful, exquisitely proportioned campanile of San Francesco, one of the finest and most beautiful in Italy, covered with a delicate network of decoration in terra-cotta, seems all the more lovely.

FERRARA'S PALACES

Peaceful Ferrara may justly claim to be the first modern city in Europe. It was the court and home of the great Estè family during the Renaissance, and Hercules I, with a foresight and spirit remarkable in even that period of awakening and enlightenment, transformed his cramped and crowded capital by plowing it through with broad, straight streets that let the air and sunshine in, and gave the people—they probably grumbled bitterly at the change—room and health. The most striking feature of the city architecturally is the great, square, moated, heavily battlemented brick castle of the Estè, defended by a massive tower at each corner, on top of which some genius in 1554 clapped absurd little square, two-storied cupolas like bird-cages.

Not far away is the hospital where the poet Tasso was confined seven years while out of his mind—and also out of favor. Another famous character in Ferrara's story is Savonarola, born here in 1452.

THE RIVER PO

Three miles north of Ferrara the country is ridged with the levees or embankments that control the Po, which here marks the boundary between Æmilia and Venetia. The river is 417 miles long, navigable for 337 miles for light-draft vessels, and practically all of northern Italy is included in its tremendous basin. The great dikes hem it in on both sides from Cremona to the delta, more than 300 miles. A Paleolithic race who dwelt in the swampy lowlands beside the stream, in houses reared on stilts, were the first dike-builders. This construction continued, until at the present time in several places along its lower reaches the river-bed, through silting up, is actually above the level of the surrounding country. The Po is also the main artery of an interesting and complicated system of canals which connect it with some of its own tributaries, which are connected in turn with one another by other canals, all of which carry off water for irrigation purposes.

THE BEGINNINGS OF VENICE

We have already seen something of the splendor of Pisa as mistress of the seas, but her power could not last forever. Genoa, growing fast, sprang at her throat in the battle of Meloria in 1284, and the Pisan rule was over, so far as the seas were concerned. *La Superba*, Genoa called herself. Her flag swept its way into port after port, until the whole Levant knew its ominous beacon. Genoa's progress, however, was far from smooth sailing. Across the Italian peninsula an active and increasingly powerful rival was scouring the Adriatic; and if Genoa could call herself The Superb, Venice was growing into a city-kingdom which merited the title of The Magnificent. Within a century after the maritime supremacy had been wrested from Pisa by Genoa it was unwillingly passed on to Venice.

From her very beginnings Venice prospered beyond all proportion to her size; and before the end of the fifteenth century was more than shadowed she owned city after city to the west, vast colonial empire by sea, held undisputed control of the waters, and was the focus of the whole world's trade, with a population of nearly a quarter million.*

EUGENIC SILKWORMS

Not another province of Italy can show so many and such diversified and profitable features as Lombardy. It is at once an agricultural and a manufacturing region, the focal point of the peninsular railway system into other countries, the

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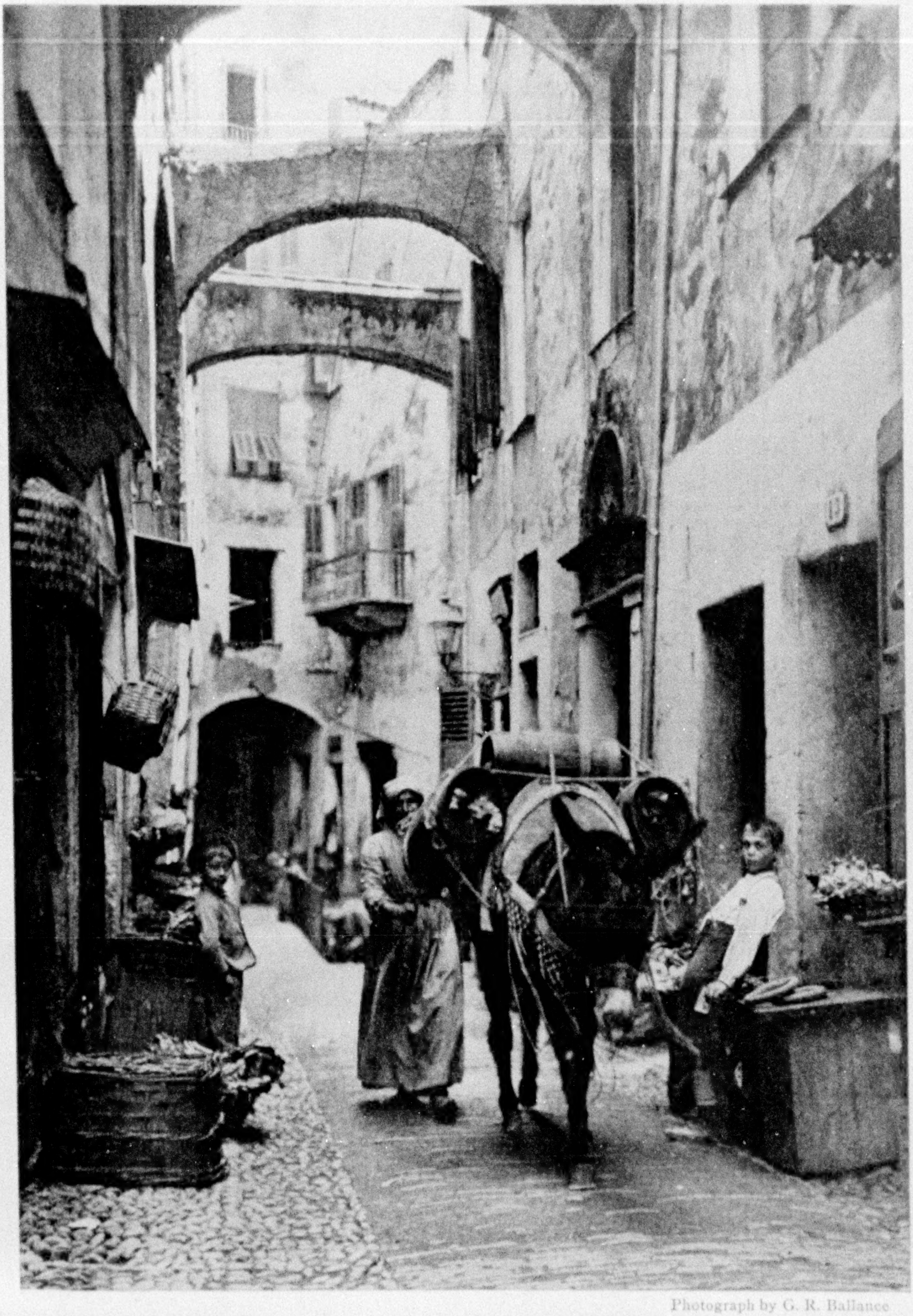
*See "Venice," by Karl Stieler, with 45 illustrations, in the June, 1915, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.



Photograph by G. R. Ballance

A STREET IN SAN REMO

San Remo is a favored spot as to climate and has long been a health resort. However, among the twisted, narrow lanes and gloomy, moldering walls of the older, crowded sections of the town such matters as sanitation and fresh air will always be regarded with the lofty indifference that the two dirty youngsters in the picture no doubt feel for them (see page 368).

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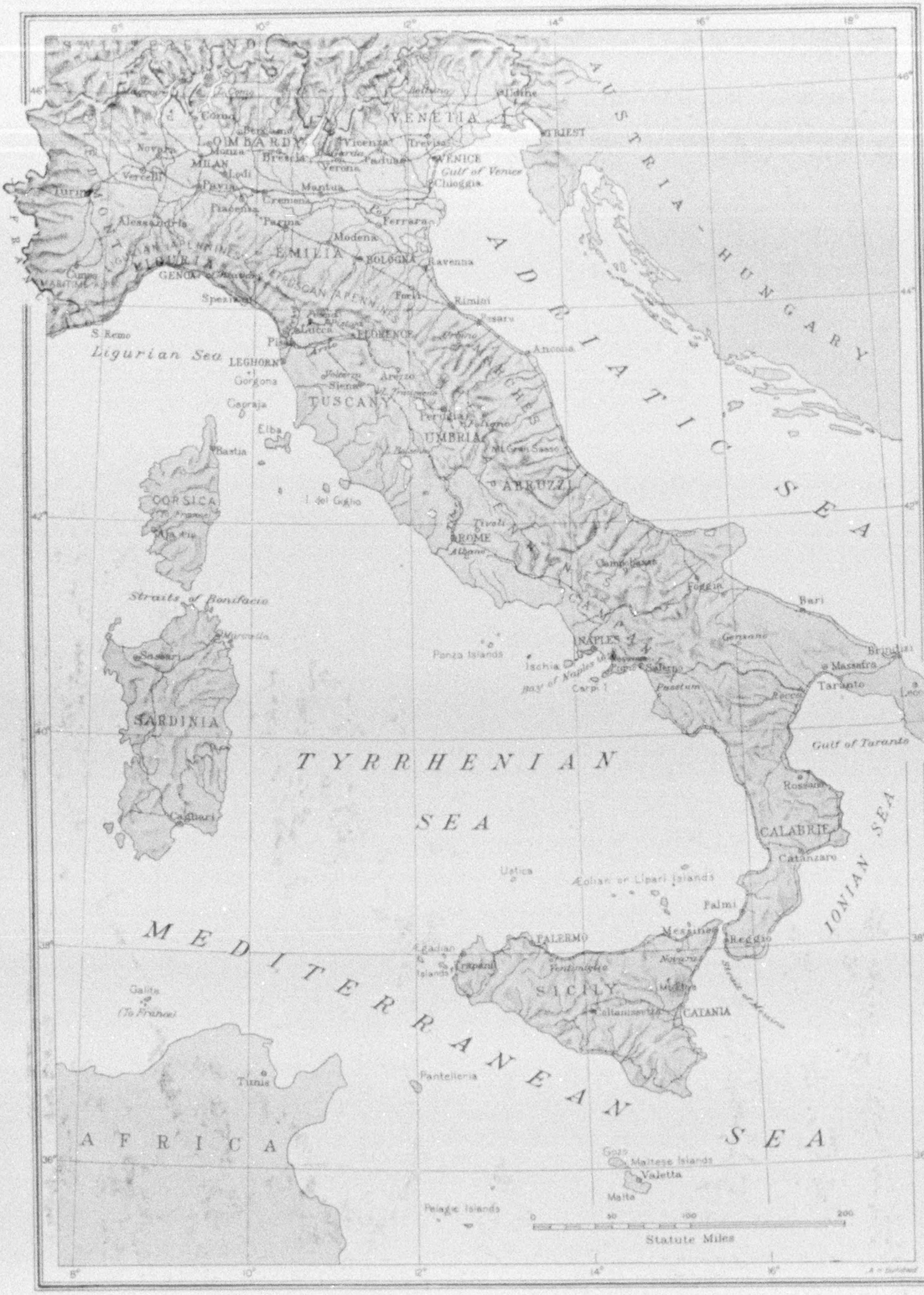
SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
FRANCE
PIEDMONT
LOMBARDY
VENETIA
EMILIA
LIGURIA
TUSCANY
UMBRIA
MARCHES
ABRUZZI
CAMPANIA
CALABRIE
SICILY
CORSICA
SARDINIA
AFRICA
ADRIATIC SEA
TYRRHENIAN SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
IONIAN SEA
Ligurian Sea
Gulf of Venice
Gulf of Taranto
Bay of Naples
Straits of Bonifacio
Strait of Messina
LIGURIAN APENNINES
ETRUSCAN APENNINES
Como
Bergamo
Brescia
Novara
Monza
MILAN
Lodi
Vercelli
Pavia
Turin
Alessandria
Piacenza
Cremona
Mantua
Parma
Modena
BOLOGNA
Ferrara
Ravenna
Verona
Vicenza
Padua
Treviso
VENICE
Chioggia
Belluno
Udine
TRIEST
GENOA
Spezia
Cuneo
S. Remo
Pisa
Lucca
LEGHORN
FLORENCE
Arezzo
Siena
Volterra
Urbino
Rimini
Pesaro
Ancona
Perugia
Foligno
Gran Sasso
Bolsena
Tivoli
ROME
Albano
Gorgona
Capraja
Elba
I. del Giglio
Bastia
Ajaccio
Sassari
Cagliari
Ponza Islands
Ischia
Capri
NAPLES
Salerno
Paestum
Campobasso
Foggia
Bari
Brindisi
Massafra
Taranto
Lecce
Rossano
Catanzaro
Palmi
Reggio
Messina
Ustica
Æolian or Lipari Islands
PALERMO
Trapani
Ægadian Islands
Caltanissetta
CATANIA
Etna
Pantelleria
Galita (To France)
Tunis
Gozo
Maltese Islands
Valetta
Malta
Pelagie Islands
Statute Miles
0
50
100
200
6°
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10°
12°
14°
16°
18°
36°
38°
40°
42°
44°
46°

OUTLINE MAP OF ITALY

From the Beginning Nature Set Italy Apart. See pages 273, 274, and 279.

setting of one of the world's largest and most remarkable cathedrals, a battleground of the past, with many a stirring and bloody field to remember, the most beautiful lake district in the world. It has also been a mighty force throughout Italian history.

Geographically speaking, the Lombard plain, bounded partly on the south by the Po, in part on the west by its large affluent, the Ticino, is a rich and fertile agricultural country, very hot in summer, but exposed in winter to bitter cold and fierce mountain storms. Below the mountains there is very little rain in summer, but, thanks to the medieval system of irrigation, which has no superior anywhere in Europe, it is almost impossible for the crops to fail.

They grow in three tiers in Lombardy—pastures in the mountain regions, vines and fruit trees and chestnuts on the lower slopes, and shining acres of cereals and grapes and innumerable spreading mulberries in the plain itself.

But it is not quite the same Lombardy now that it used to be, for the medieval sheep for which it was so celebrated have all turned with the centuries into—silkworms; eugenic worms at that! The greatest care is taken in crossing and breeding the native worms eugenically with perfect Chinese and Japanese stock, with the result that the Italian worms are steadily improving and producing more and better silk.

Beside its agriculture and silk industries—Milan is the principal silk market of the world—Lombardy is perhaps the most important manufacturing region in the whole country, with great factories turning out hats, rope, paper, iron and steel, cannon, linens, woolens, and whatnot; mines from whose depths come copper and zinc and iron ores; quarries that yield ample marbles and delicate alabaster and the sturdier granite.

MILAN AND ITS CATHEDRAL

The first thing to strike one in Milan is its air of cosmopolitan—I might almost say Yankee—shrewdness and bustle in business. The commonplace streets are lined with good shops, and the energetic people give them the appearance of the streets of a big American manufacturing city with a large foreign element.

Milan was built in a fairly regular polygon, surrounded by walls, and the walls by a moat. The former have moved out into the country a bit, but the moat is still there, inclosing thoroughfares that turn and twist like cowpaths, though from the Piazza Duomo radiate some that are newer and broader.

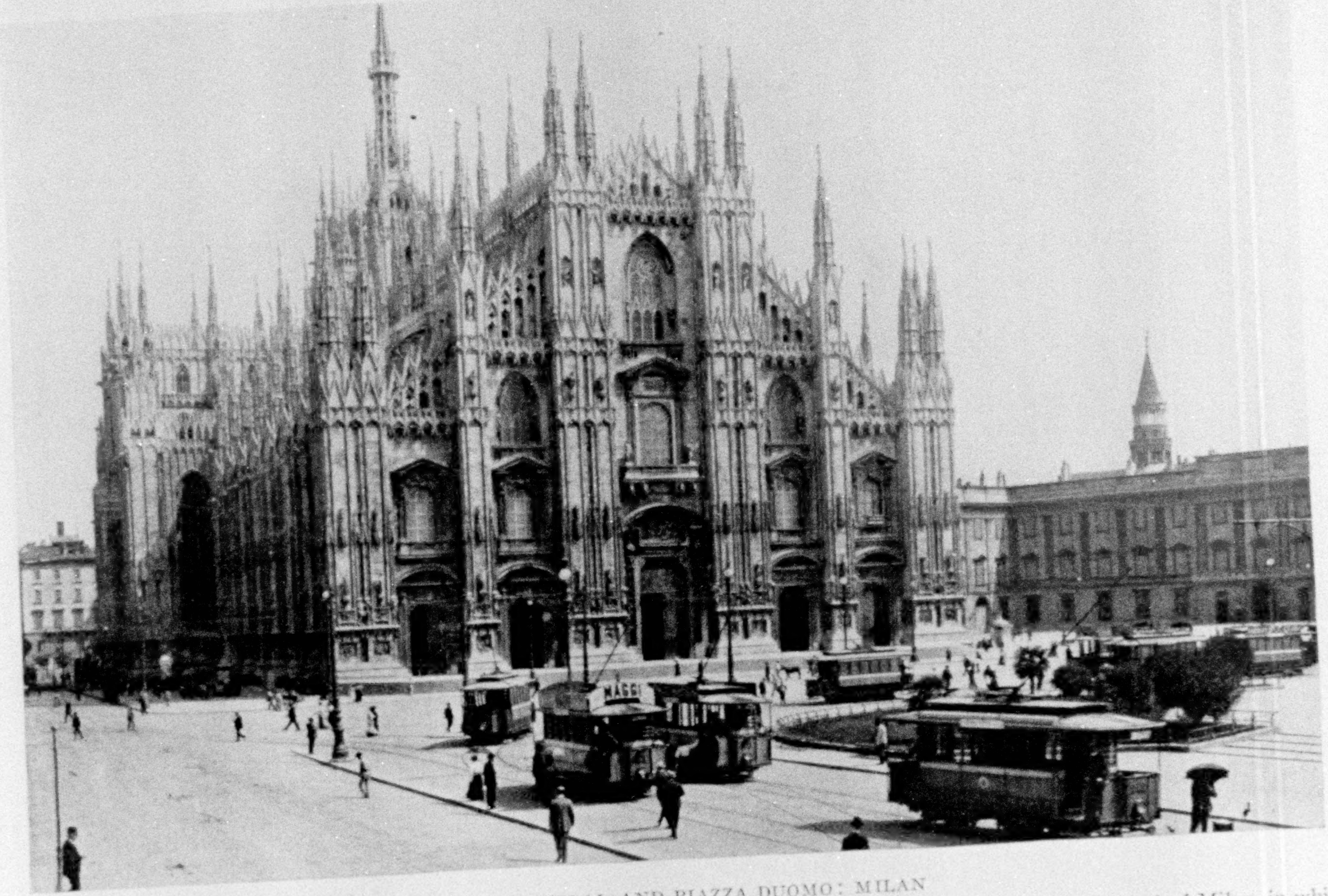
But one does not consider streets when he reaches the piazza, for there, white as salt and delicate as a gigantic filigree jewel fresh from the hands of the silversmith, the Cathedral of the Nascent Virgin, a miraculous stalagmite, yearns upward toward heaven with every slender, arrowy spire and shaft and pinnacle (see pages 362-363).

In many ways it is not good architecture, and inside it is monotonous and barren; yet notwithstanding every criticism, despite obvious faults, the Cathedral of Milan is a marvel. More than 4,000 statues poise and hover about it; its lines tend upward as resistlessly as the spears of a field of wheat; the very number of them adds to the illusion—a great work of Nature about whose feet the human ants in the piazza have dug themselves in, reared their tiny hillocks, and gone bustling and struggling about their tiny affairs in its protecting shadow.

THE BATTLEFIELDS OF LOMBARDY

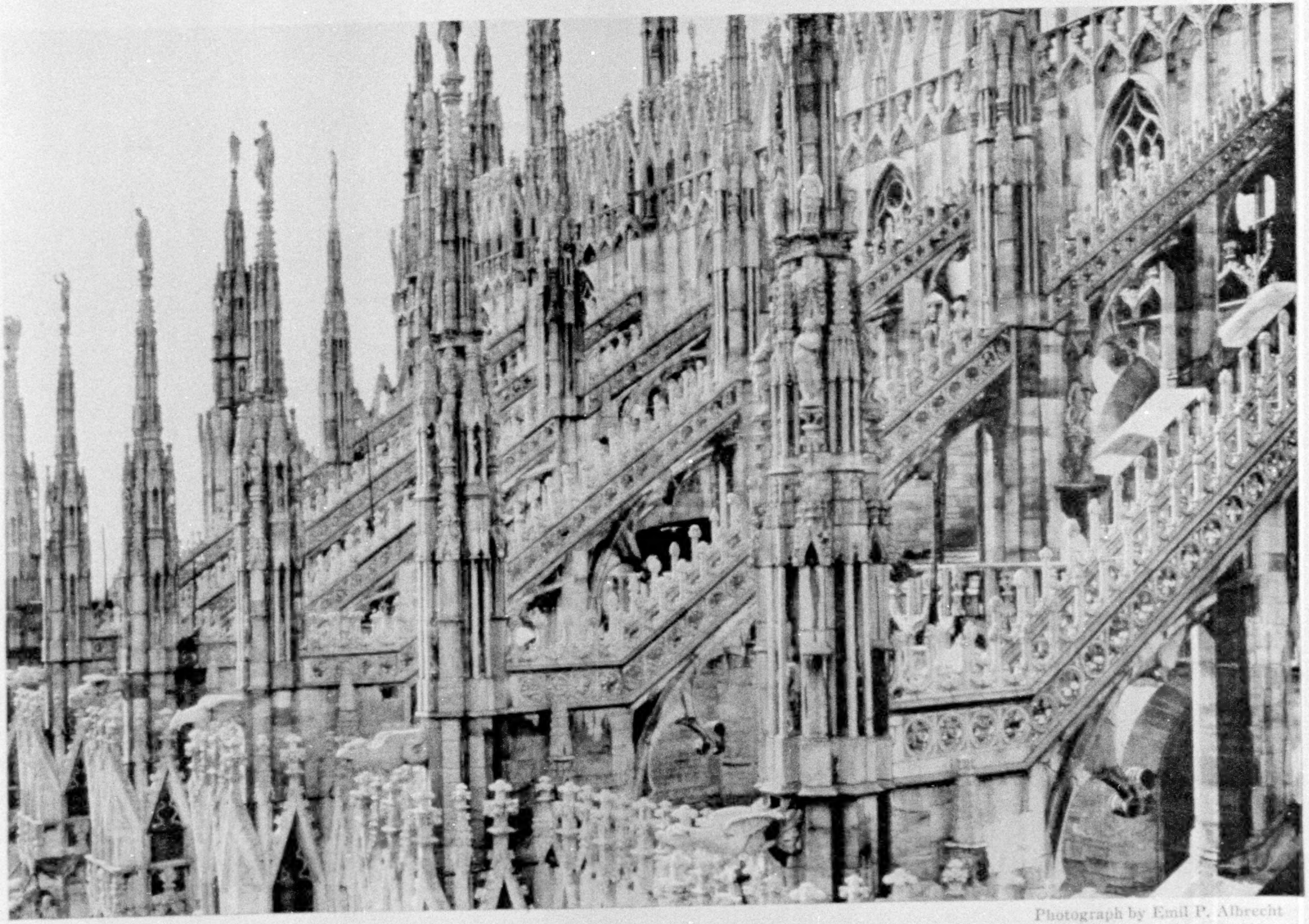
The plain of Lombardy is as dotted with battlefields as most other plains are with ordinary cities, and whichever way one looks from Milan some famous day is almost in sight—Solferino, Magenta, Rivoli, Lodi, Pavia, Novara—fights that were not the mere bickerings of bloody-minded local despots, but combats that shaped or shook international affairs. Beside or upon almost every field rises a city either lovely to look upon or fascinating to read about.

Many other towns there are, too, of beauty and interest — Bergamo, gifted with an acropolis and old walls turned into promenades loved of lovers; Brescia, beautifully situated at the foot of the frosty Alps; quiet Cremona of the silk-mills and palaces; little Tavazzano, where the whole plain is grooved by



THE CATHEDRAL AND PIAZZA DUOMO: MILAN

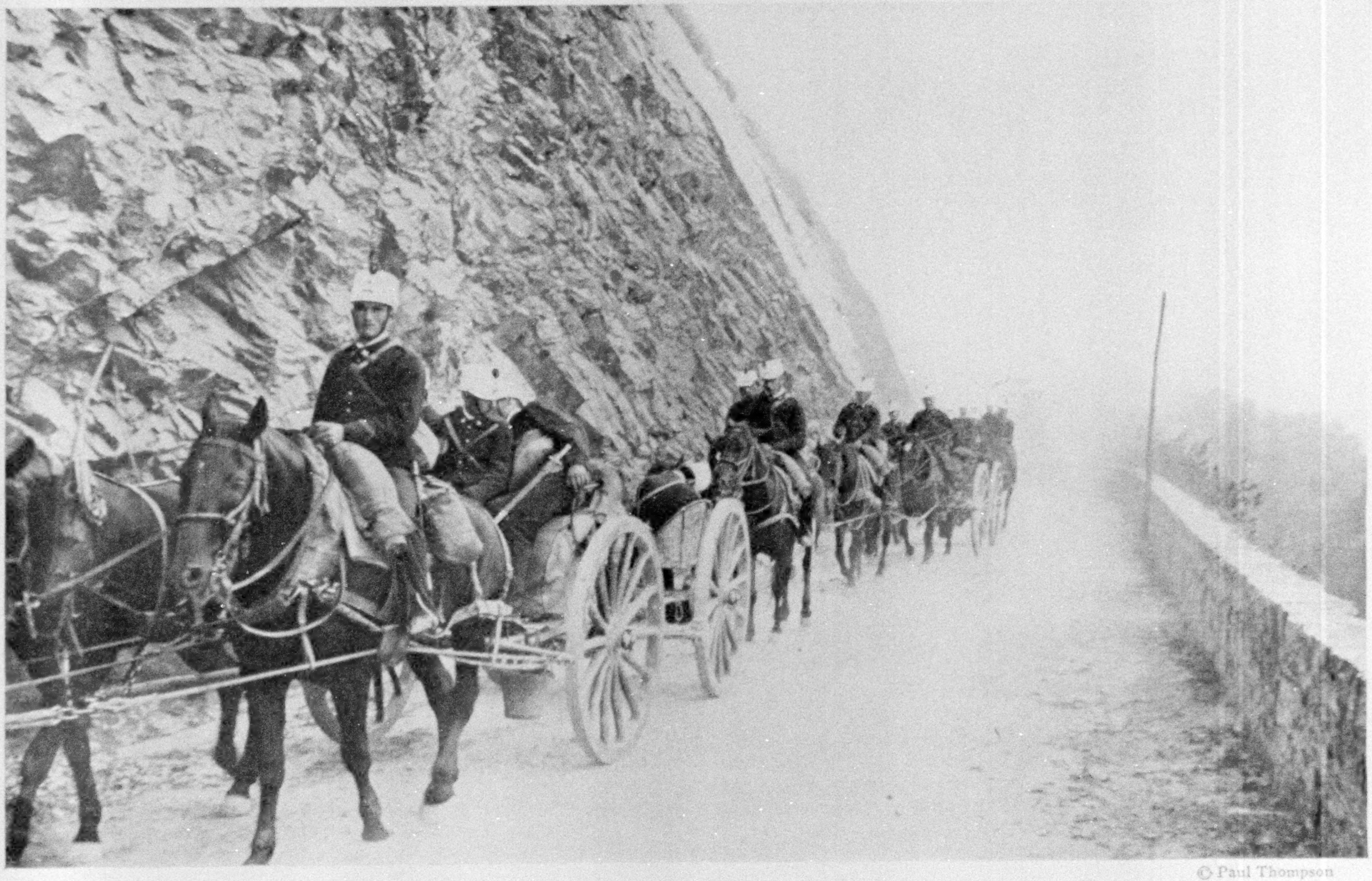
With its forest of pinnacles, its 2,300 exterior statues in marble, its magnificent stained-glass windows, the Cathedral of Milan, in which 40,000 people may gather in the worship of the Most High, stands today as one of the most beautiful of man's temples to his Maker. Italian, Gallic, and Teuton architects labored to make it a mosaic of Europe's architectural ideals.



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

A SECTION OF THE ROOF OF MILAN'S WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL

The traceries of buttress and pinnacle have all the delicacy of lace, all the glistening whiteness of polished marble, all the finished grace of the sculptor's dream, all of the harmonious blending that makes architecture worthy of its famous description—"Frozen Music"



© Paul Thompson

ITALIAN MOUNTAIN BATTERY ON ONE OF THE ALPINE MILITARY ROADS countless and endless little irrigation ditches; Monza, where King Humbert I's crown was snatched from him by the assassin's bullet.

Garda, Idro, Iseo, Como, Lugano, Maggiore, and Orta! How can any pen give a true picture of these exquisite sheets of water, now sapphire, now emerald, now iridescent as opals in the sun; here bound by wild, irregular shores, here by luxuriant gardens; splashed with the color of countless sunny villas, red-roofed and tinted of wall; guarded by old castles that molder in grim beauty upon their grimmer heights!*

SUPERB VISTAS

The islands afford superb vistas of shore and mountain, but the climax is the panorama from the top of bald, windy old Monte Mottarone. From its bleak crown the eye includes in one splendid sweep the lovely lakes and the whole vast plain of Lombardy and Piedmont, with the white, glistening, pinnacled jewel of Milan Cathedral resting lightly as a white dove in the center—the genius of Man complementing the glorious works of Nature.

It would be difficult indeed to find two other contiguous regions so entirely different geographically as the two northwestern provinces of Italy, Piedmont and Liguria: one a vast bowl, into which are gathered the slender little blue threads that unite in the greater cable of the mighty Po, thus once again emphasizing the geographical dominance of that remarkable stream; the other almost all straight up and down—mountain piled upon mountain, with a narrow strip of littoral which takes tribute from all the world—the Riviera (see map, page 360).

Around three sides of the Piedmontese bowl the Alps fling a towering barrier, leaving the fertile, rolling plain open only toward the valley of the Po on the east. One feature that attracts attention inevitably is the way it is settled. The people live in villages or communes almost entirely—a condition due to the unfortunate insecurity which for ages made the peasantry huddle together for mutual protection.

GENOA "LA SUPERBA"

Piedmont never touches the coast, and what it has left, mostly mountains and beach, makes up the narrow province of Liguria, whose boundary leaps along the mountain tops like a frightened chamois. It is a region at once remarkably favored and hindered by Nature.

Near the middle of the strip is Genoa, the only great community on this rugged coast, a wonderful crescent city climbing the hills which protect that magnificent harbor the Greek adventurers of 2,500 years ago discovered and settled. Behind the town, now close to the houses, now in wide open spaces, a mighty defensive wall runs along over hill and dale for nearly 12 miles, defended by the great fort called the Spur and by many a stout little battery and fortress.

The ancient part of the town huddles, cramped and crowded, in many-storied houses on the steepest, crookedest, most Dark-Ages-looking streets imaginable, some of them mere flights of stairs up stiff acclivities, others mere bridges over menacing miniature chasms. In brilliant contrast to all this, the newer city develops broad, handsome thoroughfares and solid, well-constructed modern buildings.

Genoa is the chief seaport and commercial city of Italy, with a harbor and port facilities which have been extended and expanded again and again in the effort to keep pace with the steady growth of the city's enormous maritime commerce. One of her most public-spirited sons, the wealthy Duke of Galliera, gave no less than $4,000,000 out of his own pocket to help provide the facilities needed 40 years ago—and that was only the beginning. Trade and port have been growing rapidly and steadily ever since.

Genoa has always been busy, and even when she lost the maritime supremacy to Venice she did not fall asleep, as did Pisa, but kept on sending out her ships and men into every sea. One of these sturdy sailor sons we have cause to know—Columbus. In the Piazza Acquaverde—Greenwater Square—Columbus's laggard fellow-townsmen have reared him a colossal statue, with America

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*For a description of the Italian lakes and Verona and other towns of northern Italy, see "Frontier Cities of Italy," by Florence Craig Albrecht, with 24 illustrations, in the June, 1915, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.

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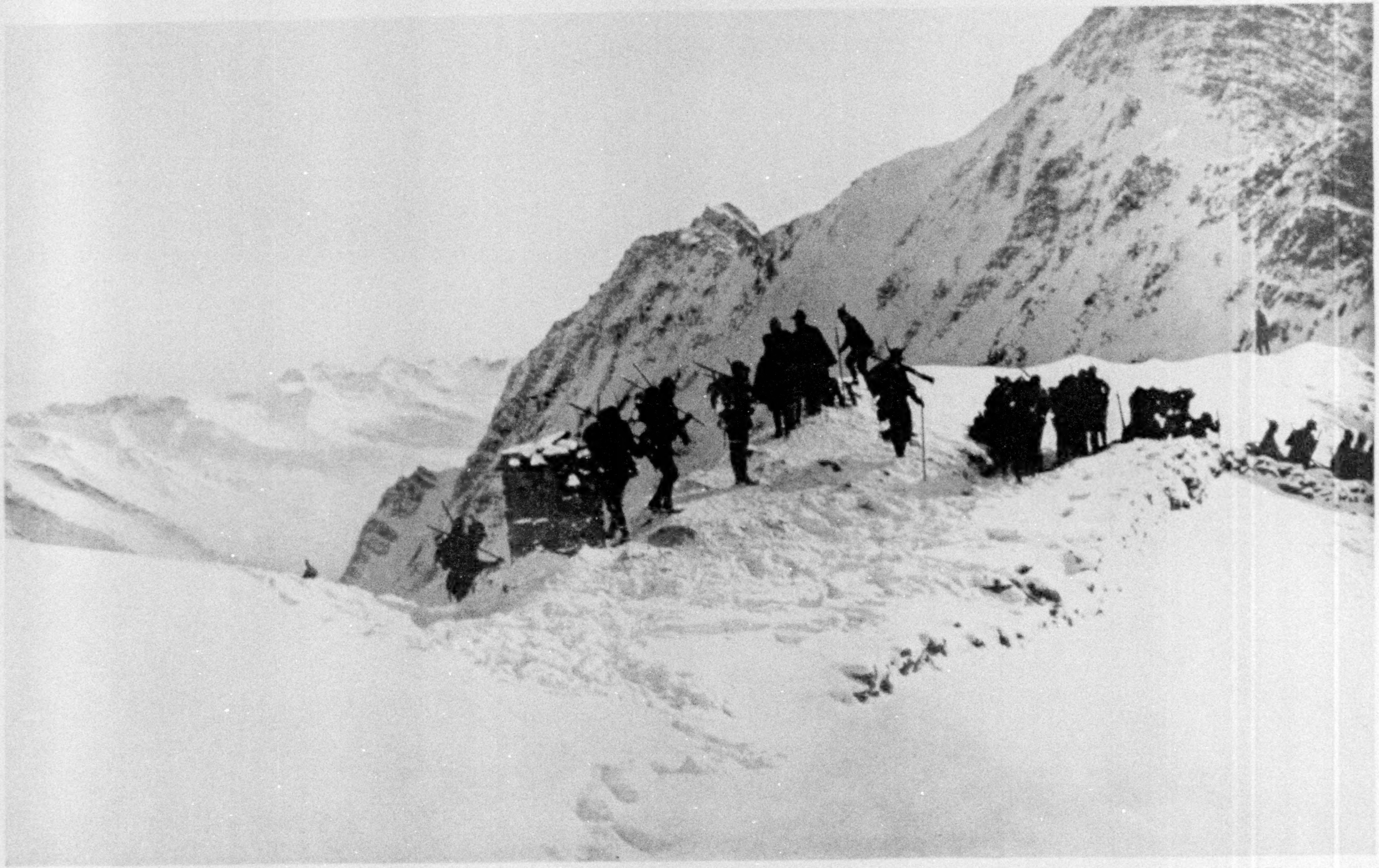
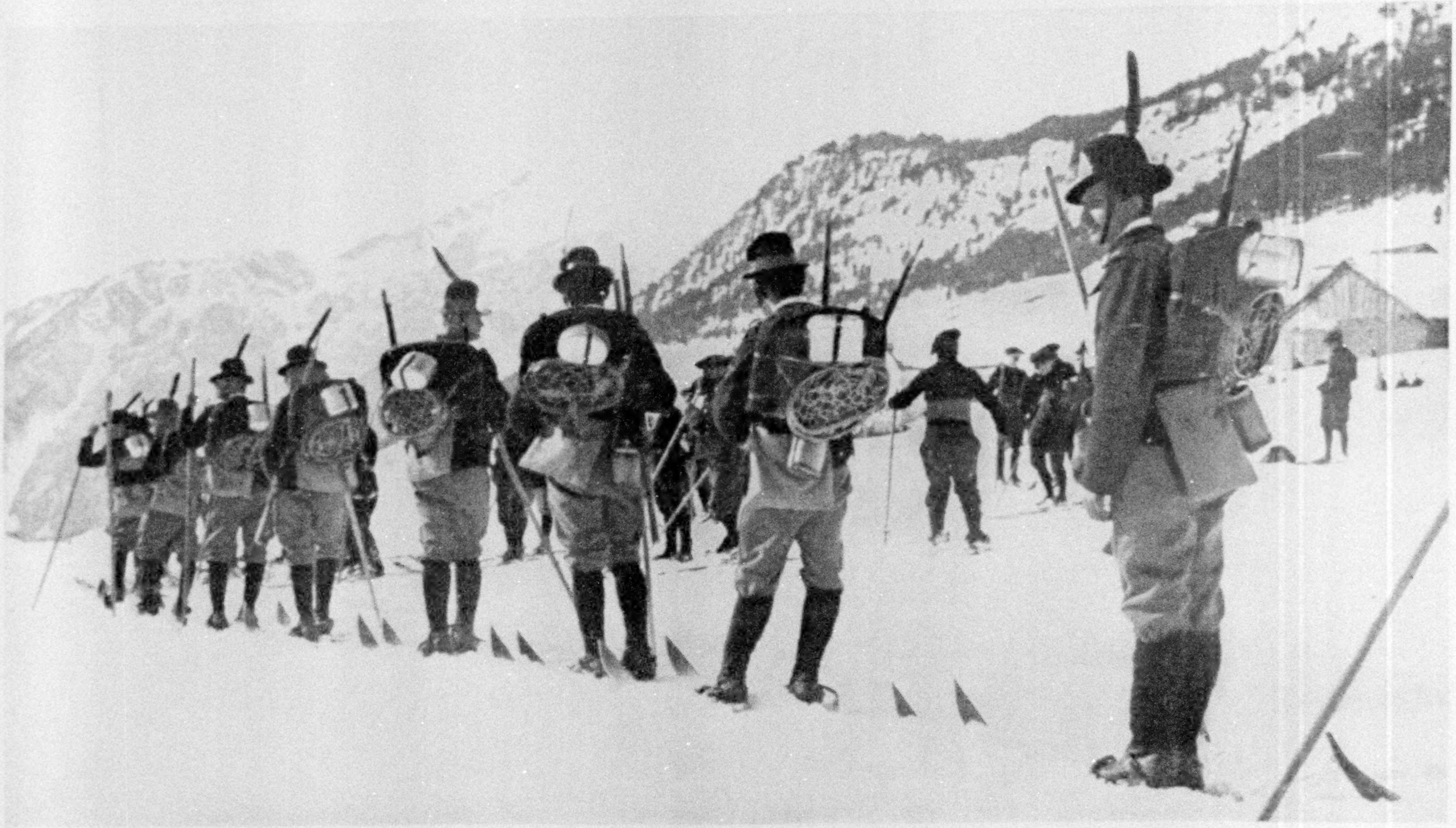


© Paul Thompson

ITALIAN TROOPS IN THE ALPS

The soldiers of King Victor Emmanuel are waging a double warfare—against Austrian armies and against the Alps. Here, truly, "the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast" are as hard to face as steel bullets and shrapnel.



© Paul Thompson

ITALIAN ALPINE CHASSEURS ON THE MARCH IN THE ALPS

If the shades of Hannibal's warriors who perished in the snows of the Alps could watch the part these men are playing in the awe-inspiring European struggle, would they envy them more the heroic proportions of the history they are making, or the comforts of their efficient, up-to-date equipment?

XUM

kneeling at his feet—but they allowed 370 years to go by before they could bring themselves to honor the intrepid mariner whose real monument is no bit of lifeless stone, but a living, breathing, creative New World.

THE "GARDEN WALL OF EUROPE"

Along the coast in either direction from Genoa runs the sunniest, loveliest, most popular strand in the world, the "garden wall of Europe," the Riviera, place of a thousand delights. It is a sinuously seductive shore, whose iron ribs, pierced through and through with innumerable smoky little tunnels, curve down to the sea; a coast of inexpressibly beautiful indentations, bays and inlets whose shores rise in sheer rock or gleam with the rich verdance of heavy foliage, relieved by the color of myriad blossoms.

Quaint towns gem it like beads of parti-colored glass upon a silver thread. Sheltered behind by their granite hills from the tempestuous and icy Mistral that goes roaring out to sea far overhead, and warmed by the generous southern sun, these towns — most of them, like Genoa, half old, half new—are favorite resorts of pleasure and health seekers from every clime.

And to the west, looking away toward the blue shore of beautiful France, for miles one superb vista after another unfolds of the intervening coast-line, with its ragged contours. Olive groves and old castle ruins, picturesquely situated towns and tenth century pirate watchtowers, make preparation for San Remo, upon terraced slopes whose gray-green olives shade into the differing hues of the agaves, oranges, and pomegranates at the edge of the bay (see page 359).

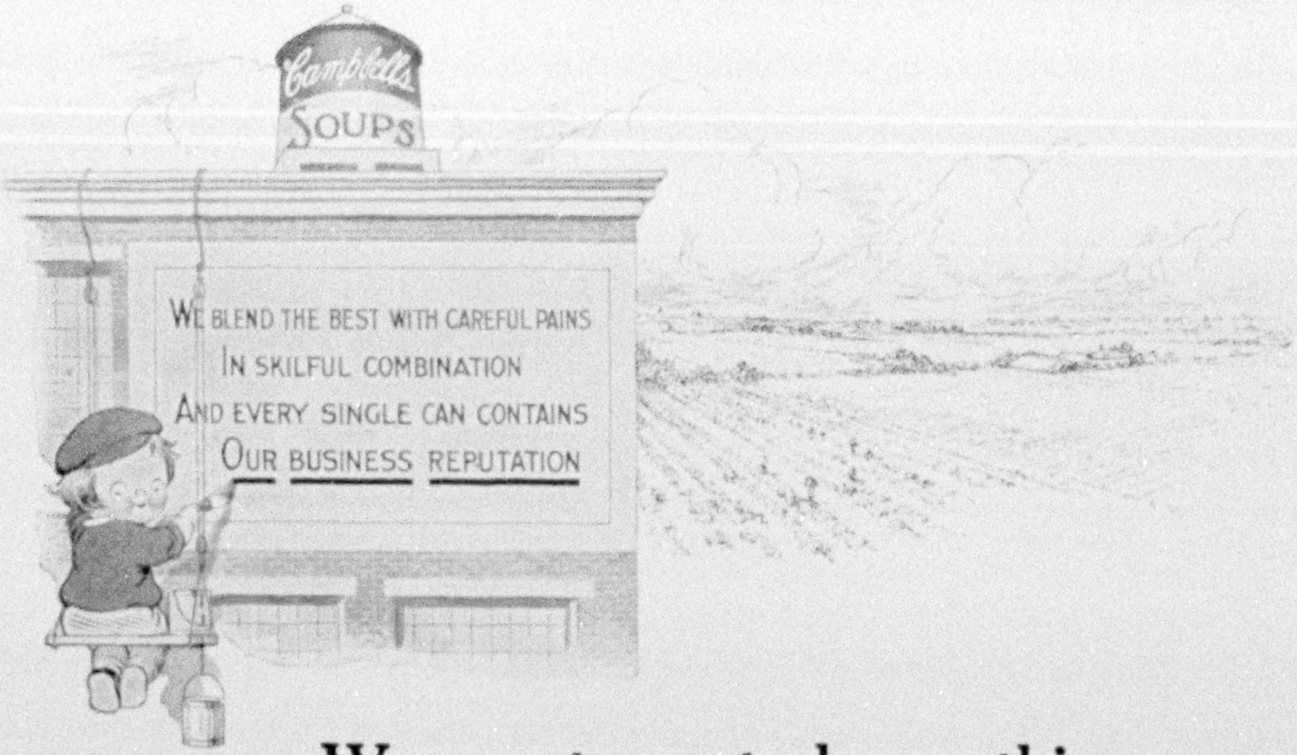
THE GIFTED MOTHER OF MEN

Beyond lies Bordighera of the exquisite flowers and the date palms, and at the French frontier, hilltop Ventimiglia, walled about loftily, as if to keep it from being blown into the sea by the first mischievous zephyr. They are all so lovely, all so rich with one or another gift, so mild, so perfumed—with the thousands of acres of flowers of every description raised for sale and to supply the perfume distillers—so productive, that here, indeed, is "Paradise enow." And all along the coastal hills are dotted with the bold and striking ruins of mighty castles and strongholds, tombstones of the great and noble families who once upon a time dwelt here in lordly state.

As we stand at this western end of the Riviera and look back and down through Nature and the years at all the loveliness and wisdom and fascination of Italy, what does it all mean; what does it convey? To what extent is the modern the product of those great periods developed in "Italia . . . who hast the fatal gift of beauty"? History and education answer alike: Italy has pioneered and passed on her discoveries for the benefit of all mankind. Within her borders developed the two greatest forces of civilization: that Christianity to which, more or less directly, we owe all our material and spiritual progress, and the liberation of human thought and spirit in the tremendous uplift of the Renaissance. Had Italy never produced aught but these, the world would still owe her an incalculable and unpayable debt of gratitude.

If Italy failed to go on with the great work so nobly begun, our debt is none the less great. She gave the impulse that others were able to carry on. And after a period of quiescence, what is she doing today? Ask of the bitter, bloodied snows of the southern Alp; peer into those mist and cloud-shrouded heights where, as one man, united Italy is fighting with desperate valor for what she and her allies conceive to be their duty, not merely to themselves, but to all civilization for all posterity.

And in peace, as in war, she is alert, full of high purpose and the conviction of service. In her civil life and domestic affairs we must recognize in her again those beauties and qualities and charms, those stern, enduring virtues, as well as those bewitching coquetries, that so preeminently characterize her as a noble mother of men, winning as her own brilliant skies, patient with the maternal patience that neither swerves nor falters, and progressive once more in the endeavor to reach the ideals she herself promulgated so many centuries ago, or even to go beyond the limits her apparently inexhaustible genius set.


Campbell's
SOUPS
WE BLEND THE BEST WITH CAREFUL PAINS
IN SKILFUL COMBINATION
AND EVERY SINGLE CAN CONTAINS
OUR BUSINESS REPUTATION

We want you to know this—

For your sake as well as ours we want you to realize that *business necessity* no less than honest principle impels us to make *Campbell's Soups* as good as they can be made; and to make them *good every time.*

Of course we take pride in maintaining the quality of our product. But beside this our business existence depends on our doing so.

You have this double guarantee with *every can* of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You know beyond question before you open it that it will be pure, wholesome and delicious. No better materials could be found. You couldn't select and prepare and blend them more carefully than we do if you were making soup for a delicate child whose appetite you wanted to coax in the most tempting way.

Through years of earnest, honest and successful effort we have built up a reputation and a business which *must be protected.*

Many people are surprised to find that they never grow tired of *Campbell's Tomato Soup*. They wonder why it is always so tasty and refreshing, always so nourishing.

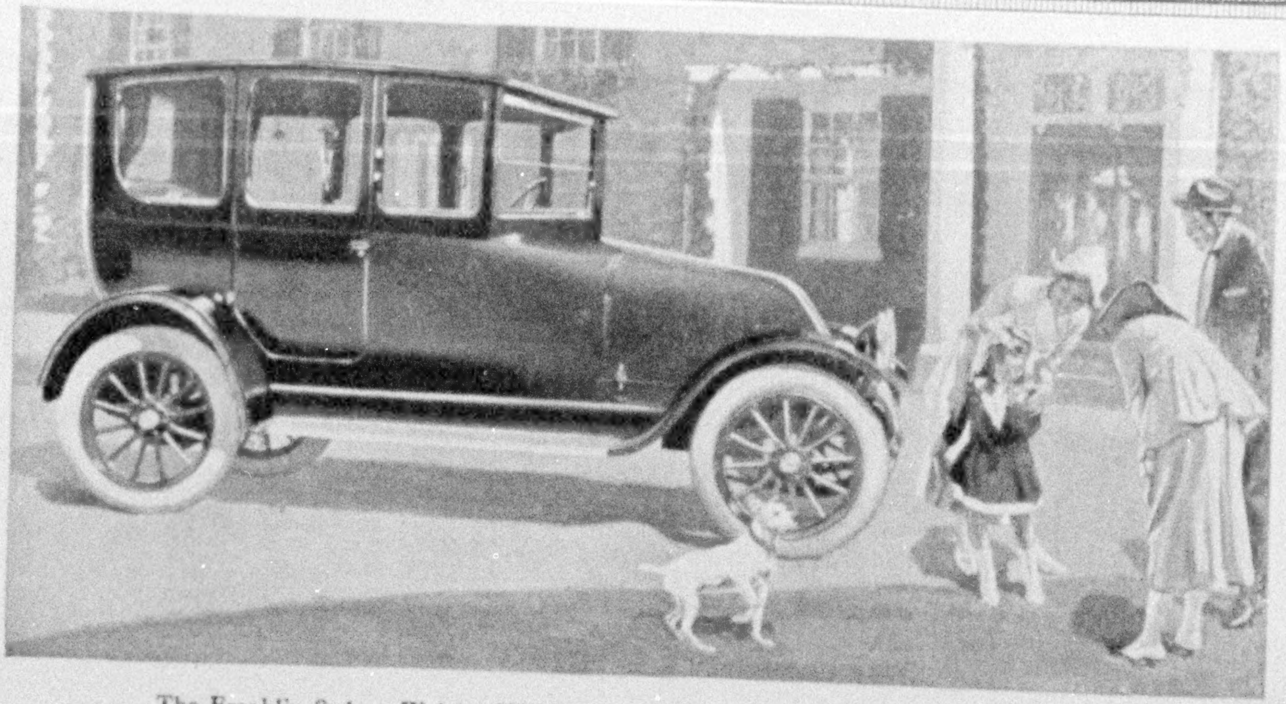
The secret is its pure, wholesome, *natural* flavor and quality, *constantly guarded and maintained.*

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N.J. U.S.A.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



The Franklin Sedan—Weight, 2585 Pounds—Price, $2750. F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.

The FRANKLIN CAR

AS SOON as a motorist gets critical about the way a car performs—he is headed straight for the Franklin Car.

For the Franklin Car stands today, as it has stood from the beginning, for *Comfort, Safety and Economy.* And all experience goes to prove that the only way to attain these factors in any efficient degree is through the Franklin principles of *scientific light-weight* and *flexibility.*

Franklin Scientific Light-Weight Means Just This—

Build each part of the *strongest* material for the work it has to do—and *proportion its size* to exactly the strength needed for that work.

Then you will get a mechanism equally strong all over—*no excess weight anywhere.*

It is often assumed that excessive size of parts guarantees extra safety.

Excess weight always means *rigidity*—and rigidity always means lack of comfort, lack of economy, and a definite loss of safety.

Now, mount this evenly balanced, *flexible* mechanism on the Franklin *resilient wood frame*—and you have a car that is flexible all over. A car that eases itself and its riders over all roads.

Here Are Facts Every Motorist Ought to Know

The heavier a car and the more rigid it is—the more it will pound the road; the more the parts will wear; the greater the cost of gasoline, tires, repairs and upkeep; the higher the depreciation; the less the comfort and safety in driving the car.

The Franklin Touring Car weighs only 2280 pounds.

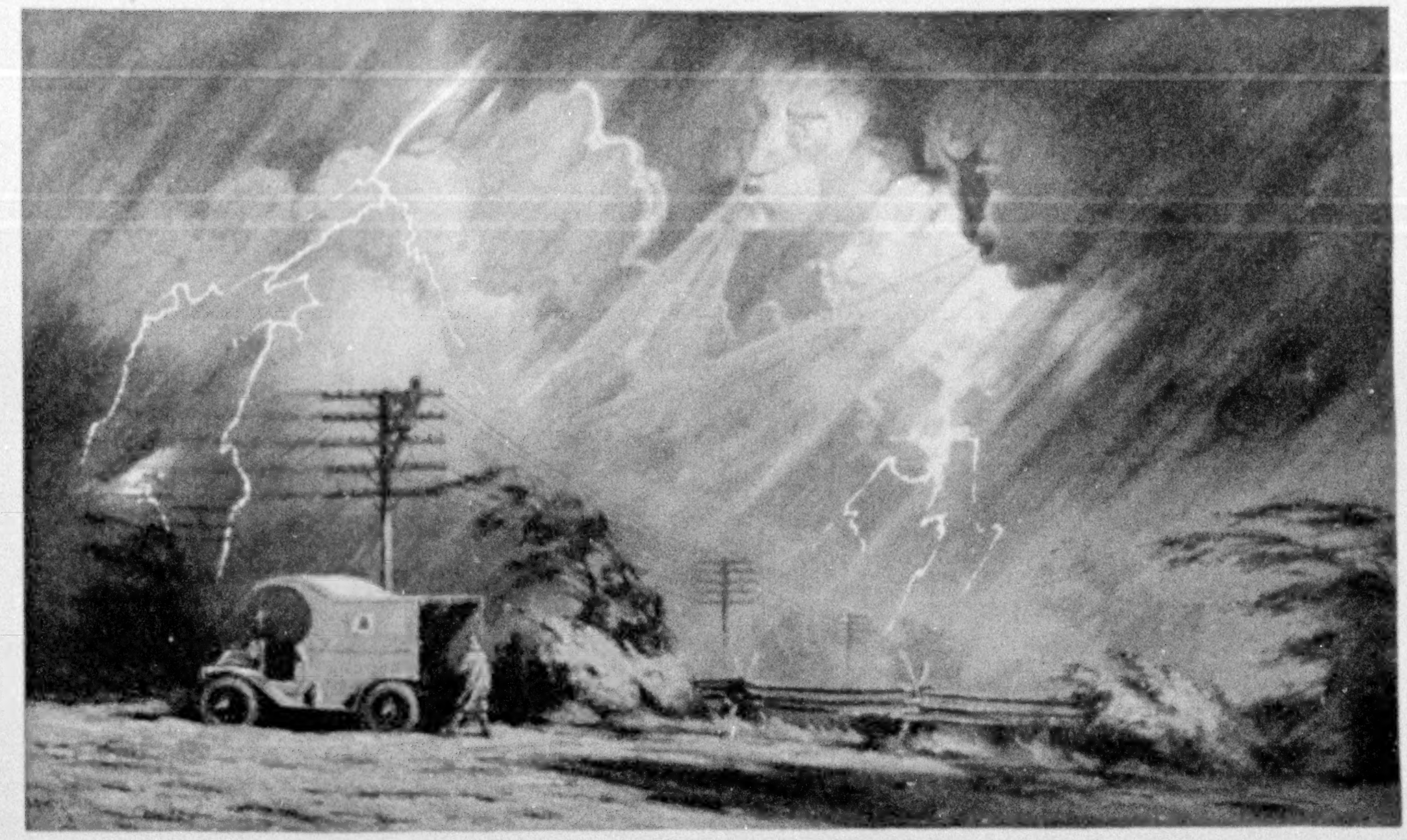
It is a *stronger* car, easier riding, easier to control, than a 4000-pound car—*and twice as safe.*

To the thoughtful motorist—the man who is thinking about his car in terms of use, of the safety of his family and himself, of the investment value of his car and *what service he ought to get in return for running expense*—the Franklin Car is worth seeing.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1850.00
Runabout	2190 lbs.	1800.00
4-Passenger Roadster	2250 lbs.	1850.00
Cabriolet	2550 lbs.	2650.00
Sedan	2585 lbs.	2750.00
Brougham	2540 lbs.	2700.00
Town Car	2680 lbs.	3000.00
Limousine	2690 lbs.	3000.00

All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.



When Nature Turns Outlaw

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!—
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout . . . . . ."

Thus King Lear, in Shakespeare's tragedy, defies the elements. But man, even today, cannot challenge nature with impunity.

The unsinkable ship goes down like a rock from the impact of an iceberg. The fireproof building is burned. The monument, built for unborn generations, is riven by lightning or shaken down by an earthquake.

There are storms which make train service impossible, which delay the mails and which close the public highways to the usual traffic. Even in the cities there are times when the street cars do not run, and neither automobiles nor horse-drawn vehicles can be driven through floods or high-piled snowdrifts.

Such conditions increase the dependence on telephone wires, which themselves are not exempt from the same natural hazards. Fortunately, however, the Bell System has faced these dangers and well-nigh overcome them. Masses of wires are buried underground and lonely pole lines, even the most stoutly built, are practically paralleled by other lines to which their business can be transferred.

Each year the lines are stronger and the guardians of the wires are prepared to make repairs more quickly. So each year increasing millions of subscribers find their telephones more dependable and, within the limits of human power, they count upon their use in storm as well as in fair weather.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy **One System** **Universal Service**

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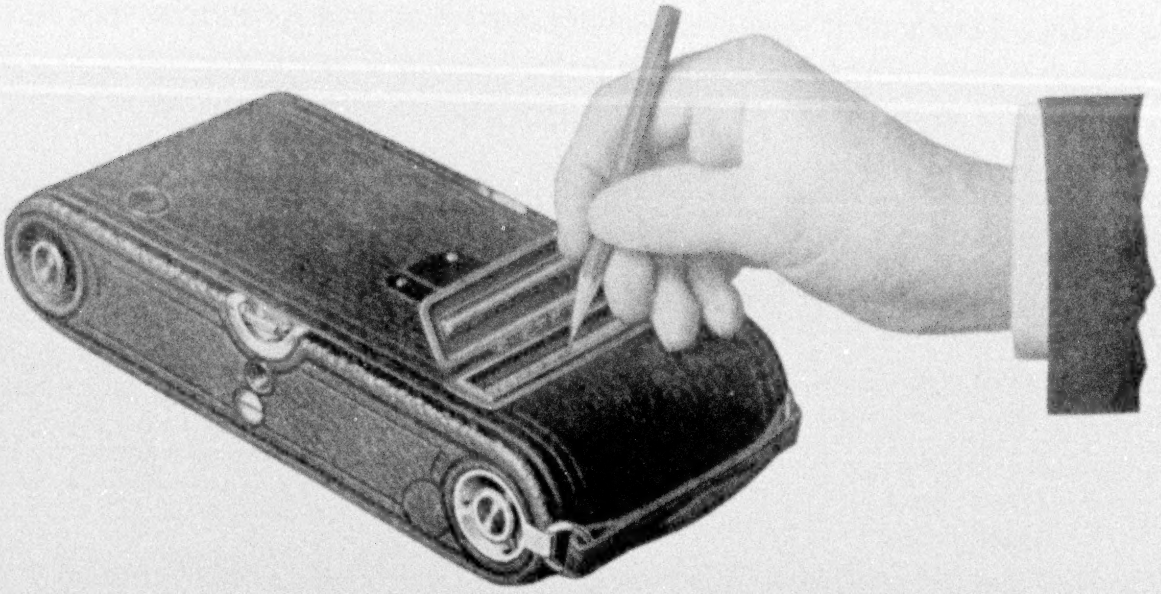

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at the time.

Record the "Who, When, Where" on every negative. It's the work of an instant with an Autographic

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All folding Kodaks and folding Brownies
are now autographic.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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MIMEOGRAPH

EDISON-DICK

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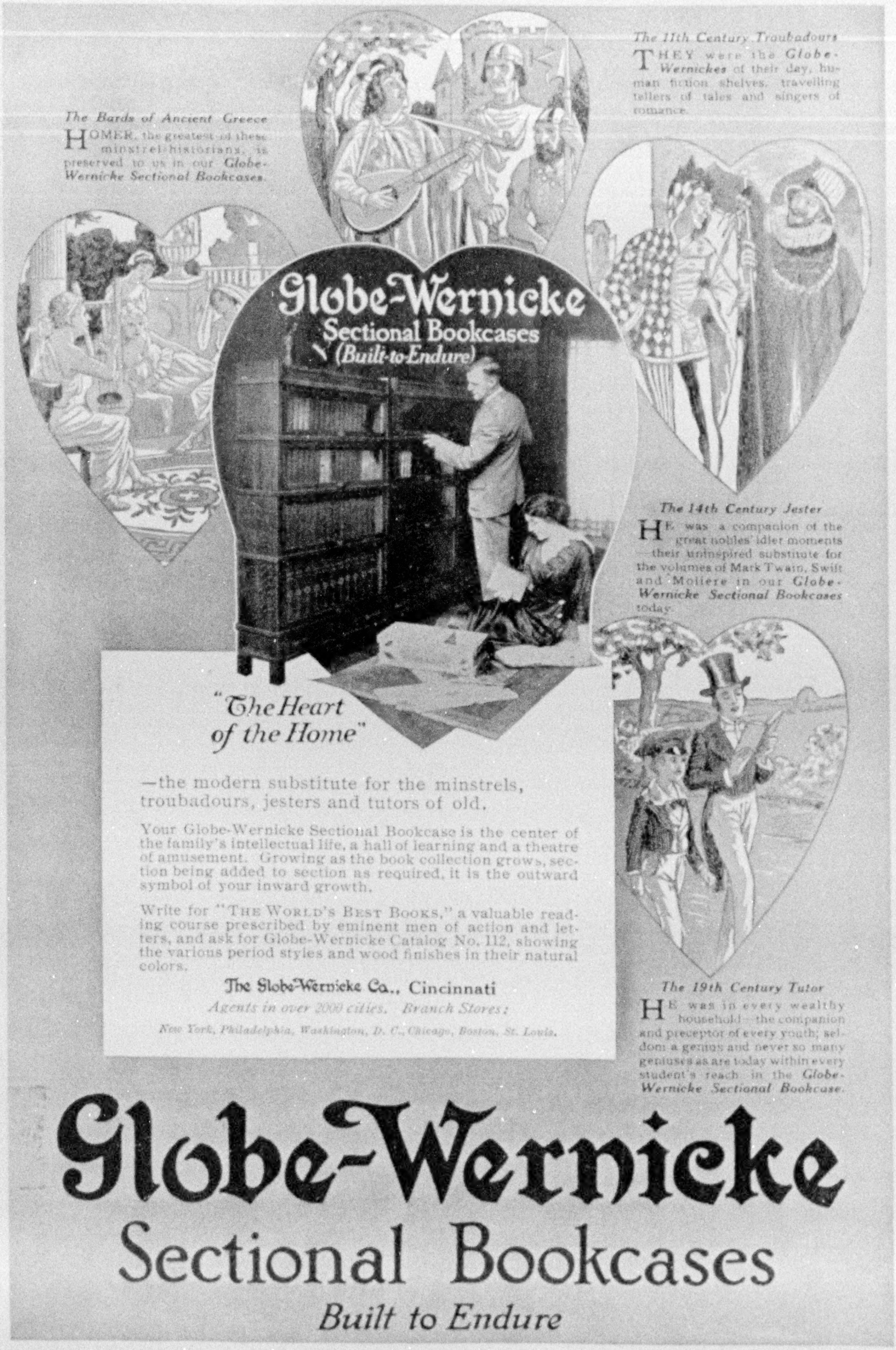

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HOMER, the greatest of these minstrel-historians, is preserved to us in our *Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases.*

The 11th Century Troubadours

THEY were the *Globe-Wernickes* of their day, human fiction shelves, travelling tellers of tales and singers of romance.

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HE was a companion of the great nobles' idler moments—their uninspired substitute for the volumes of Mark Twain, Swift and Moliere in our *Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases* today.

The 19th Century Tutor

HE was in every wealthy household—the companion and preceptor of every youth; seldom a genius and never so many geniuses as are today within every student's reach in the *Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcase.*

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Sectional Bookcases
(Built-to-Endure)

"The Heart of the Home"

—the modern substitute for the minstrels, troubadours, jesters and tutors of old.

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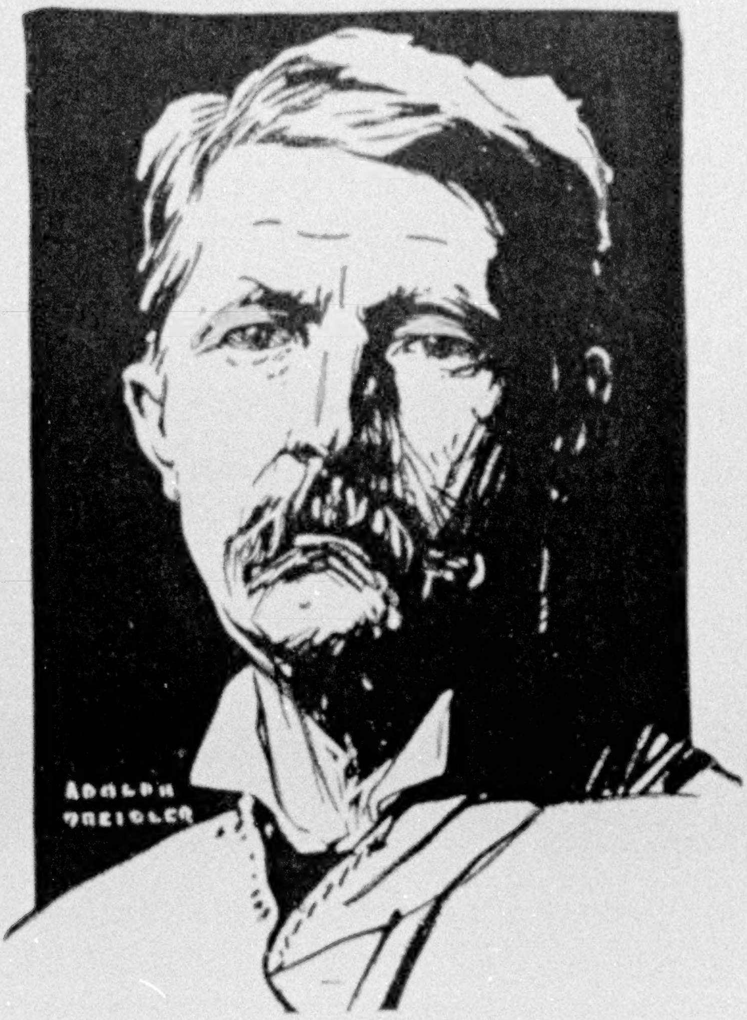
Built to Endure

Henry M. Stanley went Thirty weeks without a Shave



WHEN Stanley found Dr. Livingstone in the heart of the African jungle, one of his first acts was to borrow the hone used by the doctor on his surgical instruments.

Stanley's bearers had lost the baggage containing his hone. His razor had acquired an edge like a butter knife and his beard the appearance of a hedge.

Today practically every famous traveler, explorer and missionary carries a Gillette Safety Razor.

Gillette blades are on sale in the Arctic circle and the African Jungle, in every outfitting and supply camp in the world.

Stropping and honing has had its day.

The daily Gillette shave is a matter of course with the average business and professional man.

The Gillette shave is quick and cool, safe and sanitary. It is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. Adjust the handle for a light or a close shave. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. No stropping—no honing. Prices $5 to $50. Blades 50c. and $1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON

TRADE Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
No Stropping—No Honing

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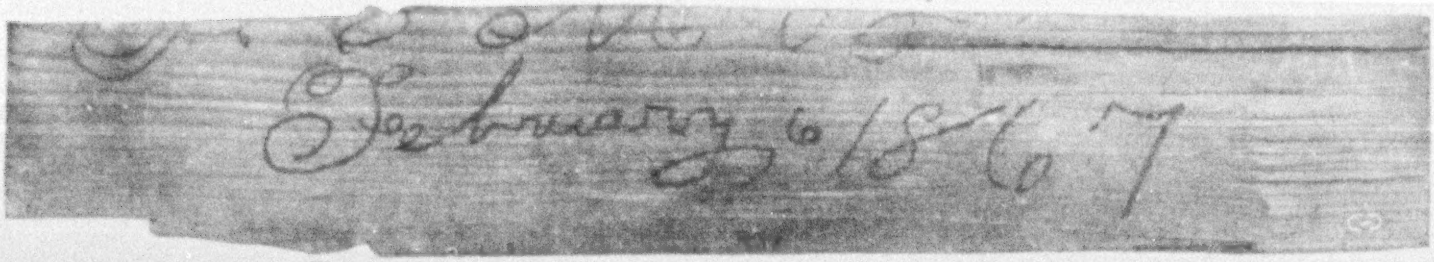
WHEN HE WAS A BOY (BOY-LIKE) HE WROTE THIS:



This was when they were shingling their new home, in February, 1867.

46 YEARS LATER, WHEN HE WAS A MAN, HE WROTE THIS:

Southern Cypress Mfrs.' Assn., New Orleans, La. Cotton Plant, Ark., *March 5, 1913.*

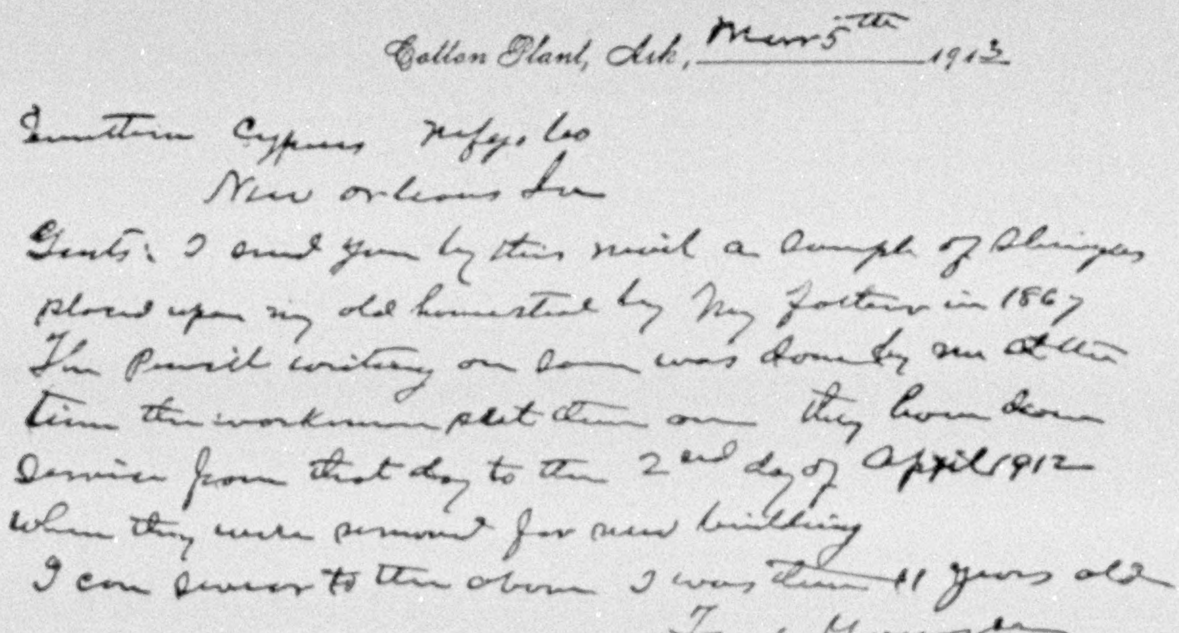
Gents: I send you by this mail a sample of shingles placed upon my old homestead by my father in 1867. The pencil writing on same was done by me at the time the workmen put them on. They have done service from that day to the 2nd day of April, 1912, when they were removed for new building.

I can swear to the above. I was then 11 years old. Truly yours, A. F. MABERRY.

(Pretty Good Record?—with the Cypress Shingles Today as Sound as New.)

45 years "on the job"—and still sound as a dollar.

Here is the original of the above letter:



Cotton Plant, Ark, Mar 5th 1913

Southern Cypress Mfgs Co
New orleans La

Gents: I send you by this mail a sample of Shingles placed upon my old homestead by My father in 1867
The Pencil writing on same was done by me at the time the workmen put them on they have done Service from that day to the 2nd day of April 1912 when they were removed for new building
I can swear to the above I was then 11 years old

Truly Yours &c
A. F. Maberry

"*SOME*" RECORD. "SOME" INVESTMENT VALUE. SOME REASON FOR 'CYPRESS' PRESTIGE. How about writing for Volume 7, the SHINGLE BOOK of the Cypress Pocket Library? Also Volume 36, "Short Cuts to Good Carpentry"—a book for Boys and Fathers.

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

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Lemon Snaps
CHEESE SANDWICH
GRAHAM
AS AN EVERYDAY ARTICLE OF FOOD THESE GOODS ARE UNEQUALED
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Uneeda Biscuit

House of Joseph Lincoln, Esq., Hackensack, N. J. Forman & Light, Architects

IF you would have the wood which possesses all the virtues of other woods, and has none of their shortcomings, for the outside of your home, insist on

WHITE PINE

Three centuries of building experience in America have proved that White Pine withstands the attack of time and weather more successfully than any other wood.

It does not shrink, swell, crack, twist, warp or rot—and once in place it "stays put," after years of exposure, even in the closest fitting mitres and in delicate mouldings and carvings. It takes paint and stains perfectly.

If your lumber dealer is unable to supply White Pine, we should appreciate the opportunity of being helpful to you in securing it.

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Association of Minnesota, Wisconsin
and Michigan, and The Associated
White Pine Manufacturers of Idaho

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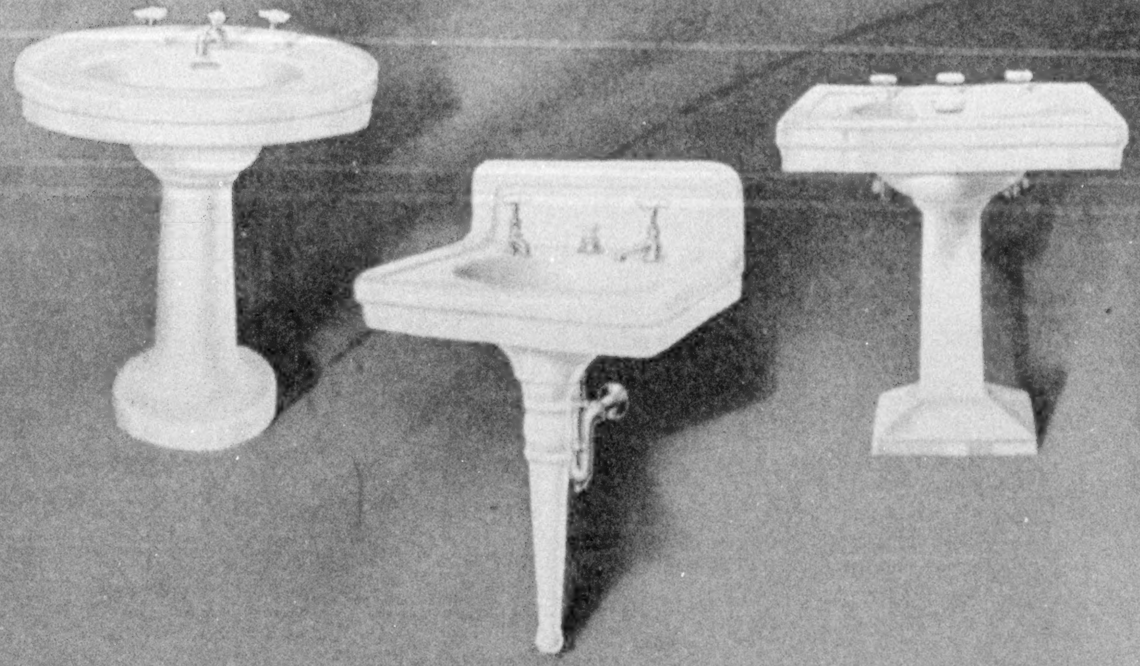
THE HELEN SPEER BOOK of CHILDREN'S WHITE PINE TOYS & FURNITURE

"White Pine in Home Building" is beautifully illustrated and full of valuable information and suggestions on home-building. Send today for this booklet—free to all prospective home-builders.

"The Helen Speer Book of Children's White Pine Toys and Furniture"—a fascinating children's plan book, from which a child may build its own toys and toy furniture. Prepared by Helen Speer, the toy expert. If there are children in your home, sent free on request.



WHY ARE ALL LAVATORIES WHITE? Some lavatories are made of china. The rest are made white so they will look like china. The most beautiful, the most durable, the most sanitary lavatories are those made by the potters.

The Trenton Potteries Company

"Impervio" China Lavatories

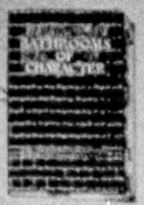
Real vitreous china is white through and through. It does not absorb grease. It cannot rust, stain nor discolor. Its glistening whiteness is permanent.

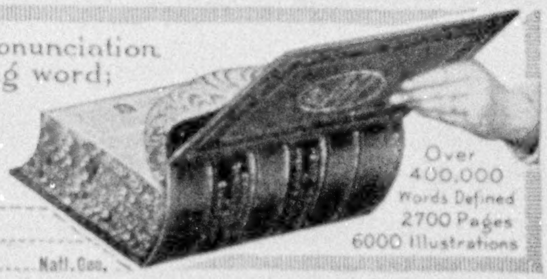
A Trenton Potteries Company Lavatory will inspire you with pride every time you use it. It is more than simply LIKE china. It IS china.

Such a fixture costs no more to install than the poorest plumbing fixture. Your architect or plumber knows and will recommend the Trenton Potteries Company fixtures.

Booklet M-27, "Bathrooms of Character"
shows various designs that will harmonize with the architecture and furnishings of your home. Write for it.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY Trenton, N. J.
Makers of the Silent SI-WEL-CLO Closet





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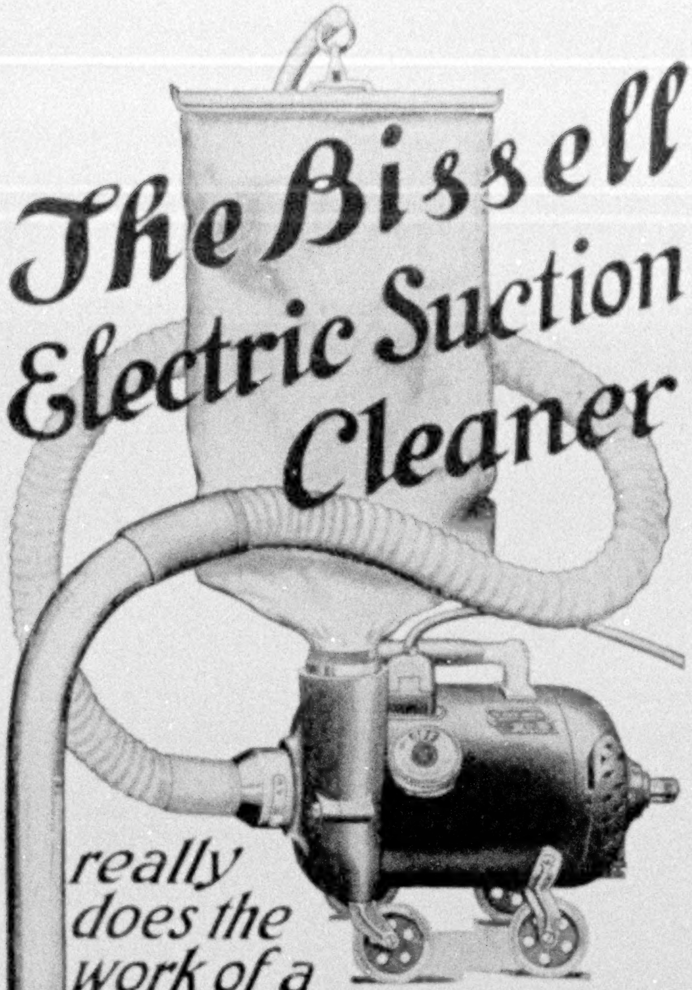

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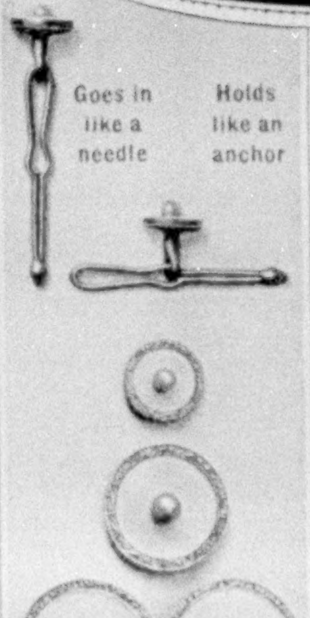

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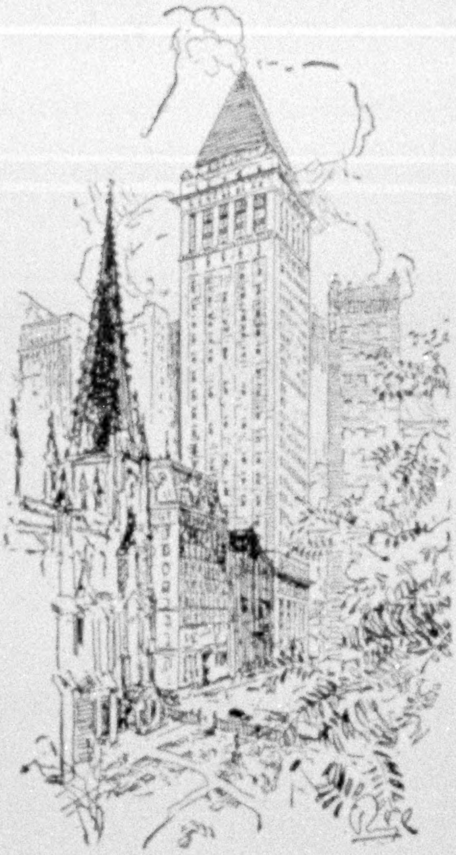

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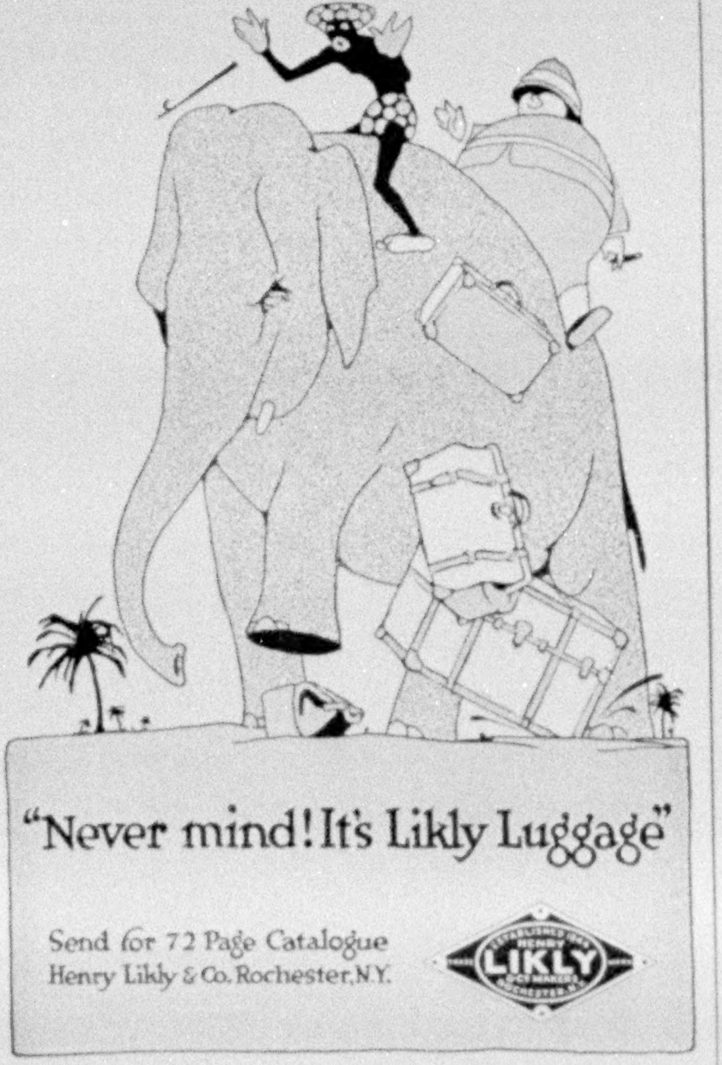

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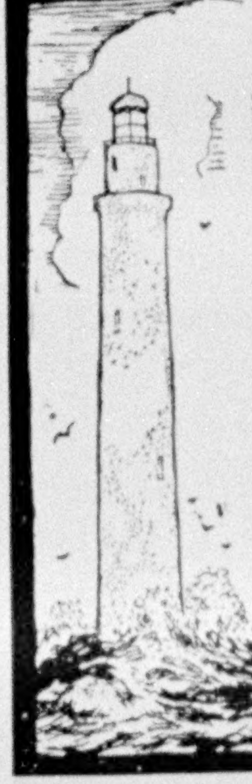

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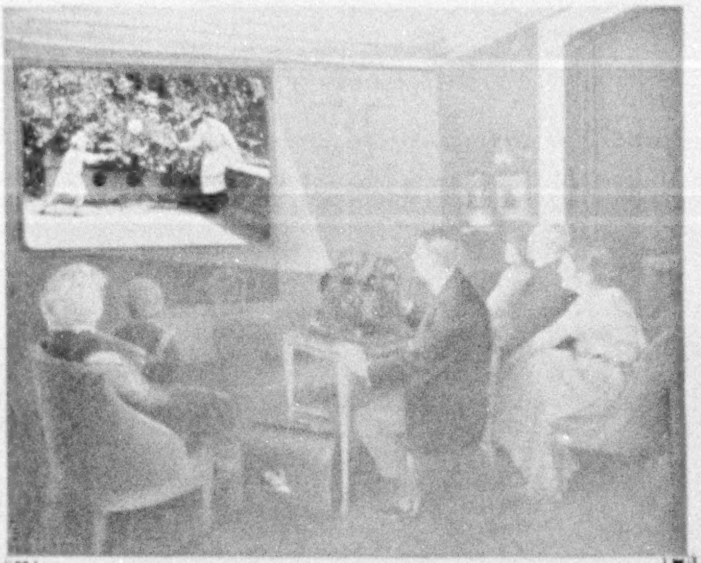

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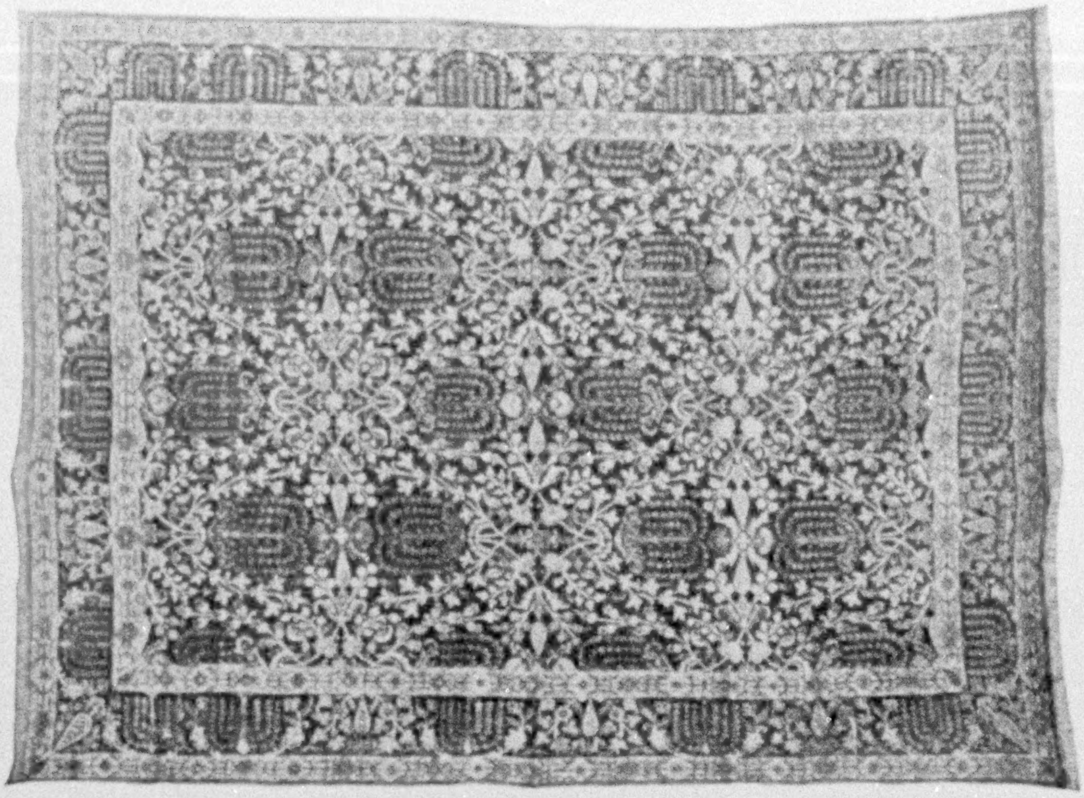

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Very well; then your two hundred and fifty dollars represents six per cent. interest on four thousand one hundred and sixty-seven dollars.

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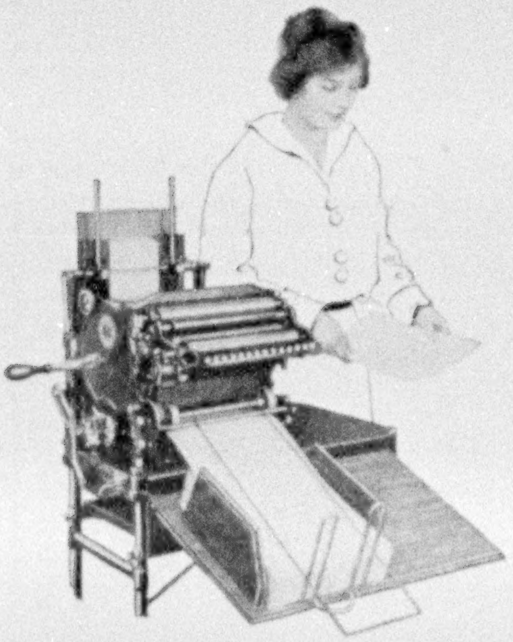

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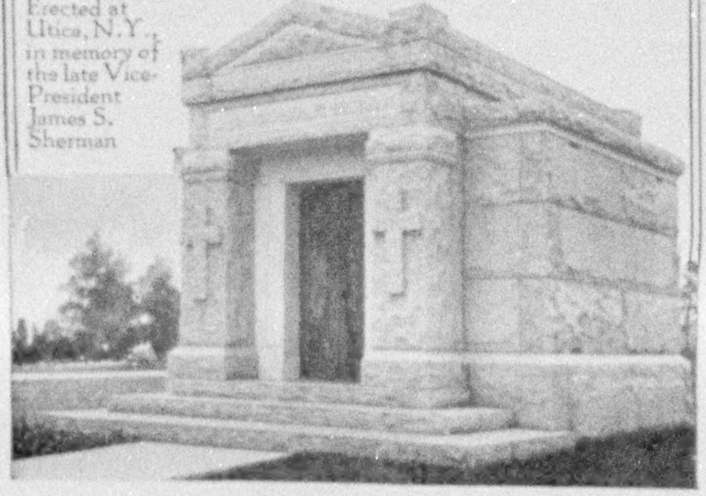

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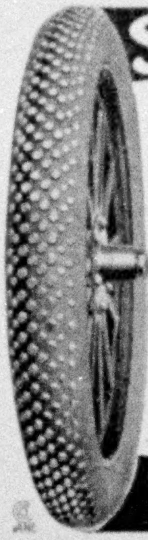

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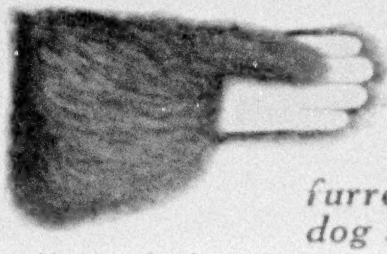

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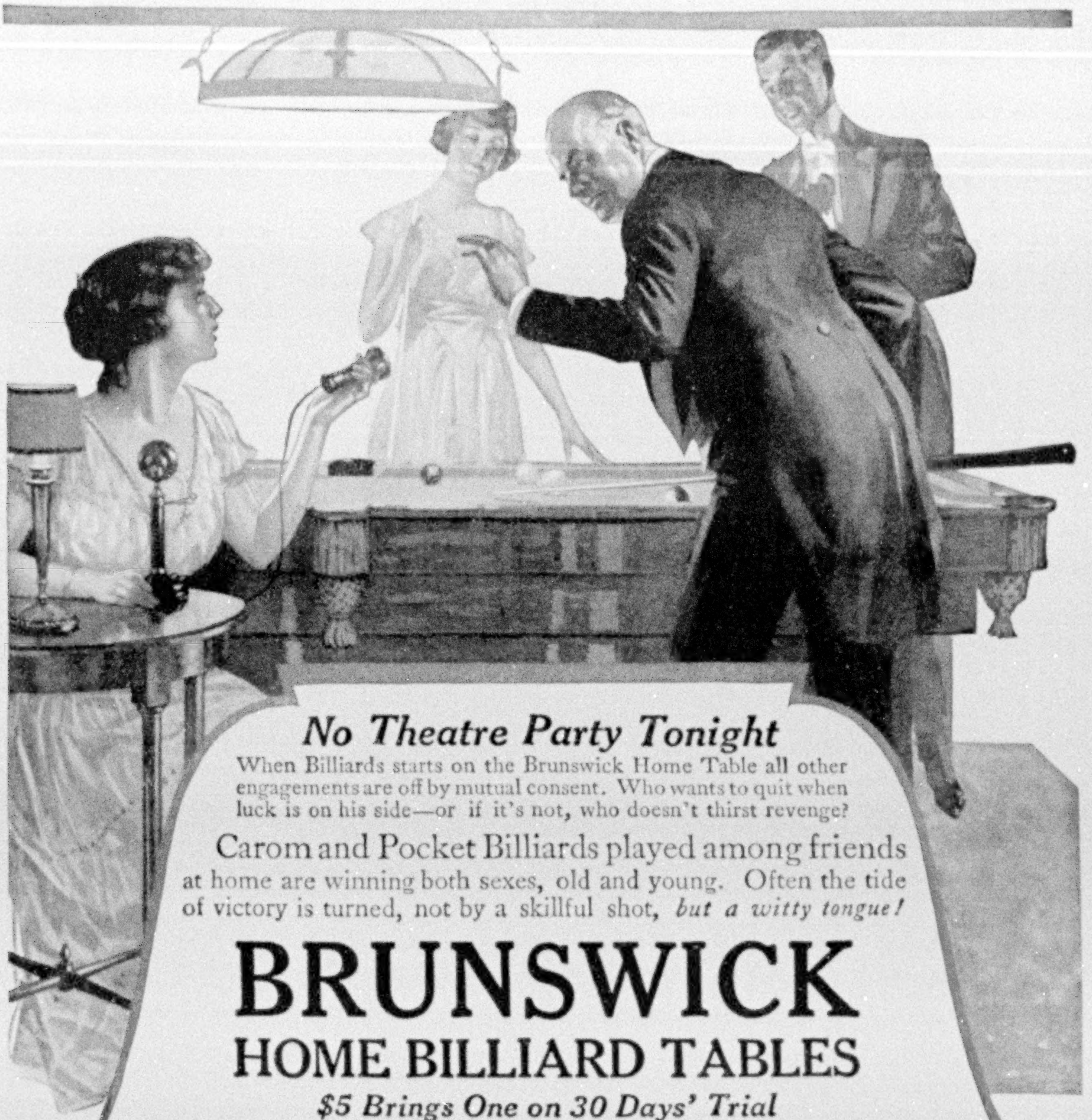

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**75 Giant Darwin Tulip Bulbs
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Copy of our 1916 Fall Bulb Catalogue sent on request.

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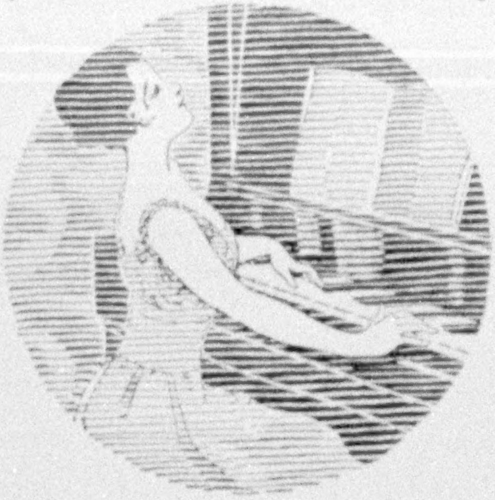

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Distinctive in its elusive perfume, it imparts a creamy rich lather that makes its use a real treat.

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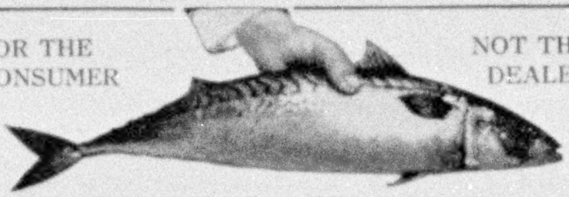

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We sell **ONLY** to the **CONSUMER DIRECT**, not through grocers or markets. We want to supply **YOU**, no matter how small your requirements.

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Years ago I discovered a new smoking sensation. It was the leaf from the Vuelta district in Cuba. After finding it I would smoke nothing else. So I had this choice leaf sent to me every year and made my own cigars. My friends, discovering how delicious they were, demanded them of me. Then they told their friends. Now 18,000 men depend upon me for their cigars. And I command the choicest leaf of this choice district.

All Profits Saved

No cigar of such choice leaf could be sold at so low a price and carry the expense of a heavily officered and heavily manned sales organization. I can sell you this cigar for 5 cents only because *I* sell it to *you* personally, directly, and neither of us has to provide for the salary or profit of anyone else

Do not do yourself the injustice of going longer in ignorance of this cigar opportunity. Send for your five today—now. Tear out this address, paste it on an envelope, slip in your card, with the five two-cent stamps, and mail.

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SO MANY REQUESTS are being constantly received regarding lantern slides from the copyright photographs in the Geographic that arrangements have been completed to supply them to members of the Society. Slides are not kept in stock, each order being made up as received, and will be delivered within two weeks after receipt of order, unless otherwise advised.

The copyright notice must appear on each slide. The purchase of lantern slides does not carry with it the authority to publish the pictures and they cannot be used for advertising purposes.

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Dept. H, National Geographic Magazine,
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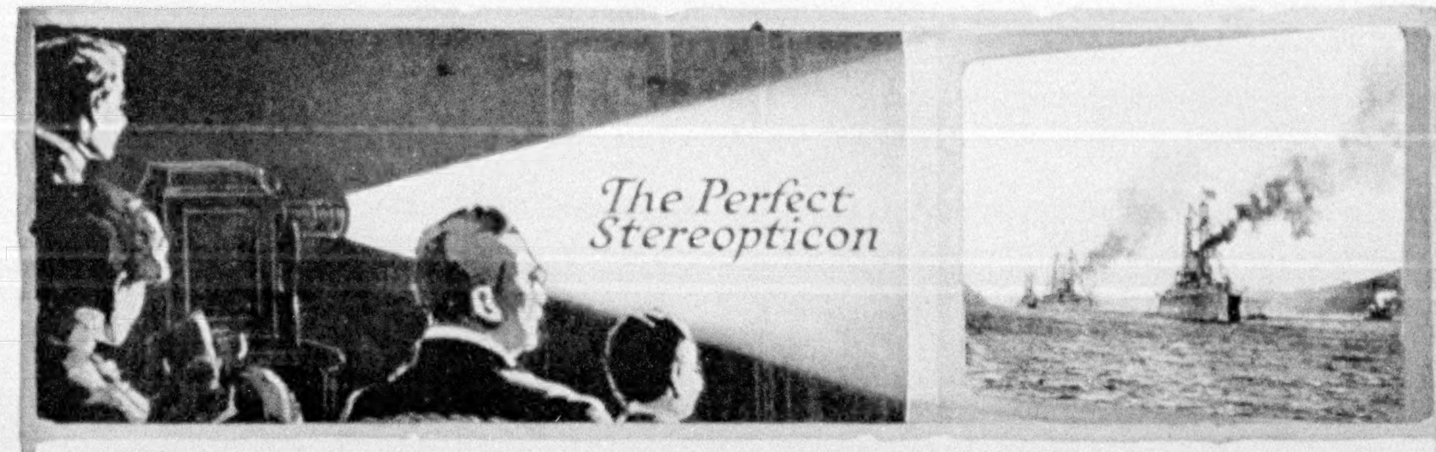

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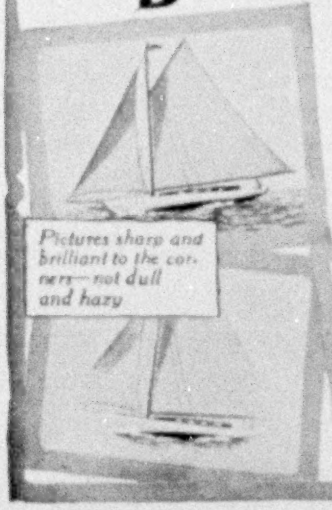
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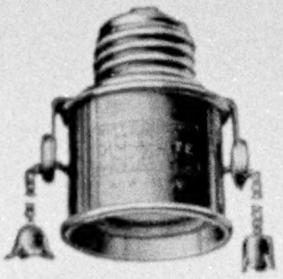

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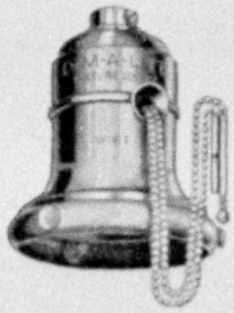

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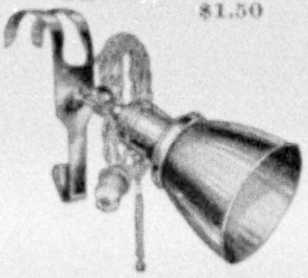

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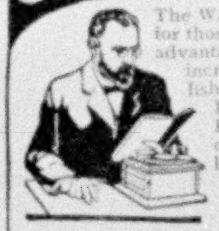

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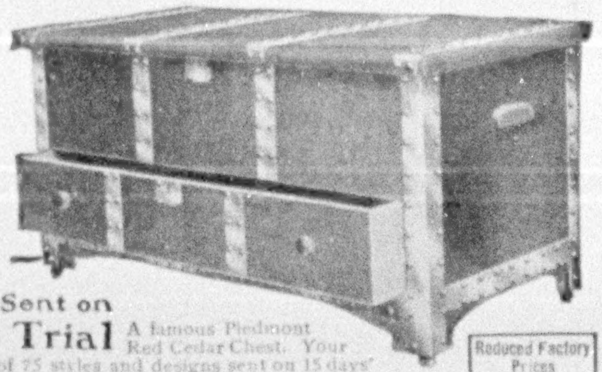

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Read this again—your coal bills cut ½ to ⅔, GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED—no matter where you live—or whether you want to heat with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor!

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers **CUT COAL BILLS ½ to ⅔**

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(SIGNED)
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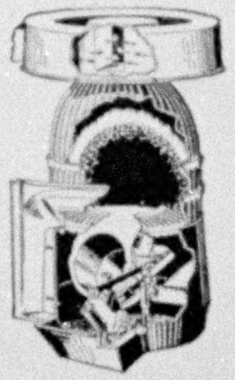
Adjutant General
State of Wisconsin



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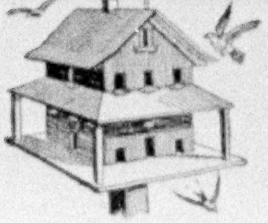

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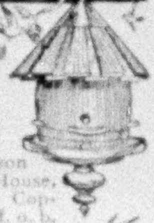

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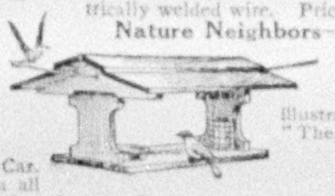

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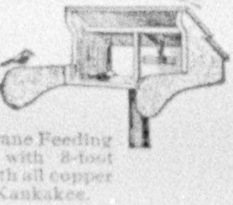

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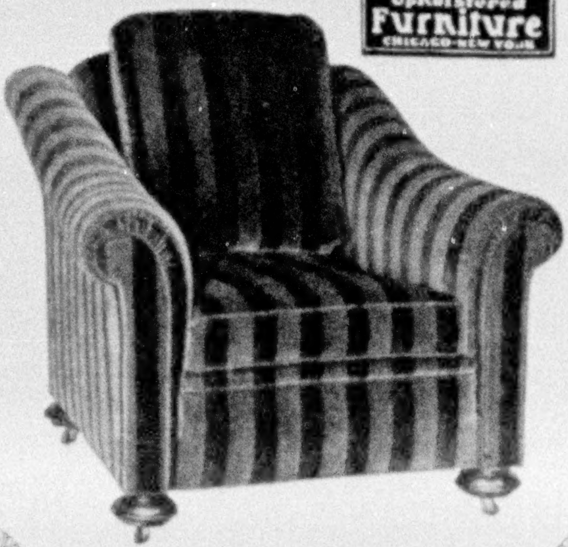

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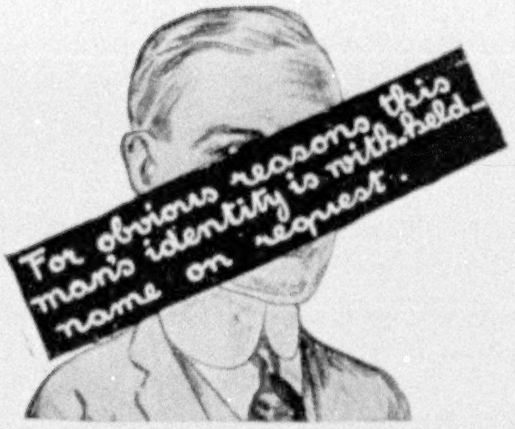
For obvious reasons this man's identity is withheld—name on request.

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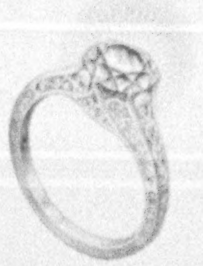

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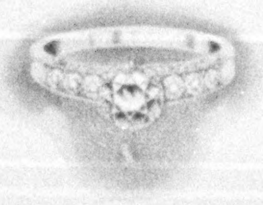

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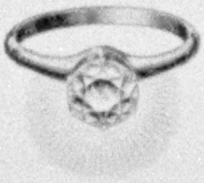

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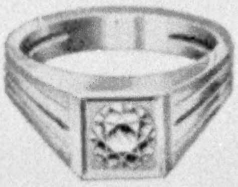
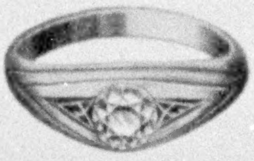


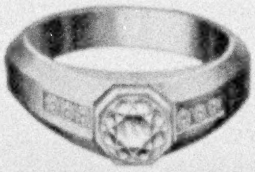
Men's Diamond Ring, $175.00

Perfectly cut blue-white diamond mounted in 18k. solid gold pierced setting, in the new olive finish. Solid platinum, square top. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate ring for less than $250.00.



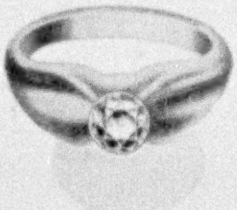
Men's Diamond Ring, $165.00

New green solid gold ring, set with perfectly cut blue-white diamond. On each side is mounted a triangularly cut sapphire of rich velvety blue. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate ring for less than $215.00.



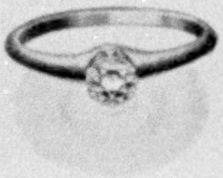
Men's Diamond Ring, $195.00

New green solid gold ring, with octagon platinum top, set with perfectly cut blue-white diamond in center. Three small diamonds on each side also set in platinum. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate ring for less than $260.00.



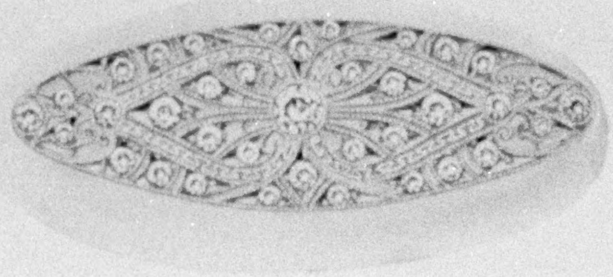
¾ carat, $65.00

This ¾-carat genuine diamond of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $85. Our price **$65**



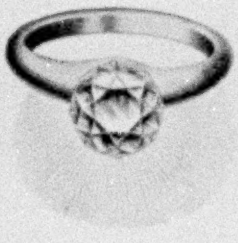
⅜ carat, $32.00

This ⅜-carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in 14k. solid gold Tiffany style setting. Money refunded if your dealer can duplicate it for less than $50.00.



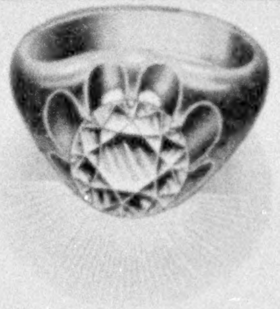
Platinum Brooch set with 37 Diamonds, $285.00

Illustration shows exact size of this beautiful Platinum Brooch, executed in the finest lace-work design. Diamonds are perfectly cut and securely mounted. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate this brooch for less than $345.00.



2 carats, $239.00

This two-carat diamond, of great brilliancy and perfectly cut, is mounted in 14k. solid gold Tiffany style setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $300.00.



4 carats, $680.00

This four-carat genuine diamond is of great brilliancy, fine color, and perfectly cut. Mounted in ladies' or men's style 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $800.00.

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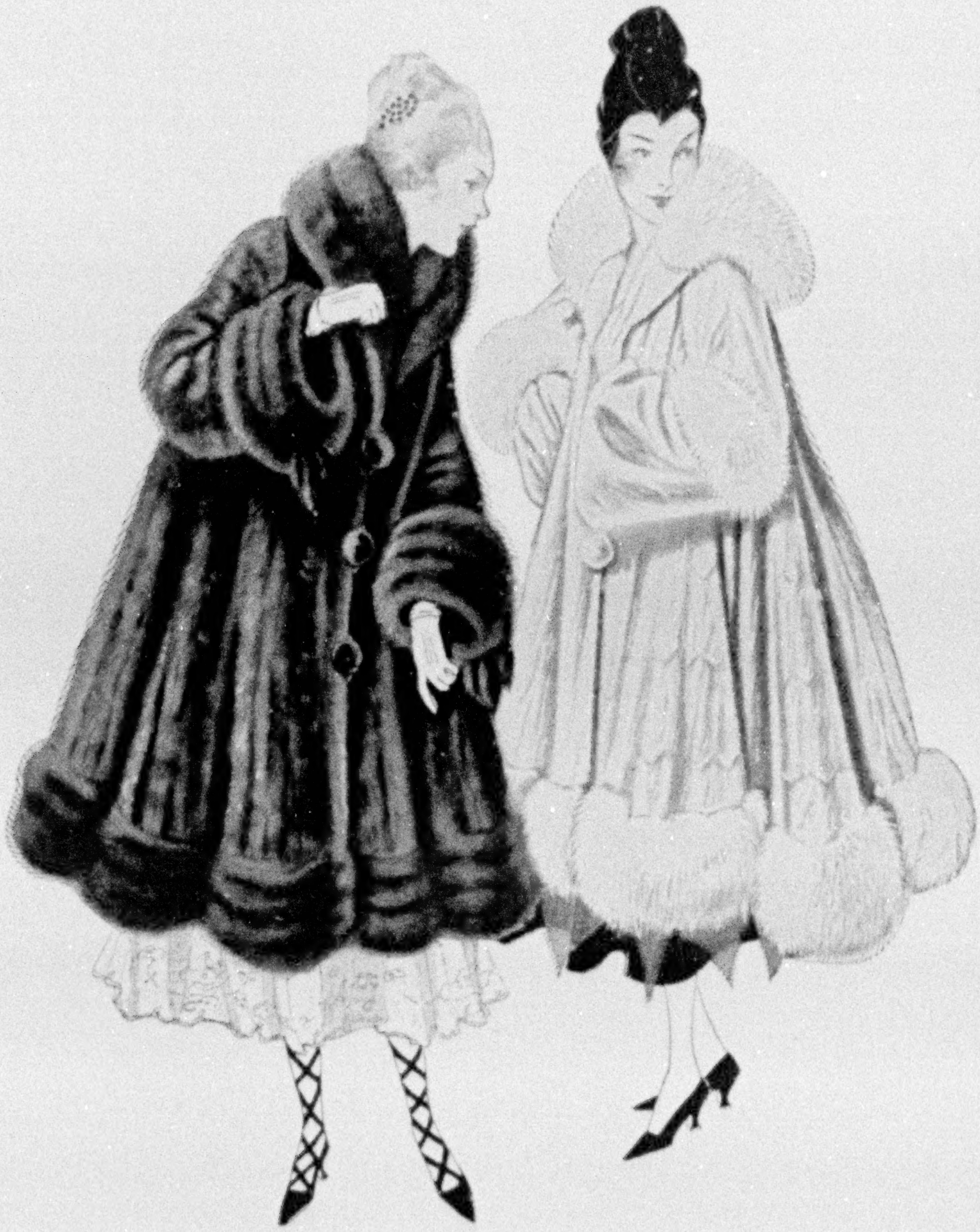

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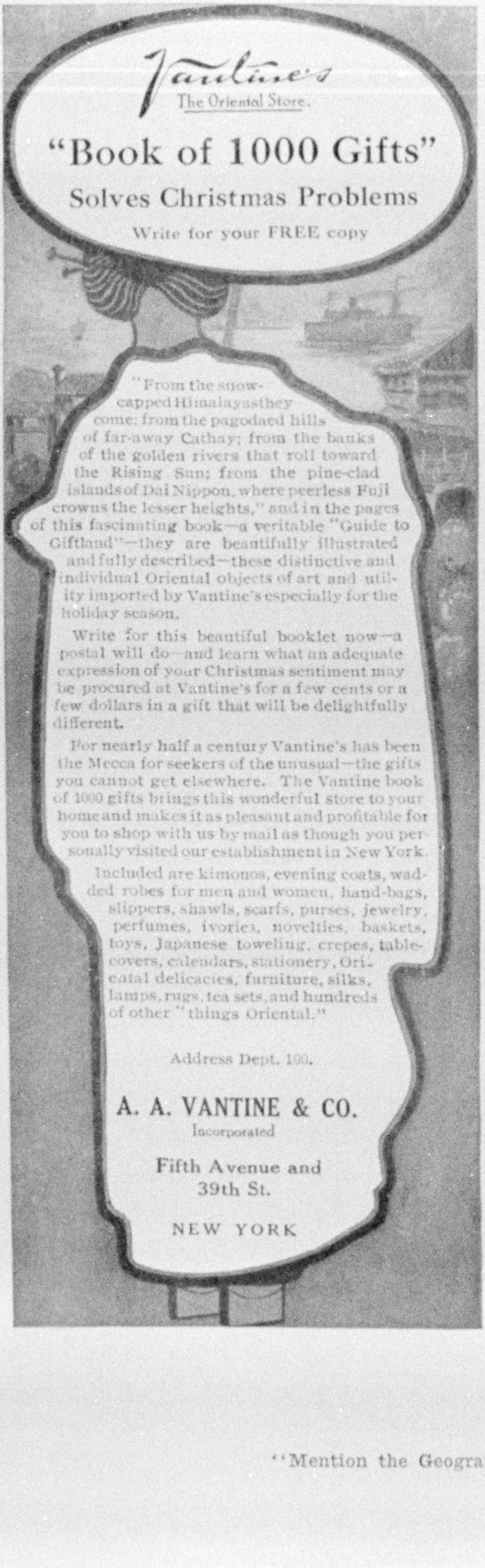

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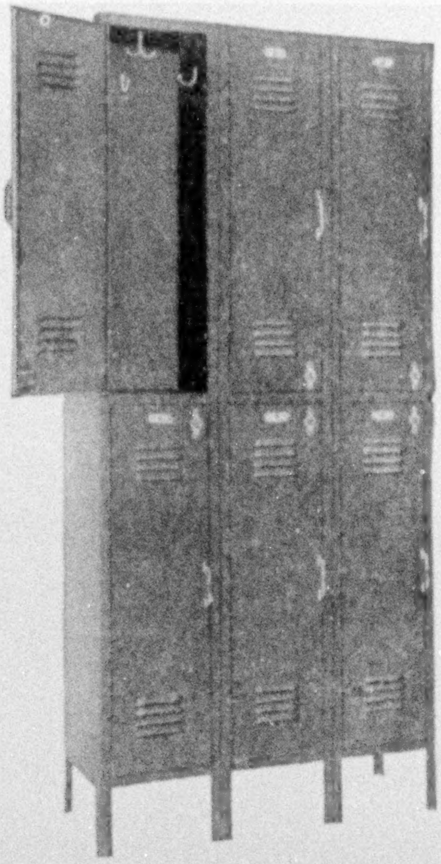

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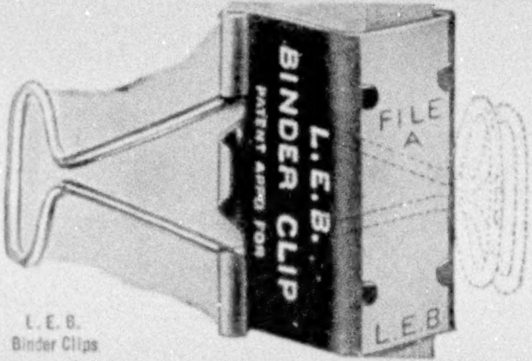

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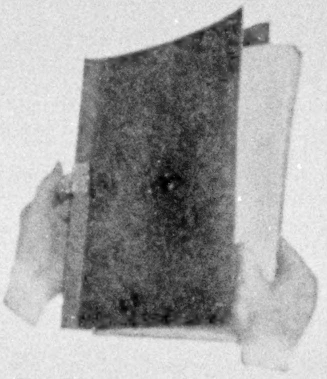

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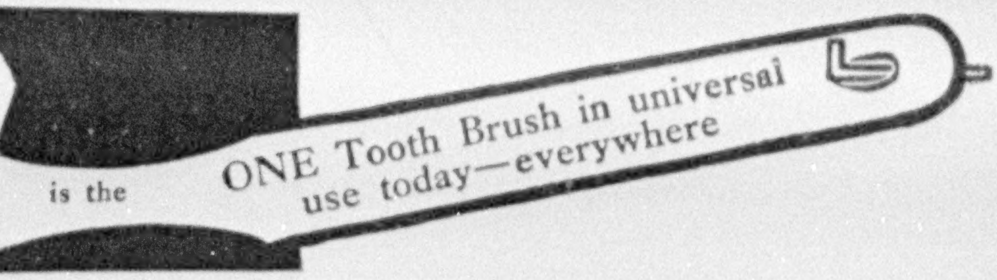
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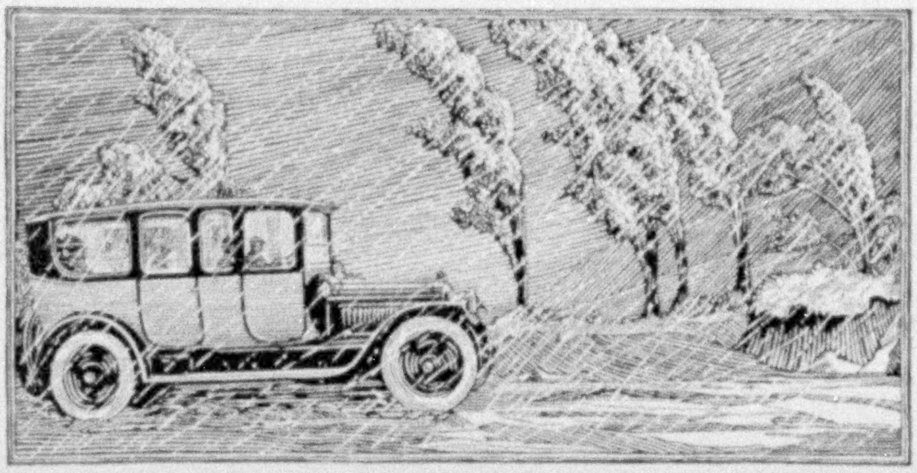

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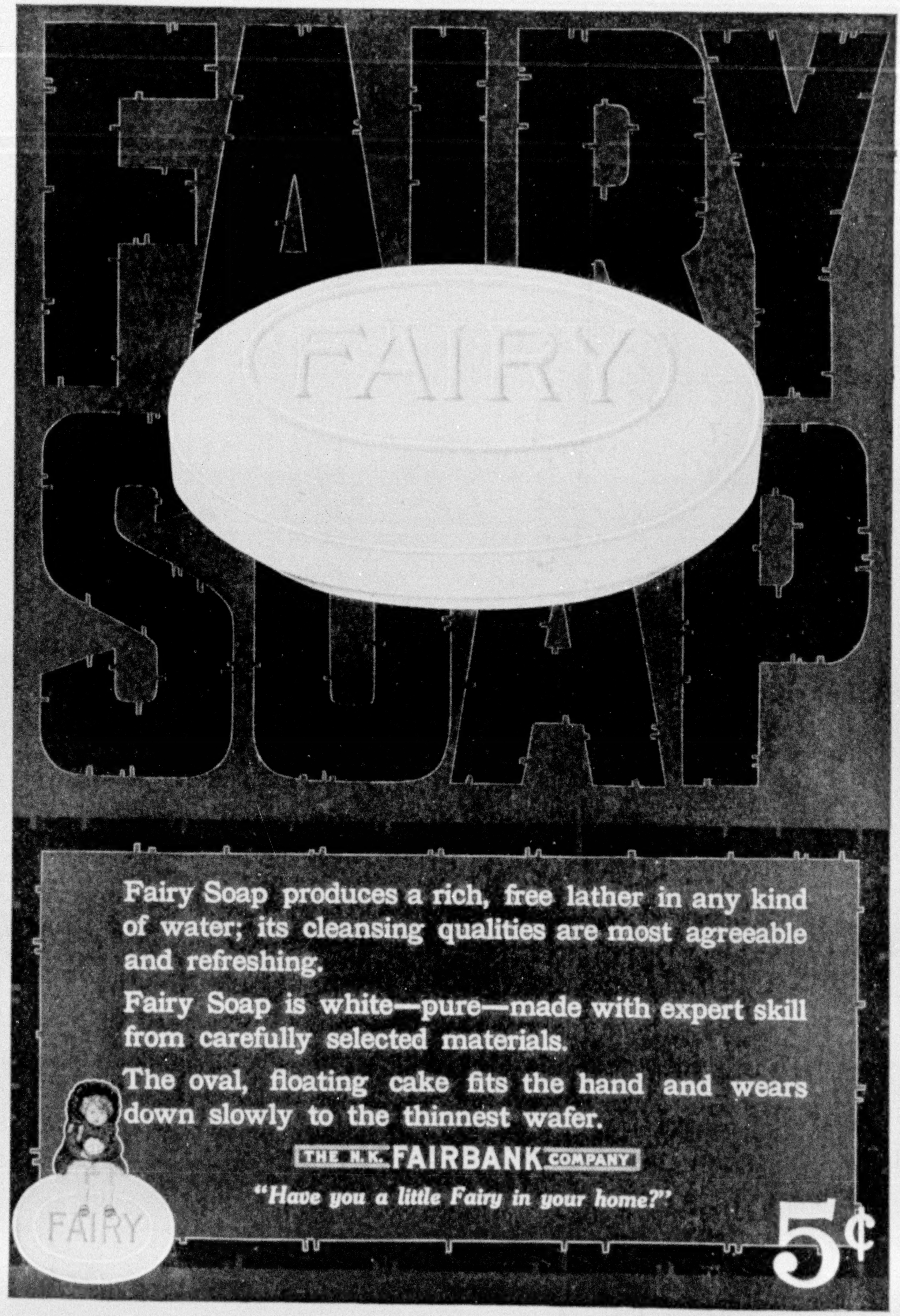

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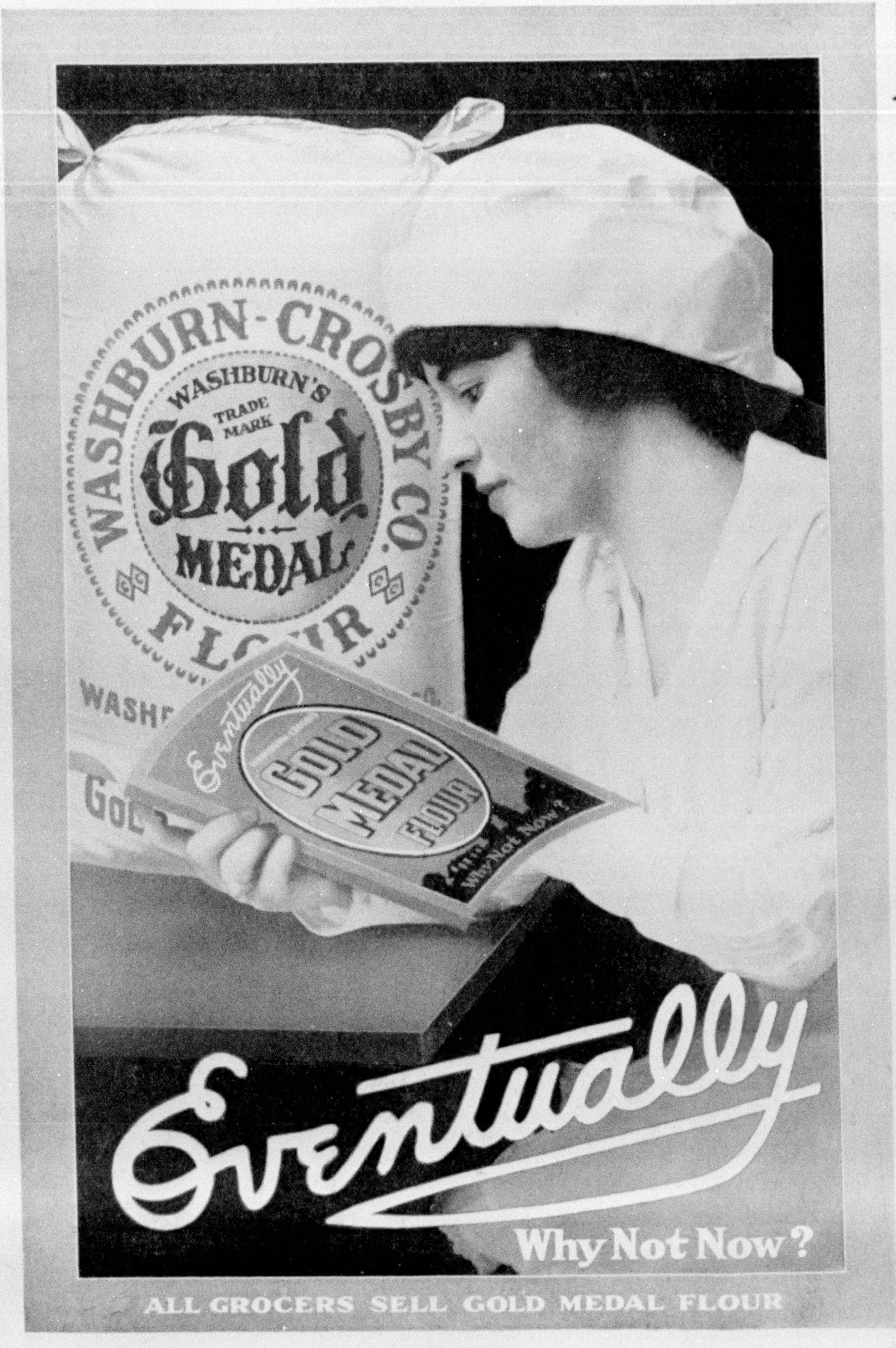
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